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The
FIRST REBEL



NEIL H. SWANSON

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SCALE OF MILES



E
195
.575
59



BUFFALO

**NEW
YORK**

PENNSYLVANIA

W. Susquehanna R.

Allegheny Mts.

Juniata R.

Blue Mts.

Susquehanna R.

Delaware R.

ING

Age

ONIER

eny Mts.

BEDFORD

Ft Bedford

Selkirk

Whit

Miscroft

Alx.

MERCERSBURG

Barr House

CONYONGUE C.

SUMMERSBURG

Yellow

South Mt.

Cunningham's Tavern

McDowell's Mill

LANCASTER

Lincoln

Highway

PHILADELPHIA

CUMBERLAND

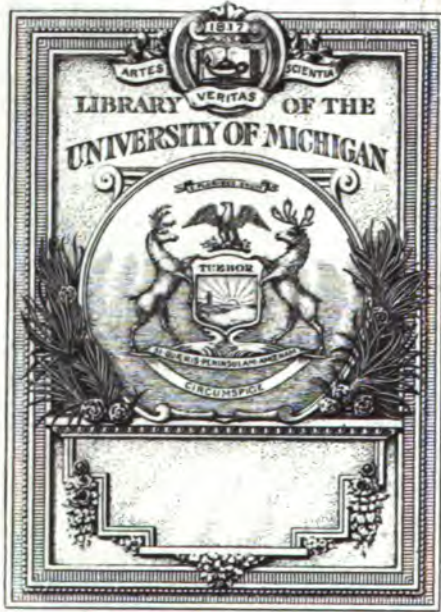
POTOMAC R.

MARYLAND

HAGERSTOWN

FREDERICK

MARYLAND



*This first edition of THE FIRST REBEL
is limited to 1000 copies, printed from
plates, signed by the author.*

Number .353...

Neil H. Swanson



THE FIRST REBEL

Books by Neil H. Swanson

THE FLAG IS STILL THERE

THE JUDAS TREE

THE PHANTOM EMPEROR

THE FIRST REBEL

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE
IN THE
LIFE AND TRAVELS
OF
COLONEL JAMES SMITH,
(Late a Citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky.)
DURING HIS CAPTIVITY WITH THE INDIANS,
IN THE YEARS
1755, '56, '57, '58 & '59,

IN WHICH

The Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, &c. are better explained, and more minutely related, than has been heretofore done, by any Author on that subject. Together with a Description of the Soil, Timber and Waters, where he travelled with the Indians during his Captivity.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Brief Account of some very uncommon Occurrences, which transpired after his return from Captivity; as well as of the different Campaigns carried on against the Indians to the westward of Fort Pitt, since the Year 1755, to the present date, 1799.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Philadelphia:

GRIGG & ELLIOT, 9 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

1834.

The title page of James Smith's Memoirs, 1834 Edition



THE FIRST REBEL

BEING A LOST CHAPTER OF OUR HISTORY
AND A TRUE NARRATIVE OF

America's First Uprising

AGAINST ENGLISH MILITARY AUTHORITY
AND AN ACCOUNT OF

THE FIRST FIGHTING

between Armed Colonists and British Regulars

TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF

COLONEL JAMES SMITH

who was captured by savages, ran the gantlet, saw the prisoners of the Braddock massacre burned at the stake, lived five years as an Indian, escaped, served through three wilderness campaigns, and led

The Pennsylvania Rebellion

in which backwoodsmen fought the famous Black Watch, besieged a British fort, captured its commander and part of its garrison, and in the year 1765 forced its evacuation

TEN YEARS BEFORE LEXINGTON

Recounted from Contemporary Documents

by NEIL H. SWANSON

FARRAR & RINEHART, Incorporated
NEW YORK TORONTO



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**And again to
Margaret Diana**

Dir.
active
10-16-48
64187

FOREWORD

Bourbon County, Kentucky,

June 1st, 1799.

I was strongly urged to publish the following work, immediately after my return from captivity, which was nearly forty years ago . . . but . . . I apprehended a great part of it would be viewed as fable or romance.

JAMES SMITH.

Fort Loudon, Pennsylvania,

June 1st, 1937.

I, too, apprehend that a great part of this account of America's first rebel will be viewed as fable or romance. It is useless to deny that the life of James Smith is the stuff of which novels are made. James Fenimore Cooper would have fallen upon him with delight, for he was a leatherstocking and a deerslayer, and his career was a succession of dangers and audacities.

The fact that James Smith has been almost completely overlooked for a hundred and fifty years, however, undoubtedly will make the truth about him hard to believe. To readers who have been taught that the skirmish at Lexington, Massachusetts, was the first battle between Americans and British regulars many of the events recounted in this book will appear fabulous. They are not. The truth is this:

The first armed uprising against royal troops in the colonies took place in the Conococheague valley settlements,

010-20-48 EP

FOREWORD

on the Pennsylvania-Maryland frontier, in the spring of 1765. The first skirmish was fought, not in Massachusetts, but in a backwoods meadow a few miles north of the modern Lincoln Highway where it passes through the town of Fort Loudon. The first rebel blood was shed there, the first American victory was won there, ten years before the fights at Lexington and Concord. A British fort was besieged; its commanding officer and part of its garrison were captured; kilted veterans of a famous Highland regiment—the Black Watch—fired on the rebellious settlers, were fired upon, and were defeated. The British regulars holding the stockaded post of Fort Loudon raised the white flag, surrendered the prisoners and guns they had taken, and marched out under the long rifles of the Pennsylvania and Maryland frontiersmen. Four years later—six years before Ethan Allen stormed Ticonderoga—a band of these same borderers stormed Fort Bedford and took it from the soldiers of another famous British regiment.

The leader of that forgotten rebellion was James Smith. Twenty-eight years old when it broke out, he already had run an Indian gantlet, endured captivity, escaped, raised and trained his own company of volunteers, fought through the Pontiac War, and served as a provincial officer in two campaigns, the second in the British army under Colonel Henry Bouquet, savior of Pittsburgh and conqueror of the Ohio tribes. He survived his own repeated attacks on British troops in the Pennsylvania insurrection, was tried for murder and acquitted, explored portions of the Tennessee wilderness where no white man had been before him, and became colonel of a frontier regiment in the Revolution.

This book is a serious attempt—the first ever made, I

FOREWORD

believe—to tell the complete story of the uprising he led, its causes and its drama.

In the little town of Fort Loudon I have seen log cabins in which Americans still live, and the cabins are significant: they symbolize our close connection with the past.

Few of us live in log cabins; we no longer wear hunting shirts or knee breeches, ruffled stocks or powdered wigs. On the surface, the causes of the frontier rebellion which foreshadowed the Revolution have disappeared along with its costumes. But those causes were deep-rooted. Underneath their leather shirts or ruffles, the men whose ideas collided in the spring of 1765 possessed bodies and appetites identical with ours; under their hunting-knife haircuts or their scratch wigs, they had many of the thoughts which are being stated on the pages of today's newspapers.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the conflict on the Pennsylvania frontier was a conflict between ideas. It was man against money—the desire of ordinary men to live with security against the desire of capital to take profits where they could be found. It was human rights against property rights.

The siege of Pittsburgh by the Indians in 1763 marked the close of one colonial epoch and the beginning of another. The same year saw the suppression of the Pontiac conspiracy and the official end of the long struggle between France and England for the domination of America. The two events released once more the westward surge of English settlement and business. Immediately, a new kind of conflict began. At the beginning of 1764, the frontier of the middle American colonies was the Tuscarora Ridge, the western rim of the Conococheague valley. There had been settlements and trading posts beyond it, but the Indians had wiped them out; the

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cabins that were not burned were abandoned. The valley itself had staved off massacre; repeatedly raided and laid waste in previous years, it raised its own company of rangers in 1763 and defended itself with desperate courage until the tardy mustering of a British army temporarily removed the danger.

But no sooner had the savage war parties fled than the settlers witnessed a paradox—merchants' wagon trains and pack trains carrying arms and ammunition westward for sale to the same Indians who had destroyed their homes, killed their neighbors, raped their wives and daughters, and taken their children into captivity from which hundreds never came back. *There* is one parallel between our past and our present—the munitions trade. The settlers on the middle border had a name for it; they called it “licensed murder.” And they fought it. This is the story of their fight—of the protests that went unheeded, of the pleas that brought only laughter, of the clever trick by which the “big business” of that time hoodwinked honest officials, and of the first acts of violence that led to open rebellion. It is the story of the blunders of a well-meaning but remote government trying to deal with local problems, and of policies which outraged and infuriated the people they were meant to help. Do courts exist to apply the law? Or should they interpret law in terms of changing circumstances and of the people's changing needs and wishes? *That* was a question on the frontier a hundred and seventy years ago. The frontiersmen answered it in their own way: they took the courts, and their own local magistrates led them in insurrection to defend their civil liberties and their security.

This narrative is based, in part, on James Smith's own

FOREWORD

brief memoirs; but I have had access to contemporary documents which were not available to him. I have not attempted to retell the whole story of his Indian captivity, but rather to recount the experiences which prepared him to assume the leadership of the Pennsylvania rebellion. There are a few small gaps in his story of his life as a prisoner and of his escape; these I have undertaken to fill in, not recklessly but on the basis of probability and a good many years of research. A taciturn man, he said little about his feelings, but his acts reveal them; in attempting to show the development of his convictions, I have ascribed to him only those thoughts and emotions plainly disclosed in his subsequent conduct. In no case do the passages thus supplied involve incidents of the Pennsylvania uprising. Because its people and its incidents are a real and fascinating part of the story of colonial America, I have added an appendix to this book. In it will be found certified copies of the documents on which the story is based.

Neil H. Swanson

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Book One
THE PRISONER

Chapter 1

THE FIGHT AT THE WIDOW'S

I

A BAND of Susquehanna Indians, traveling through the broad valley which rolls gently southward from the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania to the Potomac, found their journey harder than they had expected. Where the ancient trading path dipped down through wild plum scrub and dogwood to a garrulous small stream, they stopped to rest and drink.

"Co-no-co-cheague," a tired buck said, disgustedly. His friends agreed with him. Their tongues clicked off the same phrase in moist, quick sounds that were a good deal like the sounds made by the water dripping from their chins into the shallow river. "Co-no-co-cheague. It is indeed a long way."¹

Then they picked up their packs, splashed through the ford, and trotted on along the trail. Later, telling of the journey, they repeated the phrase; others took it up and used it until it became a name. By the time the first white hunters, pushing west across South Mountain, saw the dark ridge of the Tuscaroras looming like a wall against the sky, the whole pleasant valley where the trade path ran beside the stream was known to the Indians as Conococheague.

The white men did not bother to translate the name; they did not even bother to spell it correctly: they simply

NOTE: Footnotes expanding and explaining certain facts in the text are given beginning on page 381.

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borrowed it, for keeps. They built a huddle of log cabins at the juncture of the little river with the big Potomac; and when they wrote home, they called their new town Conogogee, or Connecochiag, or sometimes Coneygochug. Some of them finished it off with a "jug" or a "jig." They missed altogether the significance of the name. Without knowing it, they had appropriately christened the first settlement on this new frontier. It was "indeed a long way"—a dangerously long way from the comparative safety of those tidewater villages of Philadelphia and Baltimore.

II

In the middle of the night a furious and badly frightened man ran along the road which once had been an Indian trading path. It was still a trade path. Widened many years ago to carry supplies to Major General Edward Braddock's army, and reopened three years later for another British army, it was known variously as the Glade Road and as Forbes' Road; but it had relapsed into a trail used principally by pack trains freighting food and stores to Fort Pitt and other frontier garrisons, and merchandise for sale to Indian tribes. Where it dipped down through wild plum scrub and dogwood to the garrulous small stream, the frightened runner did not stop to drink nor rest. He floundered across the ford, climbed the gravelly bank, and went staggering and panting toward the blurred outline of a stockade. As he ran he shouted.

In the diamond-shaped pen of upright logs which formed one of the four bastions of Fort Loudon, a sentry cocked his musket. His loud "Halt!" was hoarse with the burr of Scotland. His finger was more nervous on the trigger than a sentry's finger should have need to be, when the sentry

THE FIGHT AT THE WIDOW'S

was a British veteran and his post was in a British colony at peace with all the world.

The runner did not heed the challenge; his boots pounded on the log footbridge that spanned the ditch around the fort, and his fists began to pound frantically on the solid log gate.

"It's Nailor!" he cried. "It's Ralph Nailor. Let me in! The Black Boys are murdering my men! *For God's sake, let me in!*"

The heavy beam that barred the gate scraped through its iron slots, the gate groaned, and Ralph Nailor, backwoods trader, scuttled through the narrow opening and sagged against the wall.

"Where's Grant?" he gasped. "Find Grant."

The sergeant of the guard ran to the cabin where Charles Grant, lieutenant in the Forty-second Regiment and commandant of Ford Loudon, was sleeping none too soundly. Nailor panted after him. To the heavy-eyed subaltern, sitting barelegged in mussed blankets on a hewn-plank bed, he sputtered out his anger. The damned rascally settlers of the Conococheague had attacked his camp a few miles up the road, shot his horses, burned his packsaddles, and kidnapped his drivers. He had escaped by luck. Looking back as the flames of his wooden saddles lighted up the forest, he had seen his teamsters, stripped half naked, being tied to trees and flogged by men with blackened faces. As he ran for help, he had heard them screaming.

Before Nailor was half through his story Grant had wriggled into kilt and tartan and was giving orders on the dark parade ground. A platoon fell in, ripped paper cartridges with its teeth, licked the wry taste of powder from its lips,

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and loaded its Tower muskets. The gate scraped open. With Sergeant Leonard McGlashan in the lead, the platoon filed out across the log bridge, splashed through the ford, and struck northward up the valley. By daylight, marching hard, it came to Nailer's horse-camp in a sweep of tree-clumped meadow country called "The Pastures"; but except for two or three dead horses, the whole train was gone; the pack-saddles were a heap of embers and a smell of smoke. The teamsters were hunkering in the cabin of one Rouland Harris, nursing their sore backs and swearing.

Sergeant McGlashan impressed Harris as a guide and pushed on, the platoon marching in double file because the road was only two old wheel ruts with brush growing up between them. Near the north end of "The Pastures" it approached a small run ² which came trickling from an old log springhouse; up the scuffed slope stood the new log house where the Widow Barr lived. In the lush grass by the springhouse, a man in a leather hunting shirt and leggings was squatting down and scooping water with his cupped hands. His rifle lay across a stone beside him and his back was to the road. He scrubbed his face with the cold water, sloshed it three or four times over the back of his neck, and rose dripping, blowing, and digging both of his fists into his eyes. When he was able to see out of them, he saw Sergeant McGlashan and the platoon of Highlanders coming toward him. They began to run. He stooped for his rifle, slipped on the soft bank, stumbled, and a soldier pounced upon him. In a moment he was overpowered.

McGlashan stepped around behind him and looked at his neck.

"Ay; he's one o' them." The sergeant sounded pleased.

THE FIGHT AT THE WIDOW'S

"The loon didna wash himsel' clean; ye can still see the black paint behind his ears."

As McGlashan turned to lead the platoon on up the road, a rifle shot cracked in the woods ahead. There was a noise of running in the underbrush. Out from the cover of the trees burst a flurry of brown hunting shirts. They stopped, uncertain, as they saw the troops, and McGlashan shouted at them:

"Halt! In the king's name, halt! Stand where ye are!"

They had already halted, but they did not stand, long, where they were. They sifted back into the woods, and as they disappeared a Highlander leveled his musket and fired. After the thin whipcrack of the rifle, the explosion of the musket sounded like a cannon; the slug, as big as a man's thumb knuckle, split the air with the noise a tree makes, splitting in intense cold. Over in the woods, two or three more whips began to crack. McGlashan's jaw set stubbornly.

"Fire!" he ordered.

Some of his men obeyed; the rest were too busy with their prisoner. In the fringe of underbrush across the meadow, a shirtman dropped his gun and turned around as if someone had clapped a hand on his shoulder suddenly and spun him. Then he sat down violently on the ground and reached for his thigh. It felt as if a horse had kicked him. His hand felt warm and wet. He looked at it. *Blood!*

On the nineteenth of April, 1775, other shots would explode from the Tower muskets of other British regulars, drawn up on the green at Lexington, in Massachusetts. Other Americans would go down, bloody. But the blood shed there would not be the first blood spilled in action between British troops and American colonists in arms.

The man squirming in the brush at the edge of the

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Widow Barr's meadow with a British musket ball in his leg has already shed the first blood. His name is James Brown. The blood is soaking his fringed legging, and the sight of it on his smeared hand is sending the butts of long rifles leaping to the shoulders of the Pennsylvanians around him. The vicious crackle of hot firing spreads out right and left along the forest. From the widow's dooryard, the Highland muskets answer it.^a

This is May sixth.

This is 1765.

Lexington is still almost ten years away.

But the first fight between Americans and British regulars is on, and the British are retreating.

They cannot be blamed. McGlashan told them to. They are in the open and outnumbered.

Sergeant McGlashan is astounded. That rabble of backwoods settlers means to fight! It has dared to fire on the king's troops! It means to kill! Those first, excited shots came ugly-close.

He realizes instantly that he has kicked a wasps' nest. He can hear them buzzing; he can see them swarming, stretching out into a long, irregular line. Already they are trying to surround him, cut him off from Loudon, and he cannot stop them; there are too many of them. He might stampede them with a bayonet charge, but he does not dare to risk it: if those drumbie rioters stand fast long enough to take aim, not one of his platoon will live to drive a bayonet home. He shouts:

"The house! Intae the house wi' ye!"

His men run. Some of them drag their prisoner with them. They burst in the Widow Barr's door and throw themselves upon the floor along the walls; their bayonets gouge

THE FIGHT AT THE WIDOW'S

loopholes in the mud chinking and their firelocks poke out between the logs. McGlashan covers the retreat. While rifle smoke thickens into white drifts at the forest edge, as if the dogwood thickets had burst into bloom, he stands in the dooryard glowering down his sights. Bullets whine past him. At his feet a grass blade quivers and is only half as tall. Private John McDonald bellows from a shutter crack:

"Sergeant! Are ye daft?"

The big musket answers for McGlashan. Over in the woods, a shirtman gets a shower of oak bark in his face and hunts a stouter tree. McGlashan dog-trots up the slope. The door slams behind him.

Thuck, thuck! Thuck! Thuck, thuck!

The rifle balls are just too late. They rap, angry knuckles, on the solid slabs; they shake the shutter at the only window, splinter it with little bulges that do not come quite through, rattle the loose shingles. Crouching, their bare knees in the litter of dry chink-mud, the soldiers of the famous Black Watch fight back. For an hour the white smoke-blossoms spring out, full blown, from the cabin walls. In the still May morning they hang motionless for moments, like tremendous morning-glories. When they die their odor drifts in through the crevices to sting throat and nostrils and smart in the eyes. In the one low room the Highlanders load, prime, and fire in a swimming gloom of smoke and powder gas. The three McDonalds, the McGill, the Monroe, the Stewart, Corbitt and McKinzie and the two McCoys, Archie McMullon and George Sutherland bite their cartridges and ply their ramrods with a calm precision. Sergeant McGlashan has no need to steady them. The Black Watch clambered through the breach in Morro Castle at the storming of Havana, it tore its way

THE FIRST REBEL

through the abatis in the vain assault on Fort Ticonderoga, it was caught in an Indian ambush at Bushy Run and fought its way out, it saved Fort Pitt from the horde of Indians who had besieged it for sixty-seven days, it marched into the heart of the savages' own country and compelled them to surrender. These men know their business. But Sergeant McGlashan's jaw is grim.

While his powder lasts he can hold the cabin. He can stay inside it, and that is what troubles him: he cannot do otherwise. By the storm of lead that pelts against the logs, he has an army around him—seventy, eighty, possibly a hundred of those lawless shirtmen. If they have patience they can starve him out. They fight like Indians; for all he knows, they will burn him out as soon as it is dark. There is only one hope he can see: those drivers back at Rouland Harris's may hear the shooting and get word to Grant. But the hope is slim; there are enough of these damned rebels in the valley to pen up Grant, too; even if the fort is not surrounded, there are too few men left in Loudon to fight their way through that reckless mob of woodsmen. It will take Lieutenant Grant at least two days to get more troops from Carlisle or Fort Bedford.

In his anxiety Sergeant McGlashan forgets his prisoner; but it appears presently that the rebels have not forgotten him. The firing slackens and then ceases altogether. The smoke lies in thin layers, strung like spiderwebs among the dogwood. Time hangs caught in it.

The Highlanders stand up and ease their cramped legs and dig grit out of their sore knees. McGlashan peers through loophole after loophole. What does the silence mean? Is it a trick to tempt him out? He'll not be tricked. But until mid-

THE FIGHT AT THE WIDOW'S

forenoon not a branch stirs in the fringe of forest; for all the sound there is, the riotous settlers might be back home, plowing. Then, down the road a solitary countryman comes walking at his ease. He whistles as he walks; his only weapon is a willow switch with which he slaps his leg. At the little run he stops. He eyes the cabin, breaks off whistling, and comes sauntering to the door. McGlashan opens it a crack. The countryman grins cheerfully:

“Good morning.”

The sergeant is less cheerful:

“What brings ye here? Who are ye?”

“Just happened by. Struck me I might’s well pass the time o’ day. Nice, tight place you got here. By the way, I met a man up the road a piece. He mentioned that a friend o’ his was down here at the widow’s. He seemed sort o’ riled. Yes, sir. Come to think of it, he said that if you didn’t let his friend go, neither you nor anybody with you’d ever git back to Fort Loudon.”

This is something new in parleys. It is hardly military. But McGlashan sees a new hope.

“An’ suppose I let him loose?”

The countryman shrugs and slaps the switch against his leg.

“I’ll have to git on,” he says.

The sergeant watches him stroll down the road. Then he swallows hard and tells old John McDonald to hunt up the prisoner. McDonald finds him hiding underneath a puncheon bed. Dragged out and shown the door, he does not stop to say good-by; he heads for the nearest patch of woods.

McGlashan has small faith in backwoods honesty, but he

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takes the risk; he leads his platoon out across the open ground and down the road toward Loudon. It is a pleasant walk—or could be, for men in a pleasanter mood. To these veterans there is something about the retreat that is not quite decent: they are king's troops, they are the Black Watch, but they have been forced to terms by a rabble of frontiersmen whose shirrtails flap ridiculously about their legs. They feel outraged, frustrated; they feel the same astonished indignation that other famous regiments will feel ten years from now at Concord Bridge and at Breed's Hill. They expect, every moment, to be fired upon; but there is no more firing. It is disconcerting to be allowed to trudge home unmolested; it is irritating to discover that these rascally colonials have a sense of honor. The world is slowly turning upside down.

III

As the feathered Highland bonnets dwindled, a strongly built man in a worn hunting shirt walked out of the woods and stood leaning on his rifle in the road. His name was James Smith. He was twenty-eight years old, a husband and a father. His hands were calloused from a long familiarity with plow handles, hewing axes, and the sapling-thick helves of those clumsy lumps of hammered iron that served as hoes on a backwoods farm. Underneath its coating of black paint his face showed definite, stern lines: he was not altogether pleased with the morning's work. In common with the soberer sort of Pennsylvania borderers, he respected and admired the kilted Forty-second Regiment; he knew how well it had fought in the Pontiac War; he had even served with it no later than last autumn, as a lieutenant in the Pennsylvania

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Provincial Battalion, on a desperately risky campaign into the western wilderness. His respect for the Black Watch had not been entirely destroyed by Lieutenant Charles Grant's threat, a few days ago, to deal with him as a rebel.

Well, he was a rebel now in earnest. He was the leader of the Conococheague settlers in an armed uprising against an abuse of military authority which, in their firm conviction, endangered their homes and their lives. The men he led had fired on British troops. There could be no turning back, now. His hands closed on the rifle muzzle with a gesture of finality; it could not be helped: it had been, in a way, inevitable.

It had begun here, on this very road, ten years ago. It had begun on the day he walked northward, past the Widow Barr's cabin, with the other valley men and boys who had volunteered to help cut a trail across the mountains so that General Braddock's army, marching to attack the French at Fort Duquesne, could get supplies. The old Conococheague trading path had led him toward the unknown, that day in 1755; it had almost led him to his death. Now, once more, it was leading him toward the unknown; he had not foreseen, when he followed it to destroy Ralph Nailer's pack train, that he would have to fire on British troops; he had not foreseen that he would become, in truth, a rebel. The punishment for rebels was death.

With a kind of calm astonishment he realized that if he were hanged as a rebel his death would be a natural consequence of the first journey he made on this same road when he was eighteen years old. It had turned out to be a long journey—from the Conococheague to Fort Duquesne at the Forks of the Ohio, to the far-off Scioto prairies where no

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English boy had been before him, to Detroit, to Montreal, and so back to the Conococheague again.

The Conococheague! James Smith knew three Indian languages almost as well as he knew his own. The name had its full significance for him. It was "indeed a long way."

Chapter II

“VIOLENTLY IN LOVE”

JAMES SMITH came of tough stock; his birthplace proves it. In 1737 the valley of the Conococheague was no place for weaklings.

He was born on the outmost fringe of the Pennsylvania frontier, in a log cabin which had been built unlawfully on Indian land where the town of Mercersburg now stands. The rolling, prairielike region to the westward of the Susquehanna was not purchased from the Indians until October, 1736; but as early as 1730 there were white men's cabins on the Fishing Creek and at the head of the Green Spring, the head of the Middle Spring near Shippensburg, and at the juncture of the Falling Spring with the east branch of the Conococheague, the present site of Chambersburg. The provincial authorities of Pennsylvania winked at the lawbreaking and congratulated themselves, over their mugs of flip, on the hardy Scotch-Irish pioneers who were pressing southwest from the Susquehanna toward Lord Baltimore's Maryland. The Penns were in hot dispute with Charles, Lord Baltimore, over the boundary line between their two proprietaries; certain loud-mouthed, gun-carrying fellows actually boasted that Philadelphia was the finest city in all *Maryland*. The colonial officials at Philadelphia knew that every Pennsylvania settler in the fertile valley between Yellow Breeches Creek and the Tuscarora Mountains would be one more argument with

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which to resist the ambitions of their southern neighbor; and they knew enough about Scotch-Irish blood to be confident that if the quarrel waxed so hot that it brought on real fighting, these new Pennsylvanians would fight hard to hold their homes.

The Smiths and other families, settling on land to which they had no legal right, and the colonial government, winking at their intrusion, planted some of the seeds from which grew America's first armed uprising against British troops. Boldness and a disposition to take affairs into their own hands became prime characteristics of the Conococheague men. They were qualities which made these settlements a stubborn first line of defense in the Indian wars which soon burst upon the middle colonies; later, when the time-honored policy of official winking began to work against the settlements instead of for them, the same qualities led them to rebellion.

Five years before James Smith was born the boundary quarrel blazed out into fighting. A band of Pennsylvanians crossed the disputed border into Baltimore County, attacked the plantation of John Lowe and kidnapped him and his two sons. Lord Baltimore served a formal demand upon Governor Patrick Gordon of Pennsylvania to give up the raiders; but diplomacy was too slow to suit the colonists of Maryland. They raided the Susquehanna settlements in their turn and marched back to Annapolis with four prisoners, who were promptly locked up in the town jail. Fired by the success of this exploit, the sheriff of Baltimore County raised an "army" of three hundred men and invaded Pennsylvania to expel German settlers in what is now York County, on the ground that they refused to pay taxes to Maryland. Samuel Smith, sheriff of Lancaster, raised a force of his own, met the Marylanders,

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and bluffed them into marching home again. But there were men in Maryland who would not bluff so easily; fifty borderers formed an association to drive out the German farmers and divide up their lands, two hundred acres to each volunteer. Electing Thomas Cresap as their captain, they attacked the German settlement, killed Knowles Dant when he resisted them, and were themselves attacked by a hastily mustered company from Lancaster. In a sharp fight one man was shot dead and Cresap himself was wounded and taken. Governor Ogle of Maryland retaliated; a new expedition drove the Germans from their clearings; four were captured and fetched back to Baltimore. Again the Pennsylvania frontiersmen rose, routed the invaders, and took prisoners on their own account; and again Maryland struck back. In October, 1737, a band of Marylanders stormed the jail at Lancaster, overpowered its defenders, and marched out with the captives.

James Smith grew up in that violent, self-reliant atmosphere. If his boyhood was filled with hardships, he was not conscious of them; he knew no other way of living. It was not a lonely life: the valley was filling up: Ben Chambers had a sawmill and a gristmill on the Falling Spring, and the McDowells had a mill, too, on the trail that ran southward to Maryland and Virginia; the Pattons and the Barrs had built their cabins on the west branch of the Conococheague, in the shadows of the Tuscaroras; Henry Pollens had squatted down on the disputed boundary line. Cabin-raisings and cornhuskings brought the scattered families together, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians thought nothing of riding twenty miles to a preaching on their day of rest. It was an exciting life: the Indians were, for the most part, peaceable, but occasionally a quick-fingered settler shot an Indian he suspected of trying

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to appropriate his livestock and occasionally a few young bucks got drunk and terrorized an isolated cabin: from time to time, the boundary feud broke out into armed raids, burnings, and kidnappings.¹

Young James cut wood, hoed corn, fetched water, grubbed underbrush, threshed with a homemade flail and pounded hominy in a stump mortar, rode a plow horse to the mill with grain sacks tied across the saddlebow, herded the family cows in summer, cleaned the log stable and foddered the stock in winter, and had time to hunt and trap. Stalking deer among the broken ridges of South Mountain was good sport; so was hunting black bears in the berry brakes and turkeys in the fat bottomlands; but it was also business. In common with their Indian neighbors, the white settlers depended on the wild animals and the wild fowl for a good half of their livelihood. James Smith thrived on the rigorous life. There was little enough book learning to be had, but he knew how to read and write—a distinguished accomplishment in a time when many gentlemen were taken with sick headaches over the ponderous task of signing their own names. By the time he was eighteen he was almost a man in body; in his own mind he was very much a man. He was “violently in love” with a girl who, he “apprehended,” had “a large share of both beauty and virtue.”

But there were other things in the world besides love. There was a war. There were strangers galloping through the valley, looking and acting extremely important as they investigated roads and haggled over the buying of food and the hiring of wagons; there were rumors of a “wonderful fine” army, thousands of British regulars, landing at Alexandria in Virginia and marching up the Potomac to drive the French

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away from the Ohio. The rumors were true. A young man named Washington had tipped a whole potful of fat into a fire: he had attacked a French detachment in the woods beyond Great Meadows and killed its commander; a few days later, surrounded in a makeshift stockade christened Fort Necessity, he had surrendered, and in surrendering he had signed an admission that he had “assassinated” a Frenchman on a peaceful, diplomatic errand. The admission was unintentional; young Mr. Washington blamed his interpreter for a very bad translation of the French terms; the English diplomats eventually told Paris that the French had displayed deplorably bad manners in defeating Colonel Washington. But the fat sputtered and the fire burned hotter. The war was on. By May, 1755, the rumors running up and down the Conococheague valley had turned into personal, exciting facts.

The province of Pennsylvania had agreed, as its share of the campaign to capture Fort Duquesne, to send three hundred men to cut a wagon road from the west branch of the Conococheague, along the old Indian trading path across the mountains. Major General Edward Braddock and his army would hack out a route of their own to Fort Cumberland on Wills Creek and meet the Pennsylvania road at the “Turkey Foot”—the three forks of the Youghiogeny. It was natural that in such an enterprise the provincial authorities should seek out the Smiths: they were one of the “first families” on the frontier: they were people of standing. William Smith, a brother-in-law of young James and a commissioner of Cumberland County, was appointed as one of the commissioners to drive the new road through the wilderness. Others were Adam Hoops, James Burd, and George Croghan.

They were capable and energetic men; and to them, as

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well as to every backwoods settler, the success of the campaign against the French was all-important.² Pennsylvania had kept peace for some eighty years with the Indians on its borders; but now the traders fleeing from the Allegheny country were bringing back with them alarming stories that the French were inciting the tribes against the English, wooing them with brandy and furnishing them with guns, ammunition, hatchets, and scalping knives. Arming and munitioning the Indians was nothing new; the English traders and, indeed, the provincial government of Pennsylvania had been doing it for years.³ Croghan himself was the most important of all the traders operating in the middle colonies, and knew, from bitter experience, what the advance of French military and commercial interests meant; he had a lively personal interest in the new road; ⁴ French traders and their Indian friends had robbed his agents of goods valued at several thousand dollars, but now Braddock's campaign, if it was successful, would not only drive his French rivals out of the rich fur territory but also leave, as a by-product, this convenient highway for his pack trains. If the campaign failed, it might well ruin him. To other men, less concerned with trade, the success of the expedition against Fort Duquesne meant safety for the frontier settlements, and failure might mean their destruction; if the Indians attacked the border, their blows would fall first upon the Conococheague.

The commissioners recruited axmen, found horses and hired wagons, and as Braddock's troops straggled past South Mountain in a foot and half of April snow and bivouacked at the crude Potomac hamlet they called Conogogee, Will Smith set out to give the new road his personal attention. With him went young James: the eighteen-year-old boy had decided

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that when every man was needed, love would have to wait. They followed the old trade path along the west branch of the Conococheague, past the Patton cabin on its knoll above the ford, across the rich meadows called “The Pastures,” past the Barr house, and over the Tuscarora gap into the “Great Coave,” where the log houses had begun to sprout so thickly that they almost made a town. From the Great Cove westward, there was only wilderness, except for a few lonely cabins, some of them abandoned; the Indian path, widened to the width of wagons but with fresh-scarred stumps still standing in it and the half-grown leaves still withering on the cut trees beside it, climbed Sidelong Hill, floundered over the crossings of the Juniata, wound through “Allaquapy’s Gap,” and began to struggle up the Allegheny Mountain.

On the fifth of July, Colonel James Burd, one of Will Smith’s fellow commissioners, sat down in his brush hut beside the unfinished road to tell the governor of Pennsylvania that he was afraid it never would be finished. He was a distraught and harassed man.

“Honored Sir,” he wrote, “we have now got this far with the road, but at present are under a very great dilemma, the cause of which is as follows: We had thought it necessary to make use of an empty house, 47 miles from Anthony Thompson’s, for a store-house for our provisions, and we sent a guard of seven men, armed, to said store-house. They immediately fortified the house, and had received some of our provisions. We were like to be short of meat, etc., and hearing that there were wagons, and supposing cattle, upon the road, one Mr. Robert McCay, who had the command of the store and the people there, sent a boy called James Smith, about sixteen years of age [young Jim would have liked *that*]

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down the road to hurry up the cattle and wagons. Said Smith meeting a man sent up by Mr. Adam Hoops, at Ray's Town,⁵ received information that the wagons were just at hand, upon which the boy returned with Mr. Hoops' man hither, the wagons at this time being behind. The wagons arrived at the store the 3d curr't, at noon. Inquiry was made of the wag- oners where Mr. Hoops' man and the boy were, and they re- plied that they had not seen them; upon which they went out to search for them. They first found the boy's hat, and then Mr. Hoops' man's (named Arnold Vigorous) ⁶ gun, and about ten perches from thence, Arnold lying dead, being shot through with two bullets and scalped.

"Mr. McCay immediately dispatched an express to me to the camp, about twelve miles from the store. I went down with a party of twelve men of Captain Hogg's company, and saw the corpse and got it buried, but can find nothing of the boy, only his horse we have got. That night, being the eve- ning of the 3d curr't, we mounted guard at the store. About 9 o'clock we were attacked by Indians; their number we could not know. Two of our sentinels fired at two of the Indians which they saw, and I myself pursued singly the said two Indians, but being dark amongst the trees, could not see them nor overtake them, but heard them plainly about fifteen yards before me. The next day, being the 4th curr't, I returned to our camp, and was under a necessity to call the people to- gether, and made use of all the arguments I could to induce them to continue in the service until we had finished. But, unfortunately, we had an alarm last night. One of the sen- tinels on the picket guard challenged three times and fired his musket, which has struck a great terror into the laborers; thirty of them are gone home this morning, and the remainder

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are very much dissatisfied, as they have no arms, and I am really afraid we shall not be able to keep them much longer. However, the Governor may depend upon my utmost endeavors to carry on the work, and that I won't leave my duty while I have ten men to work, or am recalled by your Honor.

“We are obliged to send off this morning a guard of twelve men and a sergeant of Captain Hogg's Company for a covering party for our returning wagons, and to bring up our provisions from the inhabitants, as we can't so much as hunt up our horses without a guard. Our roads are all way-laid in order to cut off our provisions and any straggling men they can. Mr. William Smith is likewise under a necessity to go home this morning, as the boy that is taken prisoner (as we suppose) is his brother-in-law. We have now about three days' provisions.

“Please to excuse unconnections.

“I am, respectfully, your Honor's most obed't, h'ble, servant,

JAMES BURD.

“To the Honorable Governor Morris.”

Colonel Burd was right in his supposing. Young James Smith was a prisoner. Three or four miles from Ray's Town, he and Arnold Vigoras had ridden into an ambush.

The road seemed safe enough; the bushes that stood close beside it were like all the other bushes, but they were not growing there. Three Indians had cut them, a few rods back in the woods, and planted them along the trail to make a blind. At fifteen yards, they fired. Vigoras fell dead. James Smith's horse reared, threw him off, and bolted, and the Indians pounced upon him as he lay dazed and dragged him

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to his feet. His arms gripped by two of them, he watched the third slit the dead man's forehead with his knife and rip off the scalp; then, like a horse trotting on a halter, he was led and driven fifteen miles through the rough, brush-tangled foothills. That night, bound hand and foot and tied to two of his captors, he lay in a fireless camp on Allegheny Mountain. In the morning the Indians fed him a handful of moldy biscuit and part of a roasted groundhog, and struck out for Fort Duquesne ninety miles away.

A few miles to the south and less than half as far away from the French fort at the Forks of the Ohio, General Braddock's army was sweating and cursing its way through ravines and swamps toward the same objective. Only nine men of that army got to Fort Duquesne, and James Smith saw the manner of their coming.

Chapter III

A PLEASANT EVENING

THE "great guns" of Fort Duquesne thundered a salute. Puffs of smoke gushed from recklessly brandished muskets in the hands of a mob of Frenchmen, Canadian *coureurs de bois*, and Indians of a dozen nations swarming around the mud-and-timber walls. The explosions racketed across the brown Monongahela and crashed against the cliffs that towered above the fort; the cliffs broke them into bits and flung them back. As the echoes died away up the blue Allegheny, the low triangle of land between the two rivers became a pandemonium of shrieks and yells and naked figures running.

The government of France was celebrating, with its cannon, the capture of an eighteen-year-old boy: it was one way of keeping Indian allies happy. The Indians themselves were preparing to celebrate in their own way. James Smith saw a horde of monsters rushing upon him, their faces and their stripped bodies hideous in stripes and splotches of vermilion, black, brown, blue, and green; as they ran, they flourished hatchets; those who had none broke off switches from the underbrush along the Allegheny bank, seized clubs and stones, picked up chunks of sun-baked mud and handfuls of dung from among the lodges. Fear shook him; but they did not touch him—yet. They fell into two long ranks. He was untied, and an Indian walked up to him.

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"I was told," he described the gantlet long afterward, "that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way, as I ran; and if I ran quick, it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet, I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigour I was capable of exerting, and found that it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On recovering my senses, I endeavoured to renew my race; but as I arose, some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so, that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it."

When he came back to consciousness, he was lying on a plank bunk in a log hut in Fort Duquesne, and, as if he had not lost enough blood, a French doctor was opening a vein in his left arm to cup him. "After which," he said in his memoirs, "the interpreter asked me how I did; I told him I felt much pain; the doctor then washed my wounds, and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy. As I felt faint, and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me, by the interpreter, that it did not suit my case." And then, "when they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me, and examined me, with threats of cruel death if I did not tell the truth. The first

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question they asked me, was, how many men were there in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania, to join Braddock? I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed? I told them they were all well armed (meaning the arm of flesh), for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them; which, if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all off; therefore, I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of these road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

“Sometime after I was there, I was visited by (a) Delaware Indian . . . who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. I asked him if I had done any thing that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully? He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like, how do you do. I asked him what news from Braddock’s army? He said, the Indians spied them every day, and he showed me by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock’s army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it) *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

“Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints, &c., and every one taking what suited; I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire—likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. . . .

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“In the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and though at the time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news. I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch: as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them, and asked him, what was the news? He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers’ caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. . . . After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps; after this came another company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

“About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked.”

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If the young French officer lounging on the gun platform of Fort Duquesne had asked James Smith his name, on that pleasant evening in the summer of 1755, James Smith could not have answered. He would not even have heard the question. He was hearing himself die.

His hair hung wild around his swollen face. Sweat plastered it against his neck and stung in the unhealed wounds on his cheeks, his back, his arms, his legs. His whole body was still one aching bruise. Now, on the evening of July ninth, he thought he understood why he had not been killed when he fell unconscious in the gantlet. The wall, on which he stood, enclosed in a rude square a half dozen cabins and a half acre of dried mud. It was a white man's fort; white men's cannon glistened in the bastions; white soldiers with fixed bayonets stood sentry at the gate; a white man should be safe there. But James Smith believed he was about to die. His fingers dug into the sun-baked earth of the parapet; he pressed his face against the splintery beam that kept the earth in place, and stared at the circle of fire burning on the low bank of the Allegheny a few rods away.

The wall held him up: his own legs could not. It seemed to him that the flesh of his legs was melting, sloughing from the bones; he could feel it flowing away from him like the sweat that drenched him. But he was cold—so cold that he shivered and his teeth knocked together. His hands were so stiff that he could not drag them from the parapet to stuff his finger tips into his ears. He could not drag his eyes away from the white body tethered to the stake among the leaping flames. White? It *was* white, minutes ago, between the smears of black paint; but now even the white patches were blackening and charring. Screams came from the writhing shape.

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Listening, he imagined that the cries were his. When *his* turn came he would make the same sounds. His throat ached as if he were already screaming.

He did not want to die like that, horribly, in the agony of fire. He was eighteen years old. He was in love. He did not want to die at all. But he stood, fascinated with horror, dying vicariously with the British soldier who was dying at the stake.

He had nine deaths to die that night.

Of the twelve hundred British regulars who had waded the Monongahela fords that morning, and of the cannoneers, the seamen from the Royal navy, and the hundreds of Virginians, Marylanders, and Pennsylvanians who marched with them to take Fort Duquesne, five hundred and fifty-six were dead. Four hundred and twenty of them were wounded. Major General Braddock, shot through the right arm and the lungs, was dying in a baggage wagon. Only nine of his men had come to the French fort at the Forks of the Ohio. They had come as prisoners, and they had come to hell. The nine were being burned to death, slowly, cunningly, with the genius of fiends.

All the fiends were howling, dancing, and the flames threw their shadows in a monstrous, capering frieze upon the wall of Fort Duquesne. Cries that were still human tore through the hellish clamor:

"O God, have mercy! O Christ, let me die!"

A few hours ago those frantic bodies were splashing through the cool Monongahela, they were feeling the clean mountain water soothing their chafed thighs under their scarlet tunics, they were scooping up the water in their cupped hands and letting it run, prodigal, from their sun-reddened

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chins. But now . . . *now*, a fire-reddened hatchet was clapped upon a naked belly . . . *now*, a fire-reddened French musket muzzle was thrust hissing into what had been an eye . . . *now*, a ladle of live coals was poured into a mouth from which the lips already had been hacked away. The screams were no longer human.

The young French officer lounging on the wall looked down at his white tunic sleeve. The evening had become uncomfortably warm: the lace at his wrist was damp with perspiration. As he flicked it back upon his cuff to keep it fresh, he saw James Smith sway and reel blindly toward the ladder that led downward from the gun platform to the parade ground inside the fort. He shrugged, and followed. Perhaps he was glad of an excuse to go.

James Smith staggered to the log hut where he had been permitted to sleep since he survived the gantlet. The French ensign followed him in and handed him a book. It was an English book—Russell's *Seven Sermons*; an Indian had taken it, along with the scalp, from the body of one of Braddock's soldiers in the afternoon.

James Smith tried to read; he needed all the strength and comfort there might be in seven sermons. But the cries went on and on. The slab door, the tree-trunk walls, were too thin to keep them out. They went on until daylight; then they ceased. But the boy crouching on the earthen floor heard them as long as he lived. Probably more than any other influence, they made him America's first rebel.

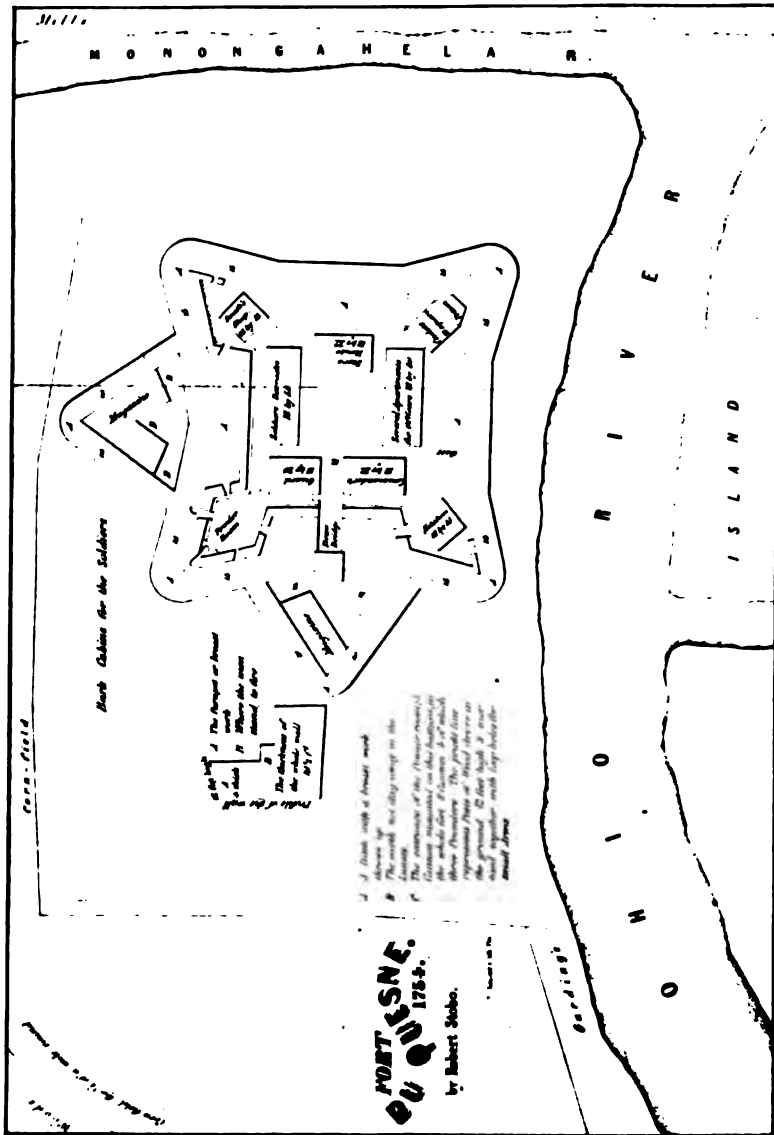
Chapter IV

INTO THE WILDERNESS

THE stakes stood, fire shrunk, on the riverbank; but the trampled ashes and the charred butts of the fagots around them had been cold for seven days, and James Smith was still alive.

He had been reserved for some other fate. The Indians who owned him had no mind to burn him merely for the amusement of casual wartime acquaintances. They chose to take him home to their own town as a trophy. On a sunny morning, they dragged him out of the hut in Fort Duquesne and through the gateway where the French sentries offered no objection.

His wounds had stiffened so that he could scarcely hobble; but two Caughnawagas seized him by the arms and hustled him across the drawbridge, past the outer trenches, and down to the river. His progress was a new pandemonium. The horde camped around the fort was gorged with the massacre of Braddock's army, but it was insatiable. It yelled at the sight of his white body, alive under bloody rags. It demanded more pain, in a din of cries that were like no other sounds on earth: they mingled the howl of wolves with the shrieks of women in agony and the yelps of kicked dogs and the shrilling of ungreased wagon wheels; the ugly clamor of a lynch mob cannot equal those sounds. The Indian mob that jostled him was drawn from the reckless younger warriors



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Border Encounter
(from "Indian Races of America" by Charles De Wolf Brownell)

INTO THE WILDERNESS

of many nations—Shawnees and Hurons, Delawares from the west branch of the Susquehanna, Ojibways from beyond the Great Lakes, Pottawattomis and Caughnawagas, Abenakis, Wyandots, Ottawas, and Iroquois.

Savages, naked but for a strip of hide tucked between their legs and hanging in flaps from a beaded belt, brandished hatchets in front of his eyes. Fresh scalps, stretched on willow hoops for curing, were thrust into his face. The demons who swarmed around him were tricked out in finery plundered from the dead. Grenadier caps and tricorn hats laced and cocked in distant London rode drunkenly on feathered scalp locks. An officer's gorget dangled from a neck glistening with bear's oil: the gilded half-moon, symbol of England's military power, smeared and dulled itself with the grease that stood in beads on the body of an unclothed Delaware. A Shawnee, ghastly in stripes of green paint, wore a slain captain's crimson sash about his loins. The cavorting bodies reeked of rancid fat.

The river reeked also. It was low, and its current moved sluggishly between broad bands of mud from which the sun drew up a fetid steam. But the smell of the mud flats was less sickening than the stench of the Indians, the elm-bark canoe lying at the water's edge was less terrifying than the screeching mob. The Caughnawagas had no further need to hustle their prisoner; he floundered hastily through the mud and tumbled over the gunwale.

His hands were tied behind him to a thwart. The canoe pushed off. Ashore, the howls redoubled as it turned upstream. Its paddles stirred the silt and sucked it into small, black whirlpools at every stroke. To James Smith, watching the dark whorls of water, it seemed that he, too, was caught

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in a whirlpool that was dragging him down into blackness. He had passed through the first boiling fury, but he had not escaped; he had merely sunk deeper into the vortex; the peaceful river stretching on ahead was its funnel. Painsick as he was, the ceaseless, rhythmic swaying of the canoe began to dizzy him; the funnel of the river spun before his eyes; in his imagination, he saw it dragging him relentlessly on to death, to the complete oblivion of fire-blackened bones. Already it had taken him beyond hope. When he was spared—or overlooked—in the orgy of torture at Fort Duquesne, he had begun to hope a little: there was still a chance; the white-coated French officers might buy him from the Indians and so save his life; the regiments massacred in the Monongahela forest might have been only an advance guard of the British army; the main column might yet come roaring down upon the Forks. But now the canoe was carrying him beyond the possibility of rescue, beyond the knowledge of all white men. The girl he had loved . . .

Had loved! Already he was thinking in the past tense, thinking of himself as dead. The realization startled him. He tried to change his thoughts, to bring himself back to life; but the effort was not a success. He could no more escape from his thoughts than he could break loose from the rawhide thongs that bound him to the thwart. The girl he loved would not know even where he died, nor how. But she could guess. He, too, could guess.

For forty miles the canoe split the blue-green surface of the Allegheny, driving steadily upriver. At nightfall fires on the southern bank announced an Indian town. He was dragged ashore by the light of blazing sticks held high; he was pinched and prodded by shrill, curious squaws; he was un-

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fed. Then he was spread out on his back upon the ground like a carcass ready for the skinning; the trunk of a limber sapling was thrust underneath his shoulders and his arms were stretched out and bound to it at the wrists. He slept a little, that night, and dreamed that he was drowning in a whirlpool; in his dream the swirling water turned to fire. But he was not to be burned—yet. In the morning, he was fed again.

His captors dallied in the Allegheny town, exhibiting him, boasting about him, pressing food upon him. His wounds healed and his strength returned, but he had no hope; he knew one reason for the kindly treatment sometimes given to white captives: the stronger he was, the longer he would take to die when the time came.

At the end of three weeks the Caughnawagas who owned him decided to go home. They struck off westward through the wilderness, on a path worn deep and smooth by centuries of moccasined feet. James Smith, on a leash, walked and trotted a hundred and fifty miles. The crowding underbrush reached out whiplike branches to slash him on the face; in the rank bottomlands, the toothed blades of the swamp grass drew blood from his thighs; deer flies whirled in circles, silent as blown sparks, around his head, and settled like live sparks in his hair and on his neck. At night, when the flies disappeared, mosquitoes spread the torment over his whole body. His arms, swollen already by the tether, swelled twice as much with the thousand little burns of insects. But even at eighteen, there was a stubbornness about him; he endured in silence; he would not cry out until he was worse burned.

On an August day when the leaves hung limp in the still heat, the trail wound down through the black oak forest into

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lush meadows, dove through a stream, and twisted across a cornfield where the stalks grew helter-skelter in a tangle of pumpkin vines. Corn. Pumpkins. Mockery! They grew also in the placid valley of the Conococheague, where a girl would wait in vain for her Jim to come back and marry her. Beyond the tasseled corn rose a low, sunburned ridge, covered with gray-black humps, like huge wasps' nests turned upside down. The trotting file of warriors raised a long, wailing cry that broke suddenly into short, shrill yells of triumph. The hill came to life. Men, women, children, and dogs burst out from the dirt-colored humps. Muskets exploded in hoarse welcome, and the sound went spattering away across the forest. The onrushing crowd sopped up the spatters in a loose fabric of clamor. It almost smothered the prisoner in its eagerness to see him.

The wasp-nest shapes scattered among the sparse sycamores along the ridge were summer lodges, made of lynn bark laid upon a framework of bent poles. They were the town of Tullihias.¹ The Caughnawaga war party had come home; and James Smith knew that whatever was to happen would be happening soon.

It happened the next day, and it began with mockery—a subtle, torturing mockery that was harder to bear than the glimpse of corn and pumpkins ripening there in the Ohio wilderness as they were ripening in Pennsylvania. He was set free.

That is, the strips of rawhide were unknotted from his arms and legs; he was led out of the bark hut in which he had spent the night, and was turned loose. No one touched him. He was free to stretch his cramped limbs, to chafe his puffed wrists, to scratch himself. He was free to move about

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inside a ring of Indians who watched him with a pleased expectancy, free to stand and look at the forest that rolled eastward three hundred miles before it came to the nearest Englishmen at Fort Cumberland in Maryland. He would have been astounded if he had seen his fellow countrymen at Cumberland that day, for they were as terrified as he; the British army—what was left of it—had abandoned the frontier and scuttled off in a frenzy of haste to get the mountains between it and those painted monsters who refused to be awed by scarlet uniforms and polished buttons. Already, in deep summer, the British army was thinking only about finding itself winter quarters in safe Philadelphia; it was not concerned about James Smith. The day when it would be concerned about him was still ten years in the future.

An Indian stepped out from the expectant ring and pointed his finger at the white captive. Then he pointed at the ground. James Smith sat down obediently on the scuffed, sun-crisp grass. The Indian squatted and placed beside him an irregular square of elm bark. James Smith looked at it, and understood: the prisoners who were burned to death at Fort Duquesne were smeared with ashes as the first rite of torture: on the piece of elm bark at his knee lay a little heap of ashes. He set his teeth.

The Caughnawaga dipped his fingers in the ashes and raised his hand to the white face.

The boy's head jerked. A small pain shot suddenly through his temple. In the Indian's fingers dangled a few strands of hair. James Smith was not being blackened for the stake; he was being plucked. Why? *Why?* He could think of one reason only: he was being prepared for some masterpiece of cruelty, some ingenious refinement of torment. Hour

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after hour, while the crowd looked on, the squatting Indian jerked out hairs, dipped his fingers in the heap of ashes to keep them from slipping, jerked out more hairs. By mid-afternoon the white skull was as naked as a picked turkey, but it was no longer white; it was as pink as if it had been scalded, and as sore. The only hair left in the inflamed flesh was a small patch at the crown, not more than three or four square inches; but the fantastic barbering was not yet completed. James Smith, sitting in rags on an Ohio hill, had more hairdressers than the king of England, more ladies in waiting than the queen. They fetched a pair of scissors, bought with deerskins from some wandering trader; they fetched thin strips of doeskin sewed with bright beads, and skewers that were mere splinters of sharpened bone; they brought handfuls of brass and silver trinkets, cheap gewgaws for which they had bartered a thousand times their value in the pelts of beaver. The dull blades of the French scissors hacked what hair he had left into three locks, one long, two short. Sinewy fingers wrapped the beaded garters tight around the two short locks; they plaited the long lock into a stiff braid and stuck it full of silver trade brooches so that it wagged like a dog's tail with the weight.

Hands grasped his cheeks and pulled his head far back. A thumb and forefinger seized his nose. A sliver of sharp bone drove through the cartilage. While the blood still flowed, another silver buckle was thrust through the hole and clasped. The hands dragged his head down to his shoulder; the thumb and finger grasped an ear and the bone awl gouged it from side to side. A loop of brass wire was threaded through the lobe; the running blood thickened on the wire and went drip, drip on his neck. His head, pulled down toward that

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side, squeezed the red puddle into a trickle over his chest. Another gouging pain, and a brass ring dangled from his other ear.

The clutching hands hauled him to his feet. Making signs, they ordered him to take off his rags. Under the encircling eyes, he stripped and stood naked. A breechclout was tossed at him; gestures commanded him to put it on; there was at least some modesty in Tullihis. He tied the beaded band around his middle and straddled the length of doeskin that went with it, stuffing the loose ends under the bellyband behind and in front while his attendants grew more numerous. They pushed and jostled one another to get at his plucked head, his face, his arms, his body. They plunged their fingers into bark dishes of vermilion, into little trade packets of blue, black, and green paints, into bladders filled with bear's fat mixed with ground-up charcoal. They smeared him until his skull was as red as if he had been scalped alive, and his body was one gaudy daub. They hung a broad belt, stiff with beads, around his neck, and squeezed his hands small so that they could force broad silver bracelets over them. To James Smith, this elaborate performance meant but one thing: it meant that his death would be as lingering as the preparations.

An old man who had stood aloof from all the ritual stepped out and took a long breath. From his arched chest came a hollow cry, two notes close-coupled:

"Coo-wigh!"

James Smith thought of a conch shell, hollow with the mournful emptiness of the sea, calling him home from his hoeing in the little clearing, back in Pennsylvania. The girl

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he loved would never set a conch shell to her lips to call *him* home. She would call someone else.

"Coo-wigh! Coo-wigh!"

Rapid, far-carrying, the alarm cry of the Caughnawagas summoned to the hillside everyone in Tullahas who was not already there. The old chief seized the prisoner by the hand and began to talk. The harsh Indian phrases cracked like dry sticks—like dry sticks being broken for the kindling of a fire. Under his stiff mask of paint James Smith's face grew stiffer with his struggle for self-control, with the cold touch of fear. He understood no word of the long speech, but he understood the gesture that ended it. The chief was giving him up to the crowd: he lifted James Smith's arm and offered him to three Indian girls who sprang forward instantly to seize him. The three young squaws began to drag him down the hill. He understood that, too—it was frontier legend that the Indian women were more fiendish in their cruelty than the men. The whole town surged after him.

He looked for the stake; there was none. He looked for firewood piled up, ready to be heaped upon his belly; he saw none. There was nothing at the foot of the hill but the river, and the squaws dragged him into it. Instead of firebrands on his stomach, there was cool water tickling him. If the stream had been filled with floating ice, it could not have chilled him more. For two months he had been imagining his death by fire; his mind was fixed on that; he was prepared to live a lifetime in his last few, slow hours of life. But to die by drowning! To die mercifully, painlessly, quickly! His mind could not grasp that notion; it was too numb with shock. He felt the water climbing up his chest, touching his armpits, rising toward his mouth. He felt the hands dragging him

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down. This was death . . . sudden . . . final. He did not want to die.

He fought. The three girls twined themselves about him. They twisted their legs around his, tripped him, and his head went under. His frantic struggles churned the water. When his head came up again his ears were roaring, his chest felt pierced with knives. A gasp filled his lungs with air and dulled the knives, but the tumult in his ears increased; the Caughnawagas crowded on the riverbank were roaring with laughter. The three squaws were not laughing; they were panting. They looked at him with concern, and James Smith's mind shrank from another shock. One of the breathless girls spoke to him—three astounding words—three English words. She said: "No hurt you." He did not believe that, but he had regained a little of his self-control: he would not be a buffoon for the Caughnawagas. When the squaws' arms tightened around him and dragged him down once more, he let them have their way with him.

Their way with him was astonishing—they gave him a bath. They scrubbed him, head to feet. When they led him out of the river, he was whiter than he had been in two months, and more bewildered. Scoured and dripping, he emerged to run another gantlet; the crowd fell back and divided to make a lane, but this time it was a gantlet of laughter. The three drenched girls kept a firm grasp on him. Spattering, glistening in the bright sun, they guided him through the crooked streets of Tullihass to the council house.

The council house was merely another shell of lynn bark laid upon two rows of saplings, bent and lashed together at the top by pairs; but it was as large as ten ordinary lodges. James Smith's bewilderment increased. He became again the

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center of a ceremony he could not comprehend. No royal fop ever had more gentlemen of the bedchamber to hand him his smallclothes, to garter him and rouge his cheeks. The Caughnawagas proceeded to dress him in the height of fashion.

Their fashion was not wholly their own. Already, in 1755, the French *coureurs de bois* had introduced into the Ohio wilderness the styles of Paris. A painted savage handed him a new French shirt done off with ruffles at the throat and wrists. Another presented him with a pair of leggings that reached to the thighs; a squaw had scraped the fat and the meat shreds from the deer's hide of which they are made, and kneaded the leather soft with the deer's own brains, but the beads and the knots of gay ribbon that adorned them came from France. So did the chapeau, with its lacing of cheap tinsel. Only the moccasins, which the Indian women thrust upon his feet, and the garters which they tied around his legs above the calf, were pure Caughnawaga; they were rich with the small, dyed quills of porcupine and with tufts of hair stained bright vermilion.

Dressed in this finery, he was made to sit down on a bearskin, and the cosmeticians and the hairdressers took him in hand once more. They tied red feathers to the braided pigtail that waggled above his naked skull, painted fresh patterns on his head and face, and presented him with a pipe, a tomahawk, flint and steel, and a handful of touchwood to catch sparks. They gave him a pouch made from the whole skin of a polecat and filled with their own pipe mixture—tobacco and the dried leaves of sumac.

There was no more laughter, now. The dark faces grew solemn. His attendants withdrew. James Smith sat alone in

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state, waiting. Waiting for what? He did not know. He knew only that it was agony. He was clean for the first time in weeks; the leggings, the shirt, the moccasins were new; but his skin crawled, he itched. His nerves prickled like the stings of insects. This doubt was worse than certainty.

A warrior entered, stooping through the arched doorway. Feathered, painted, ringed at nose and ears, he sat down at the far side of the council house. Another followed him, and another. In profound silence the fighting men of Tullihass filled the council house, circles within squatting circles. Flint snicked on steel. Smoldering punk was pressed to the *killegenico* in the deep pipe bowls. Threads of smoke unwound and were drawn upward; they clung like spiders' silk to the bent lodgepoles; they thickened into a gray web, hanging. It hung above James Smith. He sat fascinated, a fly, waiting for the spiders.

Then the web stirred as a dark shape disturbed it. A chief rose from the inner circle, cast down his blanket, and began to speak, deep, sonorous sentences. When he concluded, another rose. This was a younger man, one of minor importance; his place was in the outermost circle. But to the quivering prisoner, he was the most important man in the world: he was speaking in English. He translated:

“My son . . .”

James Smith felt as if he had been plunged again into the river. He could not breathe. His throat closed spasmodically. Then, suddenly, his blood lunged against his ears so that he could scarcely hear the words that were a reprieve from death:

“My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every

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drop of white blood was washed out of your veins. You are taken into the Caughnawaga nation and initiated into a war-like tribe. You are adopted into a great family and received in the room and place of a great man.

"My son, you are now one of us by an old, strong law. You have nothing to fear. We are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you that we are to love and defend one another.

"From this time, you are to think of yourself as one of our people.

"My son, this is Tontileaugo, your new brother. He takes you by the hand."

James Smith had been given back his life, but it was slow to reach his hands. His hands lay powerless on the polecat pouch. They were numb. He barely felt the strong clasp that lifted him to his feet and led him from the council house. When he was outside he saw that in his free hand he held a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon, but he had no notion how they got there. He saw the young Caughnawaga smiling at him, but his own face was too stiff to smile. Perhaps it was the paint that made it stiff. Perhaps he had been so long sure of death that his flesh had died a little and turned rigid. But he was not dead: he was alive. He could taste, smell, hear. He could feel and see. He could taste the warm *caneheanta* in his wooden spoon; the little, moist wads of the boiled beans ground up with dried green corn clung to his gums and were pleasant to his tongue when he licked them off. He could smell the fat buffalo meat bubbling in the pot before him, and the bear's oil that welled out in the sweat-beads on the painted faces of the Caughnawagas, feasting in his honor. He could hear the pebbles rattling in the musicians'

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dried and hollow squash shells, feel the insidious rhythm strumming in his brain, see the parallel rows of the young men and women as they shuffled forward and backward, advancing toward each other until their bent heads touched and then retreating, in the summer love dance.

No, he was not dead. He was merely buried—buried three hundred miles deep in the wilderness. He was lost to his own race as utterly as if his bones were ashes, there in the fire that lighted his own adoption feast. The restless circle of the fire-glare made the dark beyond it darker. For him it was the darkness of a grave; he was as dead, to the girl he loved, as if he lay in it.

He had no means of knowing that he already had a monument—that the unfinished Pennsylvania road, the old Indian path from the Conococheague, would be known for years as “Smith’s Road” because he had been captured on it.

Chapter V

SOOUWA, THE WHITE INDIAN

A YEAR went by, and James Smith, dead to his own world, had a new identity in a strange, different world. He spoke with a new tongue. He walked with a new gait. He had even a new shape: he was taller, broader; wind and sun, rain and frost, had changed his skin: from his braided scalp lock to his breechclout, he was the color of the oak leaves that lay on the ground in autumn. He carried a bow and a quiver of arrows. When he was hungry he stuffed his fingers into a sack of bear's gut hanging at his belt and scooped out a handful of raccoon fat. He was no longer James Smith, the Pennsylvanian. He was Soouwa, the Caughnawaga.

The Indians themselves regarded him so. Not once, after he sat in the council house in the bark town of Tullihis and heard the chief address him as "my son," had any Caughnawaga broken the chief's pledge: he was as the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone. When food was plentiful his hand was as welcome in the cooking pots as any other hand. In starving time, when the game vanished from the forest and the best hunters came home empty-handed, he was still welcome; the squaws dug all day in the crusted snow to find a few shriveled nuts, and they counted into Soouwa's hand the exact number of hickory nuts that they gave to their own famished sons and husbands.

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He marveled at such treatment, as wary as a kicked dog dreading more abuse; but there was no more abuse. And he was young, tough, resilient. His mind recovered from horror as healthily as his body had recovered from its wounds. When he finally accepted the notion that he was dead and buried, he found zest in his new existence. It was not a bad existence for a boy of eighteen: the Caughnawagas were great hunters and great travelers. Every day he could hunt, or trap, or fish, or see new country unfolding before him—country which no other English boy had ever seen. Once, and once only, he took a hand at the familiar drudgery of hoeing corn, and discovered that he had committed a social error; the old men reminded him that he had been adopted into the place of a great warrior, and that warriors did not hoe corn. It was a lesson he did not have to be taught twice.

He learned rapidly. His mind soaked up information as the forest mold soaks up moisture, storing it away. When he was captured he knew a little about the ways of the white men's world; but a little only, because his part of it was restricted to the broad valley of the Conococheague, to its stump-dotted clearings and to the mountains that formed its horizons. Now, a year after the day the three Indian girls dragged him into the river and gave him a bath, he knew more about the ways of his new world than he had known about the old. He did not know how to make a white man's barrel, a bucket, or a demijohn; but already he had learned how to strip the whole hide off a deer without tearing it, to plait and tie the neck and legs, to blow it up like a bladder until it dried stiff and round and made a leak-proof vessel that was more practical, in the wilderness, than either jug or barrel. He knew where and how to drive a few stakes to trap

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a raccoon or a fox. When he saw buffalo tracks he knew whether they had been made by buffalo or by hostile Catawbas from the south wearing hoofs tied to their moccasins to deceive their enemies the Caughnawagas. A Mohawk Indian, who bore the astonishingly Biblical name of Solomon and spoke a little broken English, initiated him into this trick of camouflage.

Hunting near a salt lick forty miles west of Tullihass, they had come upon a buffalo trail, but Solomon was slow to take up the chase; he squatted, peering at the hoofmarks, and then followed them cautiously with frequent pauses to listen and to scan the woods suspiciously. Sououwa, cocksure, said there was no doubt about it: there were buffalo ahead.

"Hush," Solomon reproved him. "You know nothing. May be buffalo tracks, may be Catawba."

They went on, still cautious, until they came upon fresh droppings in the trail. Then Solomon grinned and cracked a joke:

"Is buffalo. Catawba cannot make so."

There were other lessons. He learned how to extract the poison from the glands that lie at the base of a rattlesnake's fangs, how to carry it in a hollow canestalk, and how to smear it on sharpened reeds and plant them in his trail to cripple a pursuer. He knew how to strip a birch tree of its bark and make it carry twenty people on the water and, turned upside down, shelter them like a house at night; he knew how to bury a canoe to keep the bark and the root-fiber lashings in perfect condition through the winter. He had a new set of manners. He knew that if he failed to eat his plate clean, he was no gentleman, and that if he failed to give a visiting stranger the best food he had, he was a Dutch-

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man. He had learned how to play Indian dice with stones black on one side and white on the other, and to shout "*honesy, honesy; rago, rago*" as he made his throw.

He had accustomed himself to meals at all hours, so that he no longer missed the white man's neat patterning of breakfast, dinner, supper. His stomach had turned Indian. So had his nose: when a dozen bodies lay close-packed around the lodge fire at night, the smell of rancid oil and sweat-musked blankets no longer sickened him. So had his eyes: the smoke, souring and clabbering under the low, lynn-bark roofs, did not make them smart and drip.

All this had come about so subtly and so gradually that he was scarcely conscious of any change. He knew that his skin had darkened just as a cured hide, hanging from the lodge poles, darkened in the unceasing smoke, just as moccasins and leggings darkened with repeated soakings in the rain and with the fording of many rivers. Kneeling at a pool to drink, he could see his skull sloping naked to his crown, and his stiff lock of hair bobbing its red feathers and its silver brooches. He was used to these surface changes; he saw them, but they meant nothing.

What he could not see was the change inside him. Back in Pennsylvania he knew many Dutchmen—sober farmers, solid tradesmen, pioneers pushing sturdily over the Blue Ridge. Now, when his brother Tontileaugo spoke of a rude, selfish fellow as a Dutchman, he accepted the term; instantly he knew what it meant. And when a party of young Caughnawagas set off eastward to raid the settlements for horses, his mind did not revolt: he, as well as they, had been carrying burdens of furs that had grown heavier and heavier with each day's trapping until his back ached and his muscles quivered:

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he could see the logic of stealing horses to carry the fur bales.

What he did not see was that he had begun to think like an Indian. It was as if the lodge smoke he breathed had tanned him Indian-color on the inside; it was as if the chief who first said "my son" had told the truth, as if the squaws who bathed him had indeed washed every drop of white blood out of his veins. Almost; not quite. But he was guilty of a shocking act.

The Caughnawagas had traveled a long way from Tullahas. When the men went raiding they left their families in the Wyandot town of Sunyendeand, which lay on a small creek below the mouth of the Sandusky. There, on another hot August day, James Smith saw a chapter of his life repeat itself: the raiding party returned.

Faint, mournful, like a distant conch horn blowing, the *coo-wigh* of the homing warriors drifted out of the still forest. It was all but lost in a monotonous wailing that pervaded the town; in the bark lodges, children were crying with a harsh, spent sound that had worn its sharp edge to a dull futility. But at the first far note of the halloo a small boy half lying, listless, against the bole of a great oak, raised his head; at the second his skinny fingers clenched in excitement and his high-pitched howl set the hide vibrating on the protruding framework of his ribs. Pinched faces peered from doorways; scrawny arms pointed; eyes bright with hunger stared at the forest wall wavering in the gaseous heat. There was famine in Sunyendeand. The corn, planted late, was not yet fit for food. The fighting men took all but one of the guns with them, and the old men left behind had had poor

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luck at hunting. So had James Smith. He, too, could count his ribs by looking at them. He, too, shouted with joyous relief as the long file of warriors burst through the undergrowth and came jogging across the broad meadow, splashing through the creek.

Familiar faces smiled at him. Voices he knew gave him the Caughnawaga greeting:

“You are my friend.”

In the Caughnawaga way, which was now his way, he replied:

“I am your friend.”

From the saddle of a captured horse, Tontileaugo reached down to grip his hand and exclaim eagerly:

“Soouwa! Brother, you yet exist!”

And James Smith answered:

“Certainly, brother.” Both the form and the pleasure of the greeting came naturally to him. If his pleasure was lessened by what he saw, the lessening was imperceptible.

The raiders had been successful. They had brought back the horses they went after; they had brought food in plenty. They also had brought back certain puckers of dried flesh that dangled from twists of braided hair—blond hair, brown hair. And they had brought back prisoners, jerked along on rawhide tethers.

In the uproar of welcome, in the excitement of food crushing between his jaws, in the delicious pangs of meat juices flowing into his stomach, James Smith had no sharp pangs for those whose scalps hung at his friends' belts. He did not know them; they were strangers from Virginia, from another colony; they were inhabitants of a world even more remote than the one in which he had had his previous exist-

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ence. Even the sight of the captives gave him no great concern. He did not take their plight too seriously; he had lived through their fears and torments. His attitude toward them was that of the veteran toward the novice, of the frontiersman toward the tenderfoot.

When the council at Sunyendeand decided that the prisoners should run the gantlet, his feeling was unchanged. He even delivered the sentence of the council as its interpreter, telling the captives what they must do and how to conduct themselves to please the Indians, as a sergeant might tell a recruit how he must behave on the parade ground to please his commanding officer. When their hands trembled and their voices quivered with fear, he had cold comfort for them:

“I ran the gantlet at the Forks of the Ohio last year, when all the tribes were there. The rows were three times as long as they will be here.”

He was not consciously cruel; he was merely on a different plane. He had passed through the purgatory which these prisoners were approaching; he had endured it: so must they. Transmigration from one life to another is not accomplished easily: the lane of pain through which they must pass was the entrance to another world, and James Smith had passed it; he was already in another world. As a matter of course, without thinking, he fell into ranks with the Caughnawagas.

The Indians were in a holiday mood. The gantlet was great sport, the celebration of a triumph that had cost nothing but the exertion of the long journey to Virginia. There was no vengeance to be exacted for slain warriors. The Caughnawagas, whooping and laughing, were out to see how much courage there was in these Tulhasaga, these Morning Light

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people whom they had captured; they would draw a little blood from these white skins and see how well the English could bear pain. James Smith knew all this, but the prisoners did not know it.

The prisoners, half naked, tethered, huddled together at one end of the meadow, saw death waiting for them in a thousand hideous forms. They saw the two rows of painted monsters, their mouths stretched in terrifying yells, the brandished sticks and stones, the long alder whips; they saw squaws come running with handfuls of refuse scooped up from the cook-fires; they saw one grinning devil shatter a green pumpkin by dropping it on the ground and pass the fragments of it down the line.

Two Indians chose a prisoner at random from the lot and hauled him forth. He was a middle-aged man, stripped naked except for a pair of cotton drawers. The waistband had slipped down over his meaty stomach and hung suspended on his broad buttocks. His white body was puffed with red blotches, the stings of insects and the weals of underbrush along the way; the Indians' fingers on his arms left a puffed pattern of themselves. His name, ironically enough, was Savage.

A knife snipped the rawhide at his wrists. John Savage used the freedom of his hands to hitch his cotton drawers up around his belly. Then a sharp blow on the back drove him toward the gantlet.

He ran heavily, earnestly. But he was forty years old. The meadow grass was deep and tangled; it dragged at his feet. He could not run fast enough to escape the full force of blows aimed at him; the alder whips cut whistling through the air and drew long diagonals across his back; the thrown

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sticks bumped his ribs. A boy aimed a stone at him, missed, stepped out into the middle of the lane behind him, and threw another. The second stone caromed off John Savage's lumbering backsides, and the Caughnawagas roared with laughter. In the next few strides not a blow touched him. He ran on, sweating, breathing in great gasps. The whips began to sting and slash again.

Then he caught sight of James Smith just ahead of him. He swerved a little to the right: the young white man would not strike him; passing close to James Smith, he would escape a blow or two from the opposite row.

James Smith stood with his arm drawn back. He had a piece of the green pumpkin in his hand. He threw, and the hard rind struck John Savage full in the face. Again the Caughnawagas roared with delighted laughter, shouting approval at Soouwa, their adopted brother; the nearest of them patted him on the back and hugged him.

But Soouwa was not there. Soouwa was dead. Soouwa had looked straight into the amazed eyes of John Savage; in one frozen second he saw their disbelief turn into hurt, the hurt turn into anger and contempt. The look killed him. The young man who stood there, dumbly enduring the praise and the embraces, was James Smith, the Pennsylvanian. He had been reincarnated. His skin was still dark, and it would grow darker yet; but he was white inside, and would remain white.

The gantlet had been his entrance to this new world, but today it was his exit also. He might never be able to return to the world from which he came, but he could never again belong to this one. He would wander, a lost soul, between them. That would be his punishment for turning against his own people; turning back to them again, he must suffer.

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Shame tormented him. Regret was a stinging whip. His thoughts were a gantlet from which there was no escape; and every thought haunted him with the amazed, the hurt, the contemptuous face of John Savage.

He avoided the white captives, and by so doing brought upon himself more punishment: he heard what otherwise he might not have heard. Squatting among the Caughnawagas by the fire that night, he heard a lean, scar-faced warrior chant a story of war against the whites. Listening, he got his first news of home.

The news was this: he had no home! The Indian nations had laid waste the whole Conococheague. From North Mountain to South Mountain, from Pennsylvania down through Maryland to Virginia, they had burned and pillaged the whole pleasant valley.

James Smith felt his heart shrink, felt himself grow small, and sick, and cold. He was back in Fort Duquesne; he could see the stakes again and hear the cries. The writhing things bound to those stakes were men. Men. But they had screamed like women long before they died. Like women. . . . The girl he loved had lived in that ravaged valley. Now, from end to end of the Conococheague there was not one white man nor one white woman left alive; the scarred warrior, chanting in the fire-glare, said so. With a swift gesture, fierce, triumphant, he plucked his hatchet from its belt loop, stooped, and drew the blade across the scorched grass beside the fire—once, twice, three times. Then he pointed: where the hatchet had passed, the earth was swept bare. The chant rose to a shout:

“So lies the valley of Conococheague!”

James Smith sat staring at the fire.

Chapter VI

GEESE TURN INTO BEAVERS

THE green corn ripened at Sunyendeand. The brown grass crackled underfoot at night, and in the mornings it was white with hoarfrost. The oaks and maples painted themselves like Indian braves. Clouds darkened the sun and burst upon the lake below the town.

The clouds were unimaginable flights of birds. They pelted the water with a storm of feathered bodies—ducks, geese, cranes, and swans. The ceaseless popping of the Indians' trade muskets was lost in the roar of wings, so that the hunters' volleys sounded no louder than the thump of pestles in the hickory mortars, beating corn into flour. Every day was feast day, every meal a gorging.

James Smith was as comfortable as he had ever been in his life. The Caughnawagas had grown fond of him; the young men demanded his company on the hunt; the old men liked to talk with him as they smoked. They treated him as a free man, but he had no freedom from their friendliness. If he slipped away, he would be missed in no time. He was planning to escape, but he knew his own strength and skill: his brother Tontileaugo and a dozen others could outrun him; he had known them to run all day, pursuing a deer, and wear the beast out so that it fell, exhausted, to wait for their knives. He knew that he was not yet a good enough woodsman to conceal a trail so that the Indians could not follow it.

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When he escaped he did not mean to be retaken. He waited.

In the late fall he acquired a new family. There seemed to be no end to the list of his relations by adoption. He already had sisters and brothers, uncles, nephews, and nieces, not only among the Caughnawagas but among the Wyandots, the Ottawas, and the Ojibways. By virtue of his bath at Tullahas he was kin to half a continent; he could have traveled west and north a thousand miles and found relatives in birch wigwams by the headwaters of the Mississippi. But he did not want to go west, he wanted to go east; and at Sunyendeand he was introduced to a brother he had not yet met. His blood quickened: his new brother invited him to go hunting up the river Cayahaga.

James Smith knew this much about the Cayahaga: it lay eastward, and it had two branches. One branch led to the headwaters of the Muskingum, back toward Tullahas, but the other interlocked with the little creeks that fed the Beaver, and the Beaver flowed into the great Ohio within thirty miles of Fort Duquesne. If he could get free long enough to outstrip pursuit, the creeks would guide him surely through the forest maze into country where he could find his own way homeward.

He knew this also: his new brother was sixty years old and lame, half crippled with swollen leg joints. If he were left alone just once with this old man, he would get free.

He accepted the invitation, and it came very near to costing him his life.

Among these Indians a winter hunt was not a matter of a day's excursion, it went on for months; it was a way of life. The wild Ottawa nomads who made up the hunting party packed their entire households into four bark canoes and piled

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their very houses on top of these loads. November gales were blackening Lake Erie with icy scud; great combers burst upon the shore with the spaced shocks of minute guns, with the thunder of a cannonade far off. James Smith looked at the paper-thin canoes and at the stormy lake. He had never seen the ocean; the only waters he knew were placid rivers and the friendly, garrulous Conococheague. The dark tumult of this inland ocean awed him. Even the Indians eyed it doubtfully. But the old chief pitted his shout against the uproar:

"Yohob! Yohob!"

The Ottawas obeyed him: young men dared not hang back when an old man led. They rushed into the wash of a receding wave, dragging the canoes between them. Breast-deep, they fought for footing as a fresh roller hustled them. It passed, and they clambered over the gunwales like so many otter. James Smith also was an otter, but a clumsy one; squaws hauled him in among the packs, half drowned.

The Indians snatched up their paddles and used them as a mountaineer might drive a knife into the sheer face of a cliff and cling to it; the long blades, narrow, pointed, drove into the steep slopes of the waves, and clung, and pulled the shivering canoes up to the summit. The sharp prows, too, were knives; they sheared the white crests off like old women's scalps and tossed them. The streaming foam half hid the paddlers. Water poured in. It ran in furious cascades from bow to stern and back again, and boiled inches deep around James Smith's thighs as he knelt, paddling awkwardly.

The paddles won. The four canoes left the surf behind. They grew wings: the Ottawas turned their houses into sails. The houses were huge mats of plaited reeds; fifteen feet long, five feet wide, they were so closely woven that they held the

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wind like baskets when they were unrolled. The Ottawas tied them to sapling trunks and lifted them to the storm; the wind lifted the canoes; they soared and swooped. The Indians, skimming the great lakes in birch shells shaped like the body of a fowl, with pinions of woven grass, came closer to the flight of birds than any other earth-bound creature. By mid-afternoon the flotilla had flown sixty miles—and into danger. It came to the nine miles of rocky precipice that walls the Erie shore, and the west wind veered suddenly into the north. The steersmen, straining at their paddles, bent the ashen blades like bows. The steering paddles might as well have been bows, for the canoes were arrows: they darted straight for the thundering cliffs and the spouting surf. James Smith was close to death—as close to it in reality as he had believed he was the day he ran the gantlet at Fort Duquesne. No boat could live among those jagged rocks; the first impact would splinter a canoe's frail ribs; a man's ribs would not last a minute.

Knives slashed the thongs that held the sails. The grass mats flapped and gyrated, whirled high above the staggering canoes, toppled, collapsed, and fell like shot birds, crumpling as they fell. The paddles raced with death.

There was no chance to turn, to go back. Once more James Smith was caught in a gantlet from which there was no escape except in going on, and this gantlet was nine miles long. On one side were the onrushing cliffs; on the other, the onrushing waves. The waves beat like clubs; the cold spume stung like whips; breath was a hot knife in the chest. The canoe reeled like a spent runner stumbling, and the bark quivered as flesh quivers on exhausted thighs. The faces of the Ottawas were dirty gray; fear filmed them as wood ashes

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smear a copper pot. The canoe missed the last ledge of rock by the breadth of a paddle. A last shuddering blow hurled it upon the open beach at the cliffs' end, and the Indians threw themselves overboard and dragged it clear. Then they dropped and lay panting on the sand. James Smith sprawled among them, drained of strength and thought, too bone-tired to realize that he was some eighty miles nearer home than he had been in fifteen months.

By December he was nearer yet. But he had no chance to get away; he was never left alone with his crippled brother. At night he was one spoke in a tight wheel of bodies: the hunters and their squaws slept in a circle, in their woven-grass lodges, with their feet to the fire. There was no room even to stretch out at full length: the lodges were too small: James Smith tried it, in his sleep, and woke up with his moccasins scorched crisp. By day he was never out of the Indians' sight; they liked him; his popularity kept him a prisoner as securely as if he were tied.

In January the hunting party crossed the height of land and plodded through the snow toward the headwaters of the Big Beaver. The reed houses, packed into huge rolls, lay along the squaws' backs and rose above their heads so that the bent file, weaving through the forest, looked like a procession of queer, headless monsters. In a sheltered swale beside a beaver pond the Ottawas pitched their winter camp. The four conical lodges stood in the snow like four sugar loaves on a clean white tablecloth.

On the frozen lake James Smith was set to catching beaver by their hind legs. The shallows of the two-mile pond were dotted with their houses. The Indians swarmed around the wattled domes, beating the ice with clubs, shattering it in

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narrow lanes. Then they assaulted the houses and broke in the roofs. The beaver dove into the water to escape, but they could not live long without air: they must come up to breathe. The hunters threw themselves prone beside the lanes of broken ice, their tomahawks ready. The water stirred; the floating cakes bobbed and jostled; a wet nose protruded. An Indian's hand shot down. There was a flurry, a frantic threshing, a wet flopping on the ice. A hatchet flashed. The beaver kicked and went limp. In a few minutes twenty sleek bodies lay stiffening, and James Smith was marveling at the multitude of beaver in the pond.

"Ho! These are nothing." His brother made a sweeping gesture with his skinning knife. "Every winter we take hundreds from this lake. But always, the next winter, there are hundreds more. Every summer Owaneeyo, the Great Being, sends the geese to fill the lake with beaver."

James Smith said: "Geese?"

"Certainly. The geese alight on the water and are turned into beaver."

James Smith laughed; he was too much astonished to be polite. The sixty-year-old chief was grave.

"Brother," he said, "I see you laughing at me. I do not laugh at you when you do and say foolish things. The French priests have taught me about the white men's God. I have heard white traders say *God damn it* when a pack thong breaks or a musket lock will not snap. Is it not strange that they should expect their Great Spirit to concern himself with a leather string or a gun lock? If they do that, why is it strange that Indians should believe Owaneeyo turns geese into beaver so that we shall have all the fur we need?"

"But geese *can't* turn into beaver."

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"Owaneeyo is powerful. The geese have webbed feet. So do the beaver. Oho!"

After all, the old chief had been kind to him; James Smith tried to make amends for laughing by offering another "proof" to mollify him.

"It is true," he volunteered, "that both the geese and the beaver eat fish."

The old man was courteous; he did not laugh. But he was plainly astonished.

"Beaver do not eat fish," he protested.

"They do." James Smith was sure that he was right. "I read it in a book. The beaver build dams in the streams to pen up the fish and make them easier to catch."

"The man who made that book knew nothing about beaver, my younger brother. They eat only bark and roots."

James Smith's pride was touched. He could not prove that geese did not turn into beaver, but he could prove that beaver ate fish, and he set out to do it. He performed a post-mortem on every beaver trapped or killed that winter in the pond—and found no trace of fish. He even caught one alive and tamed it, and tempted it with perch and with bits of deermeat: the little animal nosed hopefully, but declined. James Smith, that winter, was doing something more than learning lessons in hunting and tracking: in the depth of the wilderness, he was becoming educated; he doubted, he investigated, he disproved. Out of the entrails of the beaver he derived something besides a fact. He derived a habit of certainty in his convictions. When he arrived at a conclusion he would stand on it. He would not be shaken.

It was a quality destined, a few years later, to astound a number of powerful and important men.

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James Smith knew nothing of these men. They knew nothing of him. He was still cut off from his own race as completely as if he did not exist. Winter combined with the constant company of the Indians to keep him a prisoner. To attempt escape was hopeless: every step left deep marks in the snow; the Ottawa, on snowshoes, could catch him as easily as they caught beaver. But near dusk of a stormy day a chance came when he least expected it.

Trudging back to camp with a group of tired hunters who had had no luck, he saw a trail left by a whole family of raccoons; a little way off in the woods he saw a hollow tree that might be their home. He ran to examine it, and found no telltale hairs on the bark; but, farther on, there was another tree with a hole in its trunk. The tracks of the raccoons ended there. Certain that the Indians were close by, he shouted the news: fat meat for supper. But he heard no answering halloo; the only sound was the sough of storm across the wilderness and the creak of frost-stiffened boughs. He looked back for the hunters; they were invisible. The trees had drawn in suddenly upon him; their shapes were fusing into a darkness as substantial as themselves; the forest was solidifying around him. Snow thickened it. The wind, rising, drove the snow in a slanting blur that merged everything into nothing. He began to retrace his trail, but after a few steps there was no trail; the blowing snow had filled his tracks level with the crusted surface. He stopped, uncertain. In the whirling gloom, he had no notion where the camp lay. The *camp*? He had no notion where *Pennsylvania* lay! He was not only alone. He was lost.

He shivered. His only garments were his clout and his thigh leggings—one layer of leather between him and the cold.

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From the waist up he had not even leather; he had only a thin trade blanket. The wind burned into him the certainty of what would happen this night to a man ill-clad and shelterless. He could not make a fire: he had neither flint nor steel; he had no gun. His weapons were an old iron hatchet and a bow and a few bone-tipped arrows.

His chance for freedom had come; but if he took it, it would kill him. It would probably kill him anyway.

Motionless those few minutes, he felt the slowing of his blood. Where clout and leggings left his backsides bare, he felt his flesh searing; then it had no feeling. He thought of the beaver carcasses flattened, frozen, on the pond ice. By morning, likely, he would lie as flat, as stiff. He remembered a strip of deermeat left hanging for a night outside his lodge: it broke, when he picked it up, of its own weight; it snapped like glass. He wondered whether his own arms would snap so, when the Indians found him and picked him up. Perhaps they would not find him: there were wolves.

But he was not panic-stricken. He did what he could, sensibly. He struck off through the forest, trying to walk in circles, trying to make each circle larger than the one before; in that way he might come upon the camp. Buried creepers tripped him; dogwood thickets gathered the snow into drifts and barred his way with walls too soft to climb, too tough to break. He floundered into the deep smother of ravines and twisted through tight mazes of young poplars. He had no way of telling whether he was walking in circles or in one direction, or weaving a crazy pattern. Whatever the pattern was, it was instantly erased. His tracks vanished behind him; he never saw them again. He did not find the camp.

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What he found was a great tree so hollow that it thumped like a tub when he blundered into it. He almost fell through it: his numb hands, groping, traced the jagged edges of a hole in the trunk and guided him in.

He could stand erect inside the tree. He could turn around. He could even lie down. The cavity was lined with soft, rotted wood that brushed away at the touch of his shoulders; his moccasins sank into powdered punk. He had a house and a bed, all in one. What he needed, now, was a door. Going out again into the storm, he found, a few feet away, the sprawled top of a wind-shattered elm, and set to hacking at it with his tomahawk. Branch after branch, lopped off, he placed upright against the hole in the tree until he had a door three feet thick, with only a crawlway at the bottom. He worried off a section of the trunk to make a stopper for this crevice; when he crept in, on hands and knees, he pulled the stopper after him and corked himself up in the hollow tree like a bug in a bottle.

While the snow packed itself in among the piled-up boughs and sealed the cork, he chopped down rotten wood in showers and pounded it into shreds until he stood in the center of a round nest deeper than a feather bed. Then he danced, barefoot, for half an hour. When he curled up, knees to chest, his body glowed with its own heat. He slept as soundly as a hibernating bear. In the morning he was trapped.

He had no way of knowing that it was morning except that he was wide awake. He was in utter darkness. When he touched his nose to make sure it was not frosted, he could not see his hand. He could not find the way out; he was a blind bug stopped up in a bottle; he had only feelers. His fingers

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explored endlessly, round and round, before they touched the stopper. The stopper would not budge.

He braced his feet against the far side of the cavity and shoved with all his might. The cork was immovable; not a glimmer of light came through. He understood, for the first time, the terror of an animal caught in a trap. The tree was as large as it had been all night, but suddenly it was crushing him. It had saved his life, but suddenly it became horrible. He threw himself headlong into the hole, clawing at the block of wood, fighting it, beating at it with his fists. He even prayed at it.

It stirred, and an avalanche of snow poured in upon him, burying his head; an icy blast struck his back. He lay babbling happily at the cold and snow. He could see the color of the stuff that smothered him. From a great height, thinly, light seeped down to him.

He drove the block out inch by inch, crawled over it, burrowed, squirmed, and came bursting out. Naked to the waist, he stood glorying in the sickly day. The wan sun had no warmth; he did not miss it. He was free! Free? From the trap, yes. But he was more than ever a prisoner. In this one night Pennsylvania had receded beyond hope; it was as remote as if the Penns had planted their colony upon another planet. The greatest snowfall he had ever seen hobbled him, thigh-deep; the underbrush had disappeared, only its tips here and there reaching up drowned fingers; the trees rose from the blank waste of snow as from an inundation. Around the tree that sheltered him a drift like a great wave, transfixed, rolled higher than his head. But he was alive. For the moment that was enough. With a boistering laugh of relief he dove into the wave, paddled head foremost through it, under it,

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and wriggled back into his den. In a minute he came paddling out again with his weapons, belted his blanket around him, and waded out into the snow flood.

He needed a compass to navigate that sea; but he had many compasses. Every straight tree with moss upon it guided him: he knew that the moss pointed northwest. In two hours it led him to a creek he recognized. Another half mile, and he saw the four sugar loaves. They seemed to be a great way off: the braided-reed wigwams were not only the shape of sugar cones on a clean tablecloth, they were the size also.

A shout clanged against the cold. The sound stuck to the air as a wet tongue freezes fast to metal; long after the shout was done the sound hung frozen, crystalline. And there was actually a red tongue stuck fast to the iron air. Vivid, motionless, as if fire itself had crystallized, a pointed flame stood up from a white drift. Then it wavered and burst suddenly into a leaping blaze, and he saw that the congealed flame was a crimson blanket swathing head and shoulders of a sentinel: the Indian had snatched it off and was whirling it above his scalp lock as he shouted again. The camp was not a great way off, it was close at hand; the sugar loaves looked small because the Ottawa lodges were buried halfway to their peaks in snow.

James Smith was buried altogether: the Indians rushed out to greet him, surrounded him, overwhelmed him with their joy at seeing him alive. The girl he loved could scarcely have welcomed him more eagerly.

He was not even questioned. The Ottawa escorted him to his brother's lodge and plied him with fat beaver meat until he all but burst, loaded a pipe for him, lighted it, and sat silent while he smoked it out. Then, and only then, they in-

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vited him to an outdoor fire such as they kindled when the warriors came home victorious to Sunyendeand. Men, women, and children, they gathered around him. He was requested, with a grave politeness, to tell every detail of his night's adventure. James Smith, with grease on his chin, with the harsh Caughnawaga phrases on his tongue, made his first public speech in an amphitheater of drifts. He had never looked so little like a white man. He had never been taken so completely into the heart of this savage world. Among his own people he was of no consequence; but among these Indians, to his astonishment, he was a hero. He was applauded warmly: "Oho, ho, ho!" An Ojibway translated his speech for those who could not understand the Caughnawaga dialect. His brother, honored as warrior, orator, and wise man in council, made him an address of welcome:

"Younger brother: In your own country, in the Morning Light country, you were not used to hardships. We did not expect to see you alive. But we are glad to see you.

"Brother: We are glad to see you on your own account; and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of the great man in whose room you were adopted. Your conduct has pleased us. You have given us proof of your skill and courage. We hope you will always go on to do great actions. Only great actions make a great man."

Ceremony demanded reply, so James Smith made yet another speech. He was only nineteen; he was touched by their kindness; he was earnest in his thanks. But he would not lie. He was not Sououwa, the Caughnawaga: a piece of green pumpkin ended that. He was James Smith, the Pennsylvanian. He said nothing about filling the place of the Caugh-

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nawaga chief whose name had been given to him. This is what he said:

"I have always wished to do great actions. I hope I never do one that dishonors anyone with whom I am connected."

Anyone. He would not dishonor his own race. He was grateful to these Indians, but he was a white man. He could not belong here; he was going back. He had had one chance, and lost it. The next . . .

As he thought of that next chance, it dwindled. The Indians rewarded his hardihood. The old chief rose:

"Brother: It is wrong for you to be without a gun. We are now well off; we have taken many beaver. In the spring we shall go to Detroit and buy a good French gun for you."

Detroit! Detroit was a hundred miles northwest. His reward made escape a hundred miles more difficult.

Chapter VII

TRAFFIC IN MURDER

IT was almost two years since James Smith had seen the flutterings of a white woman's skirts.

He could see them now, and they startled him. Kilted knee-high, the skirts revealed bare legs. How *white!* He stared. Wedged in among the fat bales of beaver pelts, he had nothing else to do but stare as the canoe drove steadily up the Detroit River. There were women everywhere along the bank. Their neat fichus were crossed upon their breasts; their clean kerchiefs nodded together, gossiping. The girls who stood on the little log landings seemed to have enormous hips: their petticoats, pulled out through the pocketholes of their overskirts, flared like sails, and the sails undulated as the women knelt at the water's edge and wielded small paddles, beating out the family washing on flat stones.

He could not see their faces; he did not desire to. The one face that he longed to see was not there. So far as he knew, it was not, now, anywhere. And it was growing dim: he could no longer see it clearly in his mind. With a new surge of homesickness he realized that he had forgotten, until just now, the translucent radiance of that face he loved.

He compelled himself to look at the other sails that undulated with a slow, hip-swinging motion on the low hills above the river. There was too little breeze to turn the broad sails of the round, keg-bodied windmills; they swayed up

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and down uncertainly. They were as futile as James Smith; they could no more move the heavy millstones in their insides than he could move the stone that lay cold in his belly. He had come to Detroit.

The women on the shore there were his enemies. If the girl he loved no longer had a face, a scalp, a body, they had helped to kill her. If she still lived, they had helped to make her image dim behind his eyes. How? They were French. They were the wives and daughters of the men who stirred the Indians to war. But for those men, he would still be in Pennsylvania, he would not be wearing silver brooches in his ears, he would be married. Detroit was the town from which the scalping knives went out to ravage the backwoods settlements on the fringe of the English colonies. The farmers and hunters in those settlements might have the haziest notion about why the king of England had gone to war with the king of France, but even children on the Pennsylvania border knew that Detroit was the place from which the French agents sent the Indians to burn their homes. James Smith looked at it with a hate that was almost instinctive: Detroit was the breeding place of the raids that had laid waste the valley of Conococheague.

The palisade that fenced in five rows of cabins and a log church and lifted dark, square-topped blockhouse towers against the sky was a French fort. At its gates busy merchants peddled musket balls and powder, guns and tomahawks, and whetted long knives and passed them out to Indians who were engaging themselves to go cut English hair. They whetted the Indians themselves, with brandy casks for grindstones. Detroit drove a thriving traffic in murder that summer of 1757. It was sending a thousand guns and hatchets to com-

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plete the destruction of the English frontier settlements. In exchange for the weapons and the ammunition it took the Indians' furs. On each gun and tomahawk and pound of powder it pocketed a tidy profit. On the brandy casks the profit was enormous.

War and business are snug bedmates. James Smith, witnessing their copulation, found it unspeakably obscene.

The traffic flourished on both sides of the Detroit River. When the Indians with whom he traveled made themselves at home in the Wyandot town opposite the stockaded fort they found French traders waiting for them there.

"We bought ourselves fine clothes," James Smith recalled the scene long afterwards, "ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c., and, according to promise, they purchased me a new gun: yet we had parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy: we purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk, and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal—then they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this; but of two evils I chose that which I thought was the least—and fell in with those who were to conceal the arms, and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavour, if possible, to keep the drinking club from killing each other, which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our lives, and got ourselves hurt. Before they had finished this keg, near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds—all were welcome to drink.

"When they were done with this keg, they applied to

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the traders, and procured a kettle full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon,—and so they went on, and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

“When the trader had got all our beaver, he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wyandot town. When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned. . . . We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours; five Ottawas were killed and a great many wounded.

“After this a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise, but they did not attempt to compel me, though they endeavoured to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were, its being a very great ornament, and also the common fashion. The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle of the ear close to the gristle, quite through. When this was done, they wrapt rags around this fleshy part until it was entirely healed; they then hung lead to it and stretched it to a wonderful length: when it was sufficiently stretched, they wrapt the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed it into a semicircle about four inches diameter.”

James Smith had come unhurt through the drunken revels, and he had saved his ears; but there were other orgies that left scars upon him—deep and inward scars. All through

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the spring and early summer the nights were full of stars and thunder. The stars were on the ground: the campfires of the Indian nations glowed for miles along the Detroit River. The thunder ran along the earth: it was the mutter of a hundred war drums. The young men of a dozen tribes were assembling, painting, purifying themselves; their hatchets splintered the red-daubed posts set up among the fires; their dancing bodies leaped like flames; their yells, half wolf, half woman, pierced the drumming. And the fires kindled in James Smith's tormented mind the images of burning cabins; the yells woke in his ears the screams of tortured men. But squatting in his place among the dancers he did not blame the Indians. They made war according to their code; they knew no other. They even had a reason to make war: the country had been theirs before the white men came.

He blamed the French. He blamed the officers who harangued the tribes with lying assurances that they could drive the English out of their last towns into the sea within two years: he knew, now, where the Caughnawagas had got *that* idea. He blamed the traders who debauched the young men, armed them, and took their furs. The French traders were not concerned to save the Indians' land: they were concerned to keep the English traders out and save their own profits. Even the Indians—some of them—could see that. James Smith's Caughnawaga brothers saw it and would have no share in it. They drew about them other men who thought as they did, and prepared for a long hunt.

The boisterous war parties marched away. The little cannon in the French fort coughed out salutes. Fleet by fleet, canoes loaded with scalp hunters floated past the stockade and replied to the cannonading with shots from their new

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French muskets. The high-pitched traveling chant grew faint. Wyandots and Miamis, Ottawas and Shawnees, Ojibways and Pottawattomis, the scalping parties dwindled down the river. In a few weeks they would be across the Tuscarora Mountains, they would wet their leggings in the bright Conococheague. James Smith, watching them diminish, felt the stone grow heavier and colder in his belly. *He* would not ford the Conococheague. *He* was not going eastward. He was going deeper into the wilderness, for the long hunters were bound for the western prairies and they took him with them.

He made no effort to escape; weighing the likelihood of death against the wish to live, he found it overheavy. He could slip away: that much would be easy. But he knew that he would be pursued, and knew also that he had not one chance in a hundred of escaping if pursuit came promptly. If he tried and failed, he would never try again: he would be dead. A dead man cannot seek and find and marry his old love; but a man alive, with patience, may do so at last. James Smith, at twenty, had the reasoned patience of maturity. He was not a coward. Mark that. At twenty-eight he would take risks that even a man named Washington would not be prepared to take for ten more years.

Chapter VIII

THE RING-HUNTERS

JAMES SMITH had never seen a hunt like this. It was more than an expedition: it was a migration; it was a destroying plague; it was as a flight of grasshoppers, devouring as it went. In one hour it devoured thirty deer.

There were two hundred Indians—fifty hunters, their squaws, and their progeny. Coasting southward from Detroit, their sailcanoes descended upon the Ohio shore in a winged swarm. Where a long wooded point projected between Lake Erie and the Miami-of-the-Lake, all the hunters landed; with the women and the small boys at the paddles, the canoes darted away toward the end of the narrow point and formed a ring around it. The men scattered out into a single line across the base of the peninsula, from shore to shore, and as the last hunter on the far flank of the long file reached his place he yelled. The shrill call ran from man to man and the line began to move.

The Indians were too far apart to see one another in the thick woods, but the tossed yells connected them. A British battle line, advancing into action, would have done well to keep the order which these undisciplined savages maintained.

The underbrush quivered with the continuous tremor of a wheatfield when grasshoppers settle in it. The difference was this: these grasshoppers were carnivorous. When they

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passed, the earth was not left naked, it was merely lifeless. Every living thing fled before them. Rabbits, skunks, raccoons, foxes, all scuttled panic-stricken down the point; deer bounded from their coverts; as their first startled questioning gave place to terror, their noiseless leaps gave place to headlong crashings. A hunter fired. After that the cracklings of the brush were puny sounds: the deer broke only little twigs, but the sound that came from the line of beaters was like the rending of whole trees. The French trade muskets had barrels as big around as the young oaks; they exploded like young cannon, until the forest roared and smoked as if it held a battle.

The narrowing peninsula was one great trap. As its shores constricted, the hunters drew together. They ignored the smaller animals, their eyes were on the deer; but their oncoming filled the undergrowth with a thousand tiny panics. The fern brakes shivered with small, desperate scurryings. James Smith, hanging in his stride an instant to ram home a ball and prime his musket pan, heard little flutings of pure terror, little halts and dashings. The rabbits were the first to know that they were caught between the lake, the river, and the merciless sound. They leaped straight up, their big eyes peering for a way out. Up; down. Up, over the tops of the hazel scrub; down, out of sight. Their brown bodies bobbed as if they were on strings. One, bewildered into courage, leaped almost into a young Ottawa's face, and the Indian knocked it kicking with his musket muzzle and stepped on it to break its back. In a damp hollow where the flat roots of a fallen tamarack had ripped loose from the soil and stood perpendicular, a half-grown raccoon ran round and round the shallow pit that they had left. As James Smith's moccasins

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crumbled the soft rim of the hollow, the raccoon sat up on its hind legs and raised its forepaws; the miniature hands clasped above the pointed nose; the frightened eyes looked over them. The moccasins went on.

In a thickening rank, with the gaps now no more than a few yards between one hunter and another, the Indians drove their prey into a close-packed herd and drove the herd into a slaughter pen fenced in on one side by the river, on the other by the lake. These fences could not hold the deer, but the canoes were waiting just beyond the shallows. As the deer floundered out and began to swim, the canoes pounced upon them, the squaws swinging tomahawks, the boys plunging in to slit the does' throats with their knives. When the yelling and the reddened water turned the survivors back, the muskets dropped them on the bloody sand; and when the muskets and the knives were through, James Smith counted thirty carcasses.

But he counted, also, some thirty minutes in which he had been alone, out of sight of any Indian, and to him the minutes were more important than the deer. For the first time since he was lost on the headwaters of the Big Beaver he had had a chance to slip away unseen; he had had a chance to travel miles, perhaps, before his absence caused concern and the concern turned into swift pursuit. He had not taken the chance; if he had taken it, he would have been trapped like the deer between the lake and the Miami; but he had no regrets, for he did not consider those thirty minutes lost. He was making plans. The next time he was left alone he would not come back so quickly. At every opportunity he would wander off by himself; but each time he would return, until the Indians trusted him completely. If he could convince

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them that he had no wish to get away, they would be slower to become suspicious and to set out after him when he failed, some night, to come back to the camp.

The long hunt went on. The devouring horde split into two swarms, one following the Maumee River and the other the Sandusky. In the late fall this second swarm swooped down into the great Scioto prairie and consumed it.

The grass grew shoulder-high there, and a man could not walk through it for five minutes without flushing deer. They were so numerous that, when they waded out into the streams to drink, their shed hair covered the water with a loose coat of its own; the floating garment that they spread upon the little streams had given a name to the whole land—Scioto, meaning Hairy Rivers.

In the deer drive on the tongue of land beside Lake Erie the smaller beasts had escaped; so had the trees and grass. Here nothing escaped. The long hunters deployed into an enormous circle, miles across. The signal yells, this time, were followed by the snick of flint on steel. Each hunter struck sparks into a handful of touchwood; when it glowed, he set it to a sheaf of grass. The grass became a torch: he ran and dragged it after him. The dry savanna crackled, kindled, and burst into flame in a series of swiftly lengthening arcs. The arcs met. In five minutes the great circle was a wheel of fire. In ten it was two wheels, with a charred space between them. One grew. The other shrank and inside it were the hunters; inside it were more deer than James Smith had ever seen before.

The deer were more numerous than rabbits. They bounced like rabbits—like rabbits on incessantly jerked strings. Their soft eyes stared and stared at the advancing flames and

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at the big-mouthed muskets. When they fell they went on staring. But the eyes were no longer soft: they broiled and popped.

The ring of fire devoured itself. The air inside it was a swirl of hot gas that sucked the smoke up into a whirling cone that stood like a dark, monstrous wigwam in the blackened prairie. Like a wigwam open at the peak, it let in rain. The rain was black also: it was hot ash that stung the flesh and pocked the hunters' naked skulls with little burns. Their bodies ran with sweat, and even the sweat was black.

They could endure no more. They leaped through the ring of flames and stood, panting, in the stubble-char, or ran to beat out the wisps of fire that flickered on a hundred carcasses. A few deer leaped through also, with singed coats, and got away; here and there the jump of a musket in exhausted hands sent a ball whining after them, but there were not many shots. The Indians were gorged with slaughter: the locust horde was satiated. When the carcasses were counted, there would be more than ten to every man. But the locusts had turned loose an appetite that knew no satiety. It was as if the hunters kneeling, busy with their flaying knives on the scorched lumps of flesh, were wing-broken sluggards dropped off from the swarm and left to nibble at the stubs and roots of a destroyed field; it was as if the swarm had spread out into all the fields around. In every direction the Scioto prairie was black with smoke as with a flying host; in every direction distant, dwindling flames flickered like the beating of innumerable wings. They beat all day, all night, and all the next day. When the devouring swarm drowned at last in the little streams or starved in the tough brush and sodden leaves of the surrounding woods, the whole lush prairie was a desert

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waste. For twenty miles, thirty miles, fifty miles, there was no living thing, no blade of grass.

Even the locusts were a little awed. The long hunt broke up.

James Smith's Caughnawaga brothers pushed on across the burned lands. When the first snow fell, they were beyond Scioto and still moving west. When they chose a wintering place and built their log-and-lynn-bark cabin, the Conococheague was four hundred miles away. But the chance for which he had disciplined himself to wait was nearer. It was very near. A beech switch and a henpecked husband gave him his chance at last.

Tontileaugo was the henpecked husband. Everywhere but in his own lodge Tontileaugo was a strong man; he was a warrior, he might wear a necklace of red-hot hatchets at a Catawba stake and hide his agony behind a smile. He had patience and endurance: he could lie motionless all day beside a game trail; he could run all day on the track of a deer until he ran it down. His mind was sharp, his will firm: he had seen through the French scheme to let the Indian nations fight a Frenchmen's war; in a council hot for fighting he had dared to speak for peace. And when the vote was cast for war, he had the courage to refuse to fight. But in his own house he was a man with nerves. He had married a widow and acquired thereby a parcel of unruly stepsons who picked at his nerves until they twanged and snapped.

They snapped on a winter morning when the beech brush, too, snapped easily with cold.

Tontileaugo reached simultaneously for a stout switch and a startled brat and applied one to the other. James Smith looked on with approval: this was like home; in his own

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brathood he had had the merits of this white men's custom impressed so warmly on his own hide that he thought it excellent. That was the trouble: it was a white men's custom; to the Indians it was barbaric. No Indian father ever whipped his offspring: he took them to the nearest pool or stream and ducked them. Before Tontileago had his stepson's clout half dusted he knew that he had made a grievous error. If his wife had talked only half as loudly as she did, he would have known it; if she had talked only half as long, he still would have had no doubt about it. He was neither warrior nor wise man now; he was only a husband, listening. He heard all his faults; he heard, also, a threat known to husbands everywhere: "I'm going back to mother!"

Tontileago knew when he was helpless. He did what husbands of whatever color sometimes long to do: with as much dignity as possible he put on his blanket and his mittens and went hunting. But the difference between his wife and other wives was this: *she* carried out her threat. He came home in the evening to a cabin strangely peaceful. His stepsons were gone; so were his own sons; so were his horses, his pots and kettles, everything except the clothes he wore and the skins he slept on. He had been divorced. In the briefly thorough fashion of his people, his wife had awarded herself a decree of independence and the custody of her children.

Tontileago spoke his mind; it was safe, now, to do so. Let her go! James Smith concealed a smile: she *had* gone. I'll not go after her! It took Tontileago all of two days to find a reasonable excuse to change his mind. Then, sheepish, he explained that this woman of his was not, in truth, a self-reliant woman; she was not competent to manage her affairs. *Hob!* He did not care about her. But he was uneasy about

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his sons, left to the protection of a woman so easily flustered. Duty demanded that he go keep an eye on her. He went. And he did not come back. In the winter cabin only three remained: James Smith, his elder Caughnawaga brother, and his brother's son Nunganey. The brother was so badly crippled now that he could only crawl on hands and knees. And Nunganey was a boy of ten.

The chance had come. There would be no pursuit. James Smith needed only one thing: food.

Between him and the nearest English settlements stretched four hundred miles of frozen wilderness. He did not fear that. He was no longer the youth who slept in a hollow tree to save his life; he was a woodsman, skillful, toughened. Between him and the settlements lay fifty Indian towns; the valleys of Scioto and Muskingum would swarm with their hunters; there would be nights when he would not dare to risk a fire. Very well. He would not freeze to death so long as he kept walking; and so long as he had food he would have strength to go on day and night. But there would be days, many days, when he would not dare to risk a shot. He must have food enough to take him through those days. He must have what did not exist, for even as he made plans to save himself from starving on the long journey home he starved. Suddenly, without warning, famine came to the Ohio wilderness.

Chapter IX

THE GREAT SPIRIT

Snow fell, wet and smothering, and in the night a cold wind blew upon it. By morning the world was a world of ice. To take a step was to thrust a foot through a loud pane of glass; the brittle crust and the brittle silence shattered into clashing fragments. But to James Smith it was not ice that shattered: it was hope. Overnight, his hopes had turned as fragile as the glaze on the snow, and when he walked they splintered. A hunter would do as well to string himself with sleigh bells as to try to stalk deer through this crashing ice.

To hunt was hopeless. He knew it, but he hunted. Food! He must have food! It meant escape; it meant home; it meant the girl he loved. But within ten days it meant more than all these. It was life itself.

For eight of those ten days the two men and the Indian boy lived on no more food than would have made one inadequate meal when game was plentiful. For two days they ate nothing. In the cabin the old Caughnawaga crouched beside the fire and smoked pipefuls of dried sumac leaves to dull the pain of his grotesquely swollen legs. Nunganey nibbled alder twigs, pretending that he was a beaver. Miles away, James Smith stood in the shattered-ice circle of his own last step and let his gun butt drop into the snow. He saw deer.

They were far off, running, and he did not follow them.

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Instead, he laughed, and with a spent, aimless anger struck his fist against the tree beside him. The tree was a glass tree; there was wood inside it, but where his blow fell it was glass. It broke and shattered into a thousand bits of ice that crashed down on his head and arm.

Deer! There were many deer. He had seen them every day, but they were always small with distance, always far off, running. They were nothing, to him, but images of deer painted upon a glass that broke before he could come close enough to touch it. Time and again the shatter of his steps had been mocked, in the distance, by the rapid shatter of deer hoofs startled into flight. Food! But when he moved to take it, it was snatched away.

James Smith ran, floundering, to another tree and brought its ice sheath crashing down with a whole fury of weak blows. If he had strength, he would break all the trees, he would crunch all this glass to such small bits that it could make no noise. Perhaps, if he could do that, he would feel less sick. He did not mind the brittle grinding of it underfoot. He did not even feel it. His moccasins were shreds; the cut holes let in the snow; his feet were so numb that he could walk on broken glass and not know it. What troubled him was that the glass had got itself, somehow, inside him. He felt it in his belly. It ground there with a slow, rolling motion, like the pieces of a broken bottle rolling in an empty barrel. Now and then a sharp piece gouged him. He had never been, before, so hungry that his legs felt cut off just above the hips. When the grinding had gone on a little longer, he would be in two parts.

Leaning on his musket, he wondered, mildly curious, whether his legs would go off by themselves when that time

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came, and leave him. His brother and Nunganey would be surprised to see his legs walk in and sit down by the fire. He'd like to see that himself; it would be worth going quite a way to see. He knew, with a remote knowledge that did not concern him, that he was lightheaded. Hours later he was mildly surprised to see that his legs had walked back to the cabin and that he was still with them.

There was food in the cabin.

While old, crippled 'Retanego smiled, Nunganey proudly lifted a kettle from the fire and set it before James Smith. It held bones and a thin, sourish broth. The bones were the crow-picked skeletons of a fox and two wildcats. Dragging himself on hands and knees, the white-haired chief had broken the snow crust with his fists and burrowed inch by inch along the ground, gleaning what the scavenger birds had left of long-dead animals. Thus he fed his younger brother. He himself ate nothing. He sat and smoked, and talked to James Smith about God!

A heathen, starving, feeding a Christian and reproaching him for doubting the Great Being! Yes, and excusing him!

"Brother," the old Indian said, "you have lived with the white people; for that reason you have not had the same advantage that Indians have of knowing that the Great Being feeds his people, giving them their meat in due season. We Indians are so often without food, and yet are so wonderfully supplied, that it is plainly the hand of Owaneeyo that does this. The white people commonly have tame cattle to kill when they please; they have houses filled with grain; for that reason they have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of all things.

"Younger brother—" he smiled placidly behind the su-

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mac smoke—"I know that you are afraid we shall perish of hunger. But you have no reason to be afraid. I am now old; but I have been young. I know. At some time or other, in almost every year of my life, I have been hungry as I am now. But my wants have always been supplied. Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, to let us know our dependence upon him and to teach us to know the worth of the favors we receive and to be thankful.

"Be cheerful. You will find food in the proper time." Retanego laid a twisted hand gently on his adopted brother's knee. "But you must be diligent in what means you have. You must be strong. Sleep now. Rise early and go hunting. The Great Spirit will direct your way."

Faith and hope. Does this old Caughnawaga know them better than those hell-fire-and-damnation preachers pounding their slab pulpits in the white men's towns? Or is he, being heathen, damned and wrong? He must be wrong.

Whatever spirit guided James Smith the next morning guided him east.

He was weak. The sour soup of old wildcat bones had only made him hungrier. He walked awkwardly and stumbled often. He could not lift his feet clear of the broken crust; it tripped him, and its jagged edges cut his leggings. More than once he fell. Then it cut his arms. The blood froze quickly, so that he wore red bracelets on his wrists.

He could endure the falls. There was a numbness spreading through him. But the deer! He was not yet numb to them. They taunted him. He was mocked by a mirage of deer.

The animals were real enough. A dozen times he saw them bound away, and the vision tortured him as men dying

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of thirst in the desert are tormented by apparitions of broad lakes and shining rivers. The whole glittering snowscape wavered like a mirage: the sun-glare on unending snow burned in his eyes and set them watering. The successive drops hung, tremulous, on his lower lids before they fell; and the sheathed earth, seen through them, trembled also. His lashes bore a weight of minute icicles. He went on half blind. But the water in his eyes spared him the last self-humiliation. When he wept at the sight of deer and more deer, close at hand but unattainable, he could deny the tears: he could pluck off the icicles and blame the sun.

Five miles. They cost him half the day and more strength than he had to spend; they left him with neither faith nor hope. He knew what must happen: tomorrow would be worse; he would be one day weaker. Soon there would be a morning when he could not stagger out to hunt mirages, and then a morning when he could not even crawl out to fetch wood. The fire would die then. A fire must be well fed; it lacked a man's endurance. How queer! He puzzled over it. Why should a man already cold and numb be so slow about his dying? It would be better to be like a fire that went out quickly when its food was gone.

He had fire enough left in him to resent that senseless stubbornness of his own body; he would not let it go back to the cabin and lie down there, waiting. It would wait too long before the last spark in it died; he knew a quicker way. Already he had traveled five miles eastward. What was four hundred miles less five? A thousand, probably. Starving as he was, he could walk to the moon almost as easily as he could walk to Pennsylvania. But he walked. He could starve just as

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comfortably on his wavering legs as on the cabin floor—in fact, more comfortably.

He walked, that day, twelve miles toward Pennsylvania. Then a brown splotch, staining the churned snow, stopped him. He dragged his hand across his eyes to crush the frost away and stood blinking at the stain. His mind trudged back, along the hundreds of miles of his journeyings with the Caughnawagas, to the salt lick west of the Muskingum where he had seen his first buffalo tracks the summer he was captured. He remembered his fellow hunter squatting, studying the tracks, and saying, "Hush, you know nothing; may be buffalo tracks, may be Catawba," and then, at the sight of fresh droppings in the trail, chuckling and cracking an Indian joke: "Catawba cannot make so."

There was no doubt about it: these were buffalo tracks, and they were fresh. James Smith began to run with all his might.

It was not a long run; it could not have been. He saw, ahead, a dark, plodding file, the shaggy heads wreathed in smoking breath, the heavy shoulders coated with its frost, the slanting haunches disappearing into a small glade that opened through the woods. He swerved to head the herd off, burst through the rattling underbrush, and threw himself headlong in the snow. His heart was shaking him and his lungs had caught fire from the icy air gulped into them; his thumb dragged back the stiff musket lock; his numb fingers fumbled at the pan and primed it. He waited, motionless, and heard the thresh of hoofs come nearer. The ice crunched and fragments of it went slithering across the crust. From among the trees a great head swayed toward him. But the barrel of the musket swayed, too, and the sights blurred. The buffalo

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became a mirage as unreal as the deer had been; the great shoulders, lumbering through the mist of breathing, blended with it. James Smith heard a roar and saw another cloud of wavering mist well up in front of him. The crunch and slither of the ice became a furious churning.

He looked curiously at his musket. It was shorter than it should be; the lock was just beneath his nose; the butt was under him. It was not right; it was not at all right. He had had it at his shoulder. Now he had no shoulder; where it ought to be, there was only a shocked numbness, a feeling that was a complete absence of all feeling. His hand was lying on the snow—his right hand; it was crisscrossed with red scratches; the knuckles and the finger ends were split with raw cracks from long exposure to the cold. He eyed the hand with interest and found that it was still part of him: he had a wrist, an arm. Surprised, he found that he still had a shoulder also. His daze cleared. He remembered that he was aiming at a buffalo and that his hands were tired—so tired that they could not hold the musket still. But it was plain that it had gone off. The recoil had jarred it from his shoulder. The buffalo . . . the buffalo! *Gone!*

James Smith did not weep. He had no emotion: he had only a purpose. He remembered that he had been going somewhere. Somewhere. He had been going home.

He scabbled weakly to his feet and picked up the empty musket and started walking toward Pennsylvania.

A few yards beyond the glade he found a cow buffalo lying dead.

He feasted on raw meat. He made a fire and laid chunks of the buffalo's flesh on it, but he could not wait for the meat to roast: the sound and smell of it were overpowering. He

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snatched it up, barely scorched, and felt the warm juice squeeze out between his jaws and drip, drip off his chin. He crouched. He tore. He dabbled himself in blood. He was pure savage, pure animal. Food. Warmth. Life. He had them. What else could any animal require? One thing else: to be with its own kind. That, too, was now within his means.

With his mouth full, with his belly full, he hacked yet more flesh from the carcass, stuffed his pouch with it, made a pack of it to carry on his back. Nothing could stop him now. This was the moment for which he had watched and waited more than thirty months. He had food for weeks: he would not have to fire a shot to feed himself this side of the Tuscaroras. Already he felt strength returning: he could travel day and night until he was beyond the Caughnawaga and the Shawnee towns. Already he could think clearly again. He began to plan his journey: he must go cautiously; he must make wide detours to avoid those towns, and the detours would add, first and last, a hundred miles to his march. He calculated: once in the mountains he could travel fast and with less caution; midwinter was not wartime: there would be no scalping parties on the Allegheny Mountain. He would be home before the end of March.

Warmed, surfeited, he slung his pouch and shouldered his bale of meat. A full moon was rising; he could see his way. His feet stepped high. They no longer tripped and stumbled on the broken crust.

But they went slowly and more slowly. They hesitated, stopped.

Who spoke?

Not 'Retanego. 'Retanego was twelve miles away. But James Smith stood listening:

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"Be strong, younger brother. The Great Spirit will direct your way."

There was no voice. There was only a great stillness, loud with accusation.

'Retanego was not James Smith's brother. He was only a heathen in a dirty blanket; he was an old man with broken teeth and inflamed joints—a misshapen sack of wrinkled skin that had spilled out all but a little of the life within it. In a week the sack would be empty. But when he might have saved some of his little life he had spilled it out deliberately: he had spent it crawling in the snow to find old wildcat bones; he had fed a younger man who was no blood brother to him, but by blood an enemy. Starving, he would take nothing for himself.

James Smith looked at the moon where it hung above the eastern woods. He could walk to the moon as easily as he could walk to Pennsylvania remembering that old, kindly man. He turned his back upon it.

At midnight he was in the cabin. He was making broth.

Chapter X

FAITH. HOPE. MOCKERY!

IT was April before 'Retanego could stand on his feet. Even then he could only hobble. He would never hunt again; to leave him in the wilderness would be to kill him.

James Smith set himself to the task of making an elm-bark canoe. Through thickets bronze with larch buds and young tags of alder, they floated down the Ollentangy¹ to the Scioto and the Indian towns. They paddled up the Scioto until the last little creek that fed it was no wider than their own ash thwarts; they crossed the carrying place where grass vivid as green light was healing the black wound which their fire-hunting in the previous autumn had gashed across the prairie; they ran the Sandusky, loitering now and again to shoot a grubbing bear, to spear fish at their spawning, to kill a fat turkey in the wild-cherry jungle. In May they were back in Detroit, and James Smith heard startling news.

A fresh English army was mustering in Pennsylvania to march against Fort Duquesne. It was led by a crazy man—a man named Forbes. Braddock, who failed, had used every advantage offered him by nature: he had followed the valleys and the river bottoms. But this Forbes, this crazy man, was scorning the easy way. He intended to hurl seven thousand men straight through the Allegheny wilderness. He would drag, push, lift, exhort and damn them over five mountain

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ridges. He would hack, slash, dig and gouge a military road through two hundred miles of the worst country on the known continent, pin it to the mountainsides with the points of mattocks, hold it in place with his own iron will. (Incidentally, a young Virginia colonel by the name of Washington had told him that it could not be done. Washington should have known: he had had considerable experience with failure; he was a surveyor by trade and a veteran by reason of two battles, both of which had been poorly planned, badly fought, and humiliatingly lost. Pushing his persistent advice upon Brigadier John Forbes, Colonel Washington met another humiliating defeat: he was told, bluntly, to attend to his own business. John Forbes had little patience with failure and none at all with apprehension. He proceeded to do what could not be done.)

In Detroit summer repeated itself. The French merchants still drove their thriving trade in murder. They were diligent in loyalty: they armed the tribes to fight their French war, and thereby piled their own log warehouses high with valuable furs. Business bedded with patriotism and spawned an Indian army that paid for the privilege of fighting. It was all high-minded, noble, dutiful; better than that, it was privately profitable. It filled Detroit with effervescent joy. It filled James Smith with a deep-burning anger.

Summer repeated itself, but with this difference: the English frontiers were no longer shrinking; the settlers were no longer fleeing, helpless, from the French knives in the hands of savages; the new army had thrust itself between the harassed settlements and the French trade hatchets.

Indian runners brought the story to Detroit in chapters. Forbes had crossed the Conococheague. Forbes had climbed

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the Tuscarora Mountains; he was coming down the Side-long; he had forded the Juniata; his road ran, a great scar, across the Allegheny Mountain where a boy named James Smith had been captured three years ago. Forbes was building a strong fort on the Loyal Hanna; he was less than fifty miles from the Forks of the Ohio.

James Smith existed in an agony of suppressed excitement. In the midst of plenty, he starved; a different, demanding hunger gnawed him. All through September he famished for news. When it came it sickened him. There had been a battle at Fort Duquesne. A battle? There had been another massacre, another slaughter.

The Indian who told about it wore a fresh scalp at his belt—a scalp with the hair tightly queued and wrapped in eelskin. He laughed as he told about that battle: the Morning Light people were now dressing their soldiers as they should be dressed; they were dressing them in skirts.

Skirts! James Smith had never seen Highland soldiers, but he had heard about them. His mind made a picture of two hundred men in kilts, huddled together like so many deer on the hilltop above the Forks. It was not a battle: it was a ring-hunt. He even heard the names of some of those trapped deer: the chief one was named Grant; he led his herd close to the fort at night, so quietly that no one heard him come; he could have taken it by surprise. But he was sillier than any deer. Instead of surprising the French garrison and the Indians camped in the low ground, he stood on the bare hilltop until daylight and then bellowed on his drums and bagpipes. Then his men began to die. They died as the deer died on the Scioto prairie, surrounded by a ring of fire. They died as the deer died on the point of land between the lake

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and the Miami: they threw themselves into the muck and water of a marsh pond, between the hilltop and the fort, and the Indians knocked them on the head with tomahawks and slit their throats as they floundered thigh-deep, desperate to escape.

James Smith knew that pond. There was a path near by: he ran the gantlet on it. It was lined, that day, with yelling savages. But it had been lined, now, in a different fashion: it had been marked out with a double row of stakes. On each stake was impaled the head of a Highland soldier; and the stakes wore skirts. (So said the Indian messenger who told the story.) The Indians had dressed the long rows of stakes in the kilts of the dead.

Victory! Victory! The Indians at Detroit rejoiced. The land was theirs, and they had proved again that they could keep it.

Victory! Victory! The Frenchmen at Detroit rejoiced. The land was theirs, and they had proved again that they could keep it.

Indian and French, they boasted that the English army would crawl back to Philadelphia, just as it did in Braddock's day. There was only one flaw in this exultation: the English army did not crawl. More runners came in from the Forks. It became plain that the army wiped out on the hilltop was only a small fragment of the main force. The rest was camped behind log breastworks on the Loyal Hanna; the Indians and the French troops at Fort Duquesne had gone to drive it out.

But it would not drive. Instead, the French and Indians were driven. The men in red coats and the men in skirts did not yet know how to fight; but there were other men

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who did. These men wore long shirts hanging down their legs; they fought lying on their bellies behind folds of earth or hiding behind trees. The Indian messengers who came back to Detroit in the late autumn had a name for these men. They were the Ashalecoa. They were the Long Knives. *They were the Americans.*

Neither the French soldiers nor the Indian warriors could stand against them. The tribes lost their taste for war and went back to their hunting.

In December, on the headwaters of the Sandusky, James Smith heard that Fort Duquesne had ceased to exist. The French themselves had burned it. John Forbes had buried the heads of his dead Highlanders; he had rooted up the stakes along the gantlet path; he was building a new fort. He called it Pitt, and the smoking ruins of the backwoods town around it Pittsburgh.

The Indians had a new name for General John Forbes. They called him Iron Head.

He had done that which could not be done. He had taken the Forks of the Ohio; he had turned them English. This was victory indeed. James Smith knew that it must be a very great victory; but it was meaningless to him. It was too remote; and it was growing more so. James Smith was westward bound again on a long hunt, and this year he did not hunt alone; he had no chance to get away.

He stood, that winter, upon the very spot where he turned back twelve months before to save old 'Retanego's life. Was this his reward: to be doomed to lifelong captivity? Faith. Hope. Mockery!

Mockery. Hope. Faith! When he least expected it, they

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changed their places. Before he was aware of it, they stood reversed.

It was April again. For the third time, James Smith was arriving at Detroit, and escape had never seemed so far away. Then, suddenly, 'Retanego announced that he wished to see his boyhood home once more before he died. What mockery to say *that* to his young white brother, who despaired of seeing *his* home again! But James Smith had learned the grave Indian courtesy: he inquired, politely, where his older brother lived.

"At Caughnawaga," 'Retanego answered. He lifted his trembling hand. "It is many suns distant. It lies that way."

His hand pointed east. East! Hope stirred again, but it was a faint hope. James Smith, kneeling day after day in the bow of an elm-bark canoe, found little to sustain it. This east for which old 'Retanego steered was not the east he knew; it was all French, all strange; it was a land of stone windmills and of cabins whose logs were set upright in the earth, not laid one on another in the English way. When the journey ended, James Smith was in the heart of New France: the ancient town of Caughnawaga was within nine miles of Montreal.

But his barely smoldering hope burst all at once into a bright, fierce blaze. Was this his reward? Was 'Retanego, longing for his boyhood home, deliberately giving his younger brother a chance to satisfy *his* longing? Did 'Retanego know the news that was abroad in Caughnawaga? James Smith dared not ask him, but the news was this: there were Englishmen at Montreal! They were prisoners, but they were prisoners of the French army. They were confined on a ship that rode in the stream below the city wall; but

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the ship was about to sail for Europe to exchange them.

Europe! The Conococheague was not in Europe. But three thousand miles across the sea, three thousand back again, might be a shorter journey than four hundred miles. If he could get on board that ship . . . There must be no if. He could do it. He would do it. He was going home!

Thanks, 'Retanego! Older brother, thanks!

James Smith's gratitude could not be spoken. But he left his gun, his powder flask, his hatchet and his earrings and his beaded scalp-lock garters, all his small belongings. They would speak for him. He kept nothing but his knife; he had a use for that. In the middle of the night he crept out of the Indian town. Peaked and spired against the first faint graying of the sky, he saw the French city perched upon its rock, he saw the masts of ships pricking the river fog. There were many little ships, but only one looked tall enough to have come from the sea. He unsheathed his knife and waded out into the river. Standing shoulder-deep, he cut his hair. The scalp lock first: he hacked the stiff braid off at the roots. Gripping the square, shorter patch with thumb and fingers, he sawed that off, too, close to his skull, and threw the knife away. The river took him; it was kind to him. He swam, only a little, almost noiselessly, and the current carried him down toward the ship until its masts spread gallows arms above him. Their foreboding shape would throw its shadow on him more than once; they were prophetic, but their prophecy was for the far distant future, not for today. The ship, too, was kind to him; it had a small boat tugging by a rope astern. On its deck it had sentries sleepy with night duty and with the assurance of complete security. James Smith went up the rope hand over hand and

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threw a leg across the rail. His lessons in stealth were learned in forests carpeted with rustling leaves and set with brittle brush; on these smooth planks he moved as soundless as a shadow, and as little noticed. Amidships the deck was cluttered with preparations for imminent departure—with casks and boxes, with woven Indian hampers of provisions dumped on board and not yet stowed away. There were even fur bales: in the midst of strangeness, their familiar odor drew him, led him to a covert in the piles of freight.

When the first batch of prisoners was haled on deck for air, he emerged. He was seen and sworn at; he was hustled with gun butts; but he was only a fractious Englishman breaking rules again, and the gun butts of the guards jostled him impatiently into the space allotted for the prisoners' exercise. Instantly he was lost among them. He was one more freak in a whole show of freaks. The captives were of every sort—grenadiers in the rags of scarlet tunics, Highlanders taken at Ticonderoga, matrosses, Provincials in every imaginable uniform, militiamen in no uniform at all, border rangers in fringed shirts and breechclouts. Even James Smith's naked skull was no distinction: there were men whose shaven polls had once boasted powdered wigs, but they had lost the wigs. There was only one noticeable difference between him and them: his smell was not so strong. The French guards did not detect the difference, but he did; after the clean smell of bear grease, leather, pelts, and lodge smoke, the stench of the white men was almost unbearable. It sickened him. But he was free! There were only bayonets around him now. He was going home.

Chapter XI

IN A FRENCH PRISON

HE was not going home. An Englishman blocked the way—an Englishman named Wolfe.

No sooner was James Smith on board the prison-ship than a shallop came flying up the St. Lawrence with news. No ships from Montreal to Europe this year! General James Wolfe was in the river; from a great fleet he was pouring shells into Quebec.

The English prisoners raised a cheerless cheer. Then their guards bundled them over the side into small boats and the small boats took them to the shore. Moccasins were not meant for cobblestones: James Smith, marching up steep streets between long files of soldiers, bruised his feet on the first paving stones he had ever seen. Bolts clanged; locks clicked. He spent four months in prison.

November came; Quebec had fallen; Wolfe was dead, and winter had proclaimed an armistice. Through the snow-shrouded forests that rimmed Lake Champlain, a procession of scarecrows hobbled in a silence that was broken only by exhausted curses and the chattering of teeth. One of the scarecrows was James Smith. With the other prisoners from Montreal, he was being herded a hundred miles to market. Certain generals had struck a bargain: one Englishman, delivered on the hoof at Crown Point, was worth one Frenchman, and nothing said about the condition of the stock.

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Its condition was pitiable: men locked for months in a sunless prison did not last well in a winter forest. When the column of English captives straggled in through the gate of Crown Point, James Smith was in much better case than most of his fellow cattle. He was harder, and he had learned patience: in the last four years he had walked more than a thousand miles, and on this journey he had suffered far less than he had suffered, hunting, in the ice-bound wilderness beyond Scioto.

It was over. He had come back from the grave. But, somehow, it was anticlimax. He had returned to his own world, but the return was dull; he had left it as men leave it when they die, alone, but he came back to it as one among hundreds. These other Englishmen had not dwelt in another world as he had, but their return made his own return seem commonplace. His transmigration from James Smith, Pennsylvania, into Soouwa, the Caughnawaga, had been all pain and fear; it had been the gantlet and his blood in his mouth; it had been an experience shot through with flame and pierced with the screams of Braddock's soldiers dying at the stake. His reincarnation was a lot of red tape.

He stood in line endlessly; he answered roll calls; he was counted, recounted, counted again. Everyone asked questions. Name? Age? Place of birth? Father's name? When and where captured? Question, question, *question*. Clerks asked them, sergeants asked them, captains asked them. The answers went down, squeaking, upon reams of paper, and the squealing of the clerks' quills set James Smith's nerves to jumping as they had jumped, one morning on the bank of the Allegheny, at the howls of five hundred Indians clamoring for his death. To get away from the red tape was almost

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as difficult as to get away from the redskins. Finally he was presented with a piece of paper saying that he was James Smith. He was not overly impressed; but he was free to go. He was still four hundred miles from home.

He began to hitchhike. He bounced into Albany on the posterior of a plow horse, his hands clinging to the coat-skirts of an amiable farm boy who gave him his first lift. He rode in peddlers' carts, in sutlers' wagons, and in gentlemen's carriages, but he also walked enough miles, down through New York and the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, to shred the remnants of his Indian moccasins and the flesh inside them on the frozen ruts. He slept sometimes in stables and sometimes in beds of his own making in a roadside woods.

The paper tucked into his clout-belt was greased and shabby from many foldings and unfoldings. His welcome, among his own people, had been somewhat less generous and eager than the welcome he received at Tullihass, when he was adopted by the Caughnawagas. His wild appearance was against him. The pierced scars of his earrings suggested that at some time his ears had been nailed to a pillory. If he had not had the tattered paper saying he was James Smith, he very probably would be in prison again; he might even be a slave; any ambitious sheriff could throw him into jail on suspicion of being a runaway indentured servant and then, finding no owner to lay claim to him, sell him on the auction block to pay for his jail-keep. James Smith found an unremembered harshness in the ways of his own people.

And there were so many people! There were so many women! Women. Women.

He arrived in Philadelphia in a two-wheeled cart, along

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with three tubs of butter and a hay-lined basket of eggs. It was market day. He stepped down into High Street, said "Thanks," and was enveloped in a cloud of petticoats: the street was full of women. The air he breathed was full of women; it was silk air, calimanco air, brocade air. It stifled him. Suddenly, violently, more violently than ever before, he was homesick. The dull sense of anticlimax left him. The girl he loved did not wear silk nor calimanco nor taffeta brocade; she wore linsey. She was not a face, a figure, in a crowd of women. She was the only face, the only figure, in the world. He pushed rudely through the packed market place, asked an old man the road to Lancaster, and began to run. He ran down the middle of the streets; he had no time for sidewalks; he had forgotten that there were such things. He did not stop running until he was clear of the town, and a signboard said that Lancaster was sixty-six miles and thirty-eight perches away. At dusk of the next day he was in Lancaster.

He slept, that night, on hay in a tavern outhouse. For the first time in more than three years he dreamed of a girl who wore linsey and stood waiting in a cabin doorway. In the morning, in the stable yard, a red face swathed in a red tippet bawled down at him from the lofty seat of a covered wagon:

"Which way you goin'?"

James Smith was brushing hay out of the stiff fuzz of hair that stood up on his head. He looked at the four horses steaming in their breath: they were big-boned, clean-legged; they would travel fast.

"South Mountain," he replied.

"Come up along." The wagoner slid over and made room

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for him. "I don't mind a mite o' company. Gunpowder ain't much on talk." He chuckled and shook out his reins; the hoofs struck sparks from the frozen gravel; the broad-tired wheels began to crunch and squeal. "God in the bush, you might say gunpowder ain't no company a-tall."

James Smith understood that he was to pay for his lift with talk. He made a beginning:

"Freighting for the army?"

"Nah. For a trader. Name o' Calhoon. I got ten kags o' powder in back here. Muskets, too, an' five hundredweight o' lead. The road ain't such a much when you get past the west branch o' Conococheague. The stuff goes on from there to Fort Pitt a-horseback, crost the mountains." He spat shrewdly. "There's a sight o' money to be got, Injun tradin'."

Injun tradin'! James Smith was astounded. Three successive summers he had stood at the gates of Detroit and watched its busy traders trafficking in English lives. Now he peered behind him into the hooded wagon and saw it piled with chests and kegs; beside him, the wagoner was saying what a great thing General Forbes did when he chased the French traders off the Forks of the Ohio: God in the bush, a man can line his pockets now, Injun tradin'.

James Smith said nothing. Then he said: "What?"

The teamster was asking him a question:

"Stranger, ain't you, hereabout?"

"I've been gone a spell."

Was he a stranger? James Smith wondered. He knew that the answer he made was curt; it was almost unfriendly, but he could not help it. He did not feel friendly; he felt out of place. Injun tradin'. He held no grudge against the

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Indians: they were mostly kind to him. But he loathed the French traders; he hated them with a deep-burning hate. Now he rode in an English wagon that bore English weapons, English powder, to take up the trading where the French left off. The wheels plunged into the deep ruts; they climbed over rocks; they groaned and screeched. James Smith, on the pitching seat, remembered other groans. He remembered how those men of Braddock's screeched when charges of French powder were shot into their bare flesh and when the fire-reddened muzzles of French trade guns touched their eyes. He did not wish to think of them. He wished to think only of a face, a form, a linsey dress; but when he did, the face contorted, the dress was torn away, the form beneath it writhed; the cries he had heard at Fort Duquesne became a woman's cries. He heard them for three days.

On the third day the road from Lancaster crept around the flank of South Mountain. He had come home. Before him lay the broad valley of Conococheague. The driver pointed with his whip. In a brush-grown clearing James Smith saw fire-gnawed ruins of a cabin black against the snow. The driver spat.

"Injuns," he said. "They raised hell, a while back. Four years ago come August there weren't man, woman, child, nor dog left this side o' South Mountain. They come pilin' into Carlisle with their tongues hangin' out an' their tails tucked low. Down the valley 'twas the same. I heard tell there was three hundred fifty wagons crossed the Monocacy in three days, headin' east as hard as they could kilter. At that, there was some stayed too long. The Injuns beat Tom Lowther's head in with his own musket an' left it stickin' in his skull." He glanced at James Smith. "They'd broke the

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stock off, beatin' him, d'ye see? Then there was John Lynn's boy; they shot him off the top rail o' the cowpen down to Coombes's fort, an' carried off two brats that was a-haulin' in a load o' turnips.

"They set the fort afire, with forty women an' brats in it, an' only two men fit to hold a gun. The women had a tub o' suds that they was washin' in; they doused the fire a'right. The Injuns didn't get *them*. But they carried off a sight o' women, up an' down the valley."

In the cold wind, James Smith was sweating. He threw off the lap robe, muttering: "I'm obliged to you."

Then he was running through the snow.

There was the cabin; it had not been burned. There was the door; no tomahawk had splintered it. There was the leather latchstring. James Smith fumbled for it, but his fingers shook so that they made a scrabbling sound on the hewn slabs. Then the slabs were gone. In the doorway stood a woman whose dark hair was streaked with gray. If James Smith had not been captured, she would have been his mother-in-law for almost five years now. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out. Her lips moved, but they only whispered:

"Jamie!"

He said nothing; he could say nothing. He was trying to look past her, into the cabin. She closed the door in his face—she almost closed it. Through the crack, she peered at him.

"You're Jamie?"

"Yes." He panted. "Yes. Is she . . . ?"

"We thought you were dead."

He was not dead. Dead men could not feel hope, joy,

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terror. James Smith felt them; he felt all of them at once. The door opened wide.

"Come in, Jamie. Come in. Come in. She's fine, Jamie. She's fine. She's a good girl, Jamie. She waited for you. You've been gone near onto five years."

Yes. Yes. *Yes*. Where was she?

"Sit down. Pa's gone to fetch the cow. You look beat out, Jamie. There's corncake and a piece of venison."

Talk, talk, talk. *Where was she?*

"She grieved for you, Jamie. She wouldn't have it that you were dead, even when everybody said you were. She waited a long time. You can see she did. It's just a week tomorrow she was married."

Book Two
THE SOLDIER

Chapter XII

THE VANISHING FRONTIER

JAMES SMITH was twenty-three years old, and he took his disappointment hard. Food had no taste; it could not fill his emptiness. Friends had no meaning; they were only voices, asking endless questions. Women . . . to hell with women! There was only one woman, and she could not wait for him a few more days.

Stalking alone through the woods, sitting on a fallen log, lying sleepless at night, he tormented himself with thinking. He calculated: he knew the hour when she was married; at that hour he was on his way to her, he was crossing the Delaware, he was cutting his feet on the jumbled ice. The evening she ate her wedding supper, he went supperless; he threw a stick at a rabbit and hit it, but it got away. When he lay, that night, in a stack of hay, she lay in her bridal bed; in his thoughts he saw her there.

He loved her. He did not love her. He hated her. He wanted her.

He could not endure the torment: the whole valley knew that James Smith's girl was sleeping with another man; he would be pitied, laughed at, forced to listen to broad backwoods jokes. He made wild resolutions: he would leave the Conococheague; he would plunge into the wilderness; he would go back to the Indians. He would lose himself in the mountains and become a woods-runner, an outcast, a

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shaggy hermit. He would grow a beard to hide himself in!

He did none of these. He was too healthy to pity himself indefinitely. The day he shot a buffalo cow on the frozen prairie and then turned his back on Pennsylvania to save an Indian's life he had lost his girl; if he had left old 'Retanego to die of starvation, he might have got back home in time to marry her. He made his bed that day, not knowing it; but he reconciled himself, at last, to lying in it alone.

He lay in it alone for only three years. By the spring of 1763 he had discovered that there were other women in the world. It was May, and he was a bridegroom; he was married to Anne Wilson.

The husks in the corn-shuck mattress made a drowsy stirring as he turned over on his back to see what time it was. By the oiled-paper window, it was six o'clock: the window was the color of burnished copper beaten thin, almost transparent. If it were five o'clock, the window would be darker; it would be the color of a copper kettle hanging on a crane above the fire; sunrise and sunset had a trick of staining the greased paper reddish yellow in uneven streaks, like flames reflected on a cooking pot. When the sun climbed far enough above South Mountain, the cabin window would take on yet another color: it would turn to smooth gold, like the ring on a bride's finger.

He looked at the ring. His wife was still asleep, and her arm lay across him, a warm, pleasant weight. When he moved, her hand slipped down his shoulder; it rested now, half closed, in a fold of the blanket on his chest. He looked a long time at the gold band on its strong third finger. Then he moved again, until his head touched hers; he settled his cheek against the good feel of her hair; he thrust his legs down,

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stretching them, making the husks stir again. He liked the crisp, strong rustling. They were good, clean husks. They were his: he had grown the corn himself on his own ground, and it was fine ground. The cabin was a good, sound cabin: he had felled the trees for it himself, squared and notched the logs, and split the shingles out of straight-grained blocks; he had hewed the floor puncheons so smooth that bare feet could not find a sliver and the most critical eye could scarcely find an ax mark. It was all good.

James Smith, lying on his back watching the tawny light flow in until it filled the cabin, felt as if it filled him also. A sense of well-being swelled inside him. It was not contentment; it was not that, precisely; he was not replete. His satisfaction was that of a hungry man filling his mouth with food from a heaped-up plate. One mouthful would not be enough, but there were other mouthfuls: he was sure of that.

There! That was it. Certainty. He had had enough of uncertainty to last him while he lived. Perhaps that was the reason he had stayed in the valley of the Conococheague; perhaps that was why he had turned farmer and landholder. Deeply, soundlessly, he laughed. He was by way of becoming a good, solid citizen! The valley people had not thought so much of him when he turned up three years ago. He looked too wild. His hair stood up all over his head like the hair of a cat spitting-mad. He walked with his toes turned in and his eyes turning every which way, never still. He walked that way yet; and he had not outgrown the habit of incessant watchfulness. But he would outgrow it, likely. If he had been really wild, inside, he could have gone across the mountains, trading. There was more money in that than there was in farming, and he was better fitted for the In-

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dian trade than most of those who had gone in for it. His mind was a relief map of an unmapped wilderness. He knew the dialects of half a dozen tribes; he knew their folkways; he knew how they thought. He had "relatives" in a hundred lodges.

What had held him back? The most respectable merchants in Philadelphia had their fingers in the Indian trade. While he grubbed stumps in his clearing he could look out across the valley and see their broadwheel wagons rolling westward. On cold, still mornings, this spring, he could hear the wheels and the sharp, ringing clop of iron shoes on stones frozen in the ruts. Queer—the hateful prickle that ran through him at the sight and sound of those great, hooded wagons, as if his hair was standing on end, either scared or mad. Or maybe both. Queer—how those wagons made him think of the French traders at Detroit, how they made him think of the charred stakes at Fort Duquesne.

Queer, and foolish too. Detroit was English now. All the little forts were English—Sandusky, Le Boeuf, Venango, Presqu' Isle. The British garrison at the Forks of the Ohio was idling its time away. For three years there had been peace on the border. The trade prospered. Men were getting rich. Ay, he could have lined his pockets if he had turned trader; he could have been, likely, a more substantial citizen than he would ever be. Still he couldn't do it, and that was that. He had no regrets. He had his ground, his house, his girl. Nothing could change that; what he had he had. There was no reason for him to get so riled up about those wagons: they were no affair of his. His life was too good, too secure in the curve of a sleeping girl's arm, to let the sound of hoofs disturb him. He thought, lazily, of getting up, but he did

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nothing about it. A man was not a bridegroom every day.

The sound of hoofs came nearer. They were not the slow hoofs on the Philadelphia road; they were swift hoofs on the soft field beside the little stream called Smith's Run, and he heard them, finally, like the furious beat of sticks on a wet drum. They had no resonance; they had only a dull, rapid rhythm, and even the rhythm was broken and uneven. He lay listening. Some young fool, probably, ruining a good horse . . . up all night, drinking Henry Pollens's whisky . . . tearing home now, crazy drunk and with empty pockets. That was one sort of fun he had missed; he had been a prisoner during the years when he might have been raising hell at Pollens's place, or down at Jonathan Hager's Town, or up at Jim Cunningham's tavern; he hadn't had much taste for that kind of thing since he came back.

The flying hoofs picked up the moist spring earth and threw it. Clods pelted the woodpile. A spatter of dirt beat on the paper window. Why, damn the fellow . . . !

The horse stopped, blowing, at the limestone threshold. A heel kicked at the door.

"Jim! Jim!"

The shout was loud; it was excited; but it was not drunk. And he knew the voice. His brother-in-law, onetime commissioner to cut a road across the Allegheny Mountain and now magistrate of the Conococheague settlements, was not the man to get excited easily, nor to ruin horses by wild riding unless he had a reason. He slid out of bed and ran to the door.

Night rails were for city people; James Smith owned none. He lifted the oak bar and stood naked in the doorway.

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From the saddle of a spent, muddied bay Will Smith looked at him with anxious eyes.

"It's come, Jim," he said. "The redsticks are out again." He did not shout; trying to whisper, he croaked. His eyes went over James Smith's shoulder to the girl sitting up, drowsy, in the bed, clutching the blankets around her. "A man got through them from the Ohio about daylight. I'm riding to Shippensburg—we're warning everybody."

James Smith stepped out and shut the door behind him. "How close are they?"

"God knows. The man was riding express to Philadelphia. He'd come from the Forks in three days; he killed his horse. He says they're swarming around Bedford and Ligonier. They struck Clapham's plantation on the Youghiogheny four days back. Clapham's dead; three of his men got into Pitt's Town, but another man and two women didn't. They ripped the women open." The rider's lips were sick; he licked them. "One of the women had a child. The red devils scalped two of the Royals¹ right in Pitt's Town, the same day. That's all I know."

He shook the reins, and the hoofs began to beat again like sticks upon a wet, sick drum. James Smith stood motionless, listening. There were no wheels on the road from Harris's Ferry² that morning, but he imagined that he could hear the broad wheels of the traders' wagons taking guns and powder westward, bringing back fat packs of beaver pelts and bales of deer hides. It had been a fine, profitable business; but the women and the child on Colonel Clapham's Youghiogheny plantation had not profited by it; they were only dead. James Smith had had no profit from it either, nor had his wife nor any of the valley folk at whose cabin doors Will Smith

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and other haggard riders were shouting the alarm. The Forks of the Ohio were two hundred miles away. There was no longer a Fort Duquesne, but in his mind he was standing on its log walls again; he was seeing, hearing.

Ten minutes ago he was a happy man; he had a wife, a house, a farm. He had them yet. But how long would he have them? In ten minutes certainty had been swept away; security was gone. When he moved at last to go back into his cabin he walked clumsily. His feet were numb: the limestone threshold of his house was cold: his toes were cramped, they clenched so hard to hold fast to his house. How long?

It was not long before more news came to the valley. The man who brought it staggered as he ran. His eyes were gaunt, his moccasins were rags. He had been running for five days and nights, two hundred miles, over five mountain ridges. He had crept out of Fort Pitt on the night of June sixteenth; he reeled into the Conococheague at daylight of June twenty-second and gasped three demands: "Gi' me some whisky . . . ! Get me a horse . . . ! Where in hell's Bouquet?"

A gourd of whisky was set in his hand. Somebody pounded off to borrow a neighbor's horse. Somebody else said shakily:

"Bouquet's in Philadelphia, tryin' to raise troops an' wagons. He hain't started out yet."

Colonel Henry Bouquet, commander of the Royal American Regiment, had been John Forbes's right-hand man five years ago, when old Iron Head was slashing his way through the mountains to take Fort Duquesne; but he did not have Forbes's seven thousand soldiers now. He was appealing, pleading for men and horses and supplies, and getting only the most meager results.

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The spent messenger from the Forks of the Ohio gulped and talked:

"The Injuns are all around Fort Pitt. Shawnees an' Delawares an' God knows what. They've burnt the town.' They ambushed Tom Calhoon, the trader, an' shot up his outfit." Another gulp of whisky; the gourd was empty; it was filled again. "They caught a hundred Royals an' Queen's Rangers up on the Detroit River an' killed fifty-eight."

The valley men stood stunned. Their faces whitened as the tale went on. Detroit was besieged. Sandusky had fallen; the fort there was ashes. Presqu' Isle was captured, its garrison massacred; Fort Le Boeuf was gone. Fort Venango was taken; its commandant was dead, burned at the stake on his own parade ground, tortured for three nights, his ears cut off, his eyes put out, his tongue roasted in his mouth. Fort Burd had been abandoned. A few men, penned up in Ligonier, were fighting for their lives. From the Great Lakes to the Potomac, the whole border lay defenseless, open.

This was no spring scalp hunt; this was disaster; this was horror. This was Braddock and Grant over again. This was WAR!

The gaunt-eyed runner drained a third gourd of whisky and leaped upon his borrowed horse. He looked back once and shouted:

"They'll soon be here!"

Behind him, he left panic. The timid quaked and drooled. The strongest talked soberly of flight. The valley of the Conococheague remembered only too well what had happened in the French war a few years ago: even while Braddock's supposedly invincible army was still intact and ad-

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vancing beyond Fort Cumberland the Indians had struck the frontier behind it; two weeks before the massacre on the Monongahela they killed two men and a woman and carried off eight others from their clearings in Maryland, killed eleven more across the Potomac in Virginia, and scalped Braddock's messengers on the road.⁴ After the massacre, while the twelve hundred survivors of the British army packed themselves off to Philadelphia and encamped comfortably on Society Hill, the scalping parties poured into the settlements through every mountain gap. In November they swept into the Great Cove and wiped out the whole community: of ninety-three inhabitants, forty-seven were killed and scalped or dragged off as captives to the Indian towns.⁵ There was not one settler left alive on the Juniata or the Tuscarora.⁶ Shippensburg was filled⁷ with refugees, many wounded, others shuddering with remembered horror and sobbing for husbands, wives, and children butchered before their eyes; they were packed together "five or six families in a house, in great want of arms and ammunition." Numbers of the wounded died; there were no doctors; there was no medicine. Smallpox broke out.

On the twenty-ninth of February, 1756, the Indians had struck the Conococheague on both ends at once. To the south, a war party of twenty attacked David Davis's log fort in the Little Cove; when it was beaten off, it divided into two parties and began to ravage; by nightfall it had killed four settlers and captured four others, and the falling snow was wiping out its tracks so that the valley farmers who assembled to pursue it had to turn back, helpless. On the north, the same day, fifty Indians penetrated the Conoco-

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cheague as far as Tom Barr's cabin at the north end of "The Pastures." A settler named Alexander got away with the savages in hot pursuit, outdistanced them, and reached McDowell's mill with the alarm. Then, as in the spring of 1763, riders galloped from one cabin to another with their shouted warning in the darkness. By morning a dozen young men reinforced the fourteen Provincials who garrisoned the stockade at McDowell's, and the tiny force marched up the old trading path along the west branch. A quarter of a mile from the Barr house they came upon the Indians' camp. The valley men swung off on a circle to attack from the rear, but before they could get close enough, the Provincials opened fire. Some of the warriors dropped; the rest turned upon the soldiers, killed one, and routed the others; the Conococheague men, coming on a dead run, found themselves outnumbered. Tom Barr's son went down, wounded; an Indian rushed upon him with a hatchet and fell, shot dead, a few feet from him; the valley boys fought their way out in a desperate whirl of tomahawks and gun butts.

The war party forded the Conococheague, killed a boy foddering cattle in a feed pen at McDowell's, and attacked the stockade. But the men who had almost lost their lives at "The Pastures" were a tough lot; they came panting down the trade path, struck the Indians from behind, and routed them. The savages, retreating through a thickening snow-storm, took time to burn the Barr house on their way. In McDowell's little fort two men were dead.

On April fourth the Indians were in the valley again; they laid siege to M'Cord's fort, captured it and burned it, and killed or carried off twenty-seven of the men, women,

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and children who had sought shelter in it. Once more the wild hoofbeats drummed the valley roads and men rode their horses to death carrying the alarm to Smith's Run and Shippensburg, to Ben Chambers' Town at the Falling Spring and Jonathan Hager's Town across the line in Maryland. Once more the Conococheague farmers turned out with their rifles and their plow horses; it was too late to save M'Cord's, but they followed the Indians over the Tuscaroras, caught them at Sidelong Hill, and fought them for two hours. When the fight was over, twenty-five of the Conococheague men were dead, as many more were wounded.

When summer came, the valley was attacked north, west, and south. The savages climbed the Tuscaroras and crossed the west branch of the Conococheague, swooped down on the reapers in the fields around McDowell's mill, scalped one of the militiamen guarding them and captured another; they struck the farms at Maxwell's mill, killed and mutilated a woman and a man, took two children, and dragged another soldier off to torture. To the south, in Maryland, the little settlement of "Conogogee" was abandoned, and the fugitives saw their homes go up in flames behind them; the whole community of Little Cove was wiped out; in the lower valley only two families west of the seven-year-old town of Frederick clung stubbornly to their clearings.⁸ On the north the raiders came down through the Blue Hills to the home of Jacob Snider, tomahawked him and his wife, and scalped their five children alive and left them in the burning cabin; they killed Snider's servant because he could not keep back his hysterical tears; they scalped John Adams's wife and his four children and compelled him to look on at the obscene

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mutilation of the bodies. In the upper valley they killed John Lewis, his wife, and his three children, and Jacob Miller and his whole family of seven; they cut the bodies of George Folke and his family of eight to bits and fed the pieces to his hogs; they roasted a Conococheague trader alive and feasted on his flesh and "of his head made, what they called, an Indian pudding." Some of their prisoners they ripped open and "took out their entrails, and burned them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms, and legs, with red-hot irons, till they were dead." Another, forced to watch his companions die, was bound with his arms close to his body, and "a hole being dug deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put into it, and the earth rammed and beat in all around his body up to his neck, so that his head only appeared above ground; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head, causing him to suffer the most excruciating torments; whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy by killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head. Inexorable to all he said, they continued the fire till his eyes gushed out of their sockets. Such agonizing torments did this unhappy creature suffer for near two hours before he was quite dead."

By midsummer the savages were killing and burning within ten miles of Carlisle; in Maryland their war parties were within thirty miles of Baltimore, and Annapolis was preparing to wall itself up behind a log stockade. In the space of a few months after Braddock's defeat the English settlements had been pushed back from thirty to a hundred miles.

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No man could say with assurance where the frontier was: it had literally vanished.

Now, in the summer of 1763, it was vanishing again. In the Conococheague the boldest man dared not walk ten yards from doorstep to outhouse unless he carried a cocked musket. The traders' broadwheel wagons disappeared from the Philadelphia road and slunk away into their stable yards; but the road was not empty, it was full of refugees again. The mountain passes poured them forth; they straggled into the valley from the Juniata and the Licking, from all the little lost creeks and the hopeful clearings. West of the Tuscaroras there was not a white man left except those pent up in besieged stockades. However, the refugees and those beleaguered had lost nothing but their homes, or a wife, or a husband, or a child or so.

The real tragedy was in Philadelphia. The whole affair was most unfortunate. In fact, it was deplorable; it was bad for business; it was bad for profits. Profits! How was an honest merchant to make a profit now? This meant losses! This meant money out of pocket. Certain solid businessmen jotted down hasty figures, casting up accounts of goods sent out that spring or stored beyond the mountains in their trading houses. Tom Calhoon had some forty horseloads. Were they gone? *All* gone? There was half a ton of lead at Fort Burd, ready to be made into Indian musket balls. Have we lost that? And the powder, too? We have our good, hard cash invested in the goods at Pitt's Town. Did the soldiers stow it safely in the magazines before they stopped to fight? What are soldiers for, if not to protect property? If they were careless, we have lost our property. If they don't end this nonsense quickly, we shall lose next season's profit, too.

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The joke was on the merchants. There were not enough soldiers available to end the nonsense.

Soldiers cost money; they must have wages, and the wages found their way into the tax bills of substantial citizens. Quaker merchants, being thrifty, did not like large tax bills; they did not like to see idle soldiers loafing in the tap-rooms, strutting in the streets; they did not approve of fighting, anyway. In 1755 they had seen to it that the provincial council of Pennsylvania spent no money to send men, horses, wagons, or supplies to help General Braddock; the most they would consent to was a small sum to open up a Pennsylvania road across the mountains, because it would be a good thing for business if Braddock chased the Frenchmen out and made the Ohio safe for English traders. They had helped General Forbes in 1758: they had had a bad fright; the Indians had come too close to Philadelphia for comfort. But since that time they had seen to it that the province wasted no tax money on loafing, bawdy-minded soldiers. Now they could not understand why there were no troops to save their merchandise and turn the Indians into good customers again.

Suddenly, however, they found one comfort in their woe. They realized that this traffic in deadly weapons worked two ways. The Indians would not buy guns, lead, and powder; the Indians had already bought or captured all they needed; they were too busy shooting at settlers to trade furs for more. But the merchants discovered a new market—an even better market because it was close at hand and the demand was frantic. The settlers needed guns and ammunition now. Of course, there was one difficulty: the border clod-

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hoppers had but little money. Still, a thrifty merchant must be clever, he must keep his wits about him, he must solve such problems. The solution to this one was not hard to find: subscriptions! Help for the frontier! We have armed the savages; now buy our goods to arm the settlements!

Public-spirited citizens gave cash; churches took up collections. The congregation of Christ's Church and St. Peter's, in Philadelphia, raised six hundred and sixty-two pounds.¹⁰ Wagons crawled out from Philadelphia and Baltimore with ammunition for the backwoods. With a sudden access of concern for their fellow men, townsfolk began to pray for the safety of the people on the border. They had reason to be concerned: if the Conococheague border gave way, the hatchets and the scalping knives would be at Carlisle and Harrisburg and Frederick Town. Already no families were left "above the Conococheague road."¹¹ In the *Annapolis Gazette*, a volunteer reporter in Frederick wrote:

"Every day . . . has offered the melancholy scene of poor distressed families driving downwards through this town, with their effects, who have deserted their plantations, for fear of falling into the cruel hands of our savage enemies, now daily seen in the woods. And never was panic more general or forcible than that of the back inhabitants, whose terrors at this time exceed what followed on the defeat of General Braddock when the frontiers lay open to the incursions of both French and Indians. Whilst Conococheague settlement stands firm, we shall think ourselves in some sort of security from their insults here. But should the inhabitants there give way, you would soon see your city and the lower counties crowded with objects of compassion, as the flight

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would, in that case, become general. . . . The season has been remarkably fine, and the harvest in general afforded the most promising appearance of plenty and goodness, that has been known for many years. But alas! how dismal an alteration of the prospect! Many who expected to have sold and supplied the necessities of others, now want for themselves, and see their warmest hopes defeated, the fruits of their honest industry snatched from them by the merciless attacks of these bloodthirsty barbarians, whose treatment of such unhappy wretches as fall into their hands, is accompanied with circumstances of infernal fury, too horrid and shocking for human nature to dwell upon, even in imagination. We were so sensible of the importance of Conococheague settlement, both as a bulwark and supply to this neighborhood, that on repeated notice of their growing distress, Captain Butler, on Wednesday last, called the Town Company together, who appeared under arms on the court-house green with great unanimity. Just as the drum beat to arms, we had the agreeable satisfaction of seeing a wagon sent up by his Excellency . . . loaded with powder and lead. Articles of the greatest importance, at this critical juncture, when the whole country had been drained of those necessary articles by the diligence of our Indian traders, who had bought up the whole for the supply of our enemies, to be returned, as we have dearly experienced, in death and desolation upon us."

Twenty men marched out from Frederick Town to help guard the reapers in the lower Conococheague valley; but in two days they marched back again. On Sunday the churches of the little town took up more subscriptions to support the border; the prayers, petitioning God to keep the Conoco-

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cheague frontiersmen from giving way before the Indians, were particularly fervent.

Whether the prayers had anything to do with it or not, the settlements stood fast. The Conococheague men would not give up their homes. They were going to fight.

Chapter XIII

THE BLACK BOYS

THE decision to fight was a desperate and despairing choice. There were three or four stockaded forts, built in the terrible years of the French war but since then neglected, the ditches tumbling in and the palisades shaky. There was Fort Lyttleton beyond the Great Cove, there was Fort Loudon on the west branch of the Conococheague, Fort Morris at Shippensburg, and Ben Chambers's private, lead-roofed fort with its two four-pounder cannon at the Falling Spring. McDowell's mill was loopholed for muskets; so were many cabins. But if the settlers huddled in the stockades and the stouter log houses, they would see their homes going up in smoke, their crops dying weed-choked, and their children starving. They were not soldiers. They were not even, many of them, woodsmen. Except for the firstcomers, they were farmers from the safe, eastern counties, they were small-town artisans turned pioneer, immigrants from uneventful Irish villages and peaceful English downs and German garden plots. They were, many of them, freed redemptioners who had sold themselves for seven years to pay their ocean passage to a land where a man might dig and chop his own home out of fields and woods. They were unorganized, untrained, unskillful at this business of savage warfare in which even professional soldiers had failed miserably.

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But having made one desperate choice, they made another yet more desperate. They would not wait for war to come to them: they would go out to meet it.

A leader! They must have a leader! With one accord they turned to the man who knew their enemies better than any other man on the frontier knew them. They turned to James Smith, the bridegroom.

A few days went by, terror-filled days. In Carlisle and Shippensburg, the scenes of 1755 were re-enacting themselves; the little towns were overrun with fugitives; the valley, struggling to keep up its courage, swarmed with seven hundred and more families who had lost theirs along with everything else they possessed. Then, one day, a war party was splashing through the shallow ford of the Conococheague. It was fifty strong. It moved in Indian file. Its breechclouts flapped, its knives and tomahawks dangled on bare thighs. Over naked chests powder flasks and bullet pouches swung by rawhide thongs. Blankets, slung loose across one shoulder, hung like short skirts under leather waistbands. The fifty faces had been blacked for war. They were hideous with streaks of vermilion. Even the skulls were smooth and bright red. The painted warrior who led the file was Sououwa, the Caughnawaga.

The army of the valley of Conococheague was on the march. James Smith had turned Indian again.

In a matter of days he had raised his army, uniformed it, armed it, drilled it, and was in the field. There were no uniforms. Good! Underneath their clothes all men are much alike. He turned their bare hides into uniforms. A merchant had a load of trade blankets stored at Shippensburg. Take them! They were all green; they would do for uniforms

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when bare hides got too cold. Weapons were scarce. All right; go and beg them, borrow them, steal them! The Conococheague men had made up their minds to fight, but James Smith would take no recruit who could not bring with him a rifle of his own. No trade muskets! They missed fire too often; and beyond fifty yards a man could not be sure of hitting a log cabin, let alone an Indian hiding in the brush. Somewhere and somehow the valley volunteers put their hands on long rifles.

He knew nothing about drill. So much the better; he was going to fight Indians, and he knew how Indians fought. He had heard them tell how they beat Grant and Braddock; he had seen them rehearse, in their scalp dances, every detail of their tactics; he had seen a line of Indian hunters move with perfect discipline through the thick woods, in the deer drive on the Miami-of-the-Lake. The Indian methods were simple, deadly, sensible. The British regulars had never learned them, but the valley men learned fast. They had to learn; their homes, their wives, their children, their own lives were at stake. They drilled. *A shot.* They dropped. They crawled to trees—but never one man by himself; there must be two men to a tree. While one loaded, the other aimed and fired; one weapon of each pair was always ready. *A shout—one high-pitched note.* They scattered, but not aimlessly; they formed a hollow square, facing outward, but hidden behind trees, logs, stumps, and little folds of ground. *Another shout—two notes.* They formed a long, thin rank, by twos, and marched in battle line with many yards between pairs. Each man looked to the man on his right hand and did as he did; at the extreme right, James Smith set the example. When he halted, the whole line stood still; when he took cover, so did all the

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others; when he moved on again, the little army moved without a word, ahead or by the flank. A professional soldier would not have been pleased by their tactics, their soot-smearred faces, or their naked buttocks.

But the valley's poverty had become its strength. Breech-clouts and brown skins were poorer targets than red coats and white belts. Nude bodies traveled faster than men burdened with equipment. James Smith's very ignorance was wisdom. White men, blacked with charred sticks and striped with red paint, looked enough like Indians to gain that moment of surprise which meant victory in a chance encounter on some forest trail. Stripping and painting and training his recruits like Indians, he seized certain advantages which a veteran might well have lost—mobility and camouflage.

He achieved something else also, of even greater value: he achieved confidence. Out of despair, he created an esprit de corps. Without knowing it, he was a psychologist. The finest British troops had been destroyed by Indians; they had been ambushed and massacred; they were no match for naked savages. Turning his plow hands, his villagers, his redemptioners into naked savages, James Smith at one stroke made them feel equal to their foes because they were *like* their foes. He made them feel superior to British regulars.

Without intending to, he gave them a name. It is worth remembering. They called themselves the Black Boys.

But they vanished. Like a green-brown snake with black and crimson spots, their long file drew itself up out of the Conococheague ford and glided into the forest. It disappeared as utterly as a small garden snake that glides into a heap of brushwood. For weeks it was not seen again.

Through the hot summer days the valley waited and

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dreaded. Its corn grew tall; the silk crisped on the fat ears; its wheat fell heavy in the cradle as the scythes swished and swung, and on its threshing floors the women and the young boys wielded flails upon the lustiest heads of any harvest yet. But the swaths were not neat in the wheatfields; the stubble stood up ragged and uneven; the flails fell sometimes on bare spaces where there was no grain. The reapers and the women and the children must look, every other minute, toward the mountain wall behind which horror lurked.

No painted Indian came over the wall that summer.¹ But no painted Black Boy came either. Scouts ventured out; they climbed the valley rim and looked off to the west. The wilderness was a vast emptiness. It was no man's land, a quivering, bluish green fen of heat and haze; it was a morass of endless treetops. Half lost in it lay other mountain ridges, twisted, coiled upon each other. Over them, as over serpents in a fetid den, the blue vapor wavered. When it stirred, the coiled hills seemed to move.

The hills had swallowed James Smith and his little army. They lay drowsy, as if they had fed well. Would they disgorge, someday, a heap of fifty skeletons? Where were the Black Boys?

They were here . . . there . . . everywhere . . . and nowhere. They were ranging like dogs on a cold scent, swift, silent, stubborn. They were quartering the wilderness, crossing and recrossing every mountain trail, searching every gap through which an enemy might come. They darted into clearings where a jumble of fire-blackened logs stood monument over certain bones already picked clean by the wolves and crows; they followed faint trails that led from these

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abattoirs. Sometimes they flushed the murderers; more often they did not.

But scalping parties, stealing toward the Blue Ridge, came suddenly upon the tracks of many men, upon the signs of their large bivouacs. For James Smith was bluffing. He was magnifying his small force. When he camped for a night he saw to it that he left behind, tramped and soiled, a space big enough for a whole regiment. He knew Indian minds; he knew that raiders, seeking easy prey, would hesitate when they found that they themselves were hunted. He was tireless; he was never still. Back and forth, from the Potomac to the Susquehanna, he led his fifty men so rapidly that they became a moving screen before the valley of Conococheague.

There were small fights. There were quick, hard hammerings of shots. Now and then there was a death cry. It was hard work; it was dangerous; but it was not gaudy. James Smith knew nothing about fighting except what the Indians had taught him. He was a poor hero. His idea of leading was to save his men, to win with the least cost. His men idolized him. His job was not to fight battles; his job was to save the valley. He saved it.

The tide turned. While the Black Boys fought and won their little, hushed war in the forest, a British army fought and won a noisier war. England's frontier was restored—but not by Englishmen. It was restored by a colonel from Switzerland, leading a few hundred Scotchmen, a few Germans, and a few Americans. Colonel Bouquet, by birth a Swiss, by habit a soldier of fortune, was by necessity an improviser. He improvised both the army and the tactics for the relief of beleaguered Ligonier and Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania had no troops to give him; the only regulars available were the rem-

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nants of the Black Watch and Montgomery's Highlanders—the Forty-second and the Seventy-seventh—already decimated in the British campaigns of 1761 and '62 in the West Indies. In the early summer of 1763 they were in North America to rest; many of them, stricken with fever in the Caribbean, were in hospitals. All of them who could stand on their feet, and some sixty who were still so weak that they could be moved only in baggage wagons, were hurried to Carlisle, the little Pennsylvania town already packed with hundreds of refugee families. Altogether, the Highland regiments mustered less than three hundred and fifty officers and men; when Bouquet had done his utmost to pry help out of the provincial authorities he still had less than five hundred troops, scouts, wagoners and pack-horse drivers. But he was the same man who had fought and beaten the French and Indians on the Loyal Hanna while James Smith was yet a prisoner in the Ohio country; he had helped John Forbes to destroy Fort Duquesne and to raise the bastions of Fort Pitt in its place. Now he made the same wilderness march again, with one-tenth the force, to save the fortress he had had a hand in building.

Within a few miles of Braddock's slaughter pen he, too, was ambushed. For two blazing days in the first week of August, surrounded on a waterless hill, he fought the battle of Bushy Run. He thought, on the evening of the first day, that he would never fight another battle. Many of his pack horses had been shot, many stampeded; his drivers were cowering in the underbrush among the scattered baggage; the moaning of his wounded mingled with the triumphant yelling of the Indians around him. Many of his men were convalescents, unfit for marching, let alone for fighting. They

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were regulars, and British regulars had never yet stood up to Indians on their own ground and beaten them.² They lay now in a circle, sheltered behind trees and logs, clumps of bushes, and low hummocks of sun-brittle grass. The circle protected the remnant of the horseherd, the thirst-tortured wounded, and the remnant of the precious food-packs that had been carried a hundred miles across the mountains to relieve the starving garrison and the three hundred settlers pent up in Fort Pitt. All through the afternoon of August fifth the Highland companies had leaped up in repeated charges; their bayonets had flushed the savages from their hiding places and driven them down the hill in yelping flight; but as soon as the kilted line drew back, the Indians came rushing after it. There was no reason for the Indians to stand up to the bayonets; they did not need to; they had the white men in a trap. By all precedent, this would be another massacre. Fort Pitt would starve.

But these were white men of a different breed. They were the Black Watch. And Henry Bouquet was not a Braddock; he had an agile mind which refused to be bound by British drill-ground regulations. On the second day of the battle he made a choice as desperate as the one made a few weeks earlier by the Conococheague men: he deliberately let the Indians break through his line. He withdrew two companies from one side of the circle. As the line gave way, the savages swarmed up the hill in pursuit. But the retreat had been a trick: on both sides of the onrushing Indians, Highlanders ambushed in the brush sprang to their feet, fired and charged. The companies that had retreated turned on their pursuers. The fight became a massacre, but it was a massacre of Indians.

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Bouquet buried his fifty dead and marched for the Forks of the Ohio with his sixty wounded borne in blanket litters, sprawled across the flour sacks on the wooden packsaddles, or clinging to the horses while they dragged themselves along on foot. Fort Pitt, besieged for sixty-seven days, was saved.

In the valley of the Conococheague, two names were on every tongue: the Black Boys and the Black Watch. There was nothing remarkable about the coupling of those names. There was nothing strange about it—yet.

Chapter XIV

VICTORY WITHOUT PEACE

JAMES SMITH came home. He had a few days in his weed-grown fields, a few nights in his cornhusk bed; but the old sense of certainty was gone, and he could not get it back.

The tribes had been beaten, but they were neither crushed nor awed; they had lost a few of their young men, but for every warrior killed they had taken a tenfold revenge. Even the white prisoners in their towns were more numerous than their own dead. There was only one certainty on the frontier, that autumn of 1763: the Indians would strike again; no border home would be safe until the Indian nations had been taught a lesson they could not forget.

The colonial government of Pennsylvania was aroused at last. Even the taxpaying merchants, safe in Philadelphia, decided that money must be spent to chastise their customers and make them profitably docile. The provincial council called for men, for "any number of the back Inhabitants, and others, not exceeding seven hundred." The Conococheague provided its share, and the valley volunteers wanted the captain of the Black Boys as their leader: they had seen him tried; they trusted him. The provincial authorities were not impressed. This James Smith was no officer; he was not even a soldier; he had never worn a uniform. Without enthusiasm, they granted him a commission in the lowest possible grade.

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He turned over the command of the Black Boys to his lieutenant,¹ took his oath to fight for King George, and became an ensign in the Pennsylvania Line. In September his young wife was alone again; he was off on his second campaign in a single year.

On the thirteenth of September a little army of three hundred men rendezvoused at log-built Fort Shirley on the Aughwick. Most of them were borderers from the Conococheague, some were homeless refugees from beyond the mountains, and some were the hardier farmers and small tradesmen from around Carlisle. Their leader was Colonel John Armstrong, himself a Conococheague frontiersman and a veteran Indian fighter from whom even the successful captain of the Black Boys was willing to take orders. The army gathering at Fort Shirley was the second he had mustered there; the year after Braddock's disaster, when the whole frontier was going up in smoke, he had assembled three hundred backwoodsmen on Aughwick Creek, marched straight through the wilderness to the Allegheny River, and stormed the Indian town of Kittanning in a dawn attack. Shot through the shoulder, he had stayed on his feet, led the charge as his hunting shirts burst through the Indians' cornfields, set fire to the bark-and-log cabins, and kept his men together while the warriors popped out of their blazing houses to be picked off by the long rifles. Two years later he had served under Forbes in the victorious expedition against Fort Duquesne; and when the van of the British army was cut to pieces on the hill overlooking the Forks of the Ohio, he had succeeded its captured leader, Major Grant, as commander of the advance guard.

James Smith could follow Armstrong with wholehearted

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loyalty: Kittanning was the town where he had been carried prisoner from Fort Duquesne, to be poked by inquisitive squaws, tied hand and foot at night, and exhibited like a tame bear on a tether.

The new expedition of three hundred men filed out of Fort Shirley on September 30, 1763, to strike a similar blow at the Indian settlements at Muncey and on Great Island, in the Susquehanna. They traveled fast, but the news of their coming traveled faster; they marched unresisted into towns where the bark doors lay helter-skelter on the ground in front of empty cabins. The disgusted borderers burned the cabins, kicked the pumpkins to pieces in the fields, and dug up the Indian granaries and dumped the contents into the fires. Scouts, ranging up the river, brought back word of a small village called Myonaghquia which seemed overcrowded; the population of the abandoned towns might be there. Armstrong picked a hundred and fifty of his best men for a forced march; when he reached the town at midday, smoke was wisping from the roof vents; there was not a squaw, child, or dog in sight to give the alarm. The shirtmen poured out of the woods in a silent rush and stormed into the lodges. On the mat-covered floors food was steaming in bark dishes; meat simmered in half-emptied kettles; oddments of belongings still hung on the walls. But the Indians were gone. The angry army burned Myonaghquia also and marched home again, taking such comfort as it could from the knowledge that at least a few Indians would go cold and hungry. They had dealt the Susquehanna bands a hard blow, but it was far from having been a knockout.

The knockout blow was being prepared by Colonel Bouquet. On April 14, 1764, having "judged it consistent

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with the good of His Majesty's Service," General Thomas Gage, as commander in chief in North America, put "all the Forces from Philadelphia, Westward, under the immediate command of Colonel Bouquet" and "ordered the Troops to move towards the Frontiers." However, at the same time he instructed Bouquet to leave three companies of the Royal American Regiment in their quarters in Philadelphia "to the utmost Time the Service will permit, after which they must take the Field." Eleven days earlier, Gage had written an indignant letter to John Penn, lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania:

New York, April 3^d, 1764.

SIR:

Your Favor of the 24th Ulm^o has been received, and I have the Mortification to learn from it, that neither His Majesty, nor the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania, will get either Assistance or Protection from the Levies I hoped would have been made in that Province, to attack the Savages in their own Retreats, and thereby prevent their Incursions into the settled Country. This disappointment is the greater, as the Colony of Virginia has also declined raising the quota demanded from them, and I am reduced to fourteen Companys of His Majesty's Regular Troops to defend a large Tract of Country, & supply the Garrison of Fort Pitt under every Disadvantage, and have only to depend on the Spirit and Bravery of that small Body to prevent a Fort, of which the Conquest has cost so much Blood & Treasure, from falling into the Power of a Savage Enemy. What will be the Consequence Time only can shew; In the mean Time, I shall leave nothing untried which can tend, if not to annoy the Enemy, to the Preservation of what we Possess, and I most sincerely Pity the Situation of the Frontier Inhabitants.

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Strange as it seems, the three companies of the Royal American Regiment were being kept in Philadelphia, at the urgent request of Lieutenant Governor Penn, to protect Indians! Driven to fury by the scalplings, burnings, and torturings on the frontier north of them, some of the inhabitants of Lancaster County made up their minds to wipe out all the savages within reach. In their rage it made no difference to them that the ones within reach professed to be friends of the white men and to have taken no part in the war; some apparently told the truth; some apparently lied. The liars perished with the innocent. A band of armed and mounted men from Donegal and Paxton townships attacked an Indian village at Conestoga Manor and butchered everyone in it—old men, women, and children. Most of the villagers were absent when the raiders struck; they fled to Lancaster, where the town authorities locked them up in the workhouse for their own protection, but the Donegal and Paxton men rode into the town in force, stormed the jail, burst in the doors, and hacked the fourteen huddled fugitives to death with hatchets. It was cold-blooded murder: the stories of women and children scalped and burned to death in their own homes, in the last few months, had been enough to make men's blood run cold. To a people enraged and terrified by one foray after another, an Indian was an Indian; they were in no mood to consider the finer points of neutrality; they acted with an Old Testament ruthlessness, an eye for an eye, a murdered child for a murdered child, a tomahawked woman for a tomahawked woman. Even the provincial authorities were awed by the fury of the massacre, and marveled that it had been perpetrated not by the wild shirtmen from the Conococheague but by supposedly civilized men from more thickly settled

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Lancaster County. Philadelphia gave shelter to a hundred and forty Indians sponsored by the Moravian missionaries, but the Indians did not feel safe even there and petitioned the assembly to send them to England. Penn sent them, instead, to New York, and promptly found them on his hands again; the provincial council of New York, apparently more realistic in its outlook on Indian affairs, announced curtly that it would not admit even Christian Indians because they probably would reinforce the savages who were already raiding the York and Jersey settlements; the panic-stricken Moravians came back to Philadelphia escorted by three companies of Royal Americans and were lodged in the British barracks.

It was these three companies of regulars that Governor Penn was frantic to keep close at hand. He had had a bad fright; for in January of 1764, a veritable army marched on Philadelphia from Lancaster County. Troops were rushed to guard the fords and ferries of the Schuylkill River; trenches and redoubts were thrown up around the barracks; eight cannon were mounted; six companies of infantry, a battery of artillery, and two troops of cavalry were turned out to resist the Lancaster insurgents. Penn himself fled for safety to the house of Dr. Benjamin Franklin as the "army" from the back country circled the city and marched into Germantown. But the crisis passed without a fight: a few stouter-hearted citizens went out to meet the Lancaster men, impressed them with the strength of the troops drawn up to resist them, and talked them into dispersing. It is understandable that Governor John Penn, emerging from the shelter of Ben Franklin's home, wanted to keep the three companies of Royal Americans within call.

But the settlers in the valley of the Conococheague were

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a little short on understanding, just then. Their own men had responded to the call for troops; the Black Boys had disbanded and many of them, including their captain, were in the ranks of the Pennsylvania Regiment. The regiment was under orders to follow Bouquet across the mountains into the heart of the Shawnee country, and it was plain enough to the valley men that when the regiment departed for the west, their homes would be left defenseless. Already, in the first weeks of 1764, the valley was feeling the loss of James Smith and his rangers.

While, at Penn's panicky request, the three companies of regulars stayed in Philadelphia to protect Indians from infuriated settlers, a scalping party came within nine miles of Shippensburg, shot one man, burned seven houses, and carried off five captives. It was a trifle difficult for John Stewart, Adam Sims, James M'Cammon, Will Baird, Jim Kelly, Steve Caldwell, and John Boyd, who had lost their homes, their barns, and the grain of their last harvest, to appreciate either the nobility of Governor Penn's motives in using the few available regulars to guard Indians in Philadelphia or the soundness of General Gage's strategy in preparing to attack the savages somewhere in the wilderness beyond the Ohio River. Even a royal governor might be expected to have some concern for the lives and homes of the people he was supposed to govern. Even a British general in New York might be expected to understand that, while he might find Indians to fight in the Ohio country, he could certainly find them three hundred and fifty miles nearer home; if he was in any doubt about that, the Conococheague settlements could furnish ghastly proof in the form of scalped heads and mangled bodies. General Gage might write orders announc-

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ing that it was "consistent with the good of His Majesty's Service" to send all the troops in Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt; but it was a trifle difficult for husbands, fathers, and mothers in the Conococheague to believe that he was greatly exercised about *their* good.

With the best intentions in the world, General Gage and Lieutenant Governor Penn were providing the Pennsylvania frontier with bitter grievances. They were piling up kindling for a conflagration. When the kindling took fire, just eleven months later, and burned furiously into armed rebellion, they were both astonished and indignant.

On the twenty-second of July more Indians appeared in the neighborhood of Fort Loudon. On Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, they caught a woman on her way to visit with a neighbor, killed her, scalped her, ripped her belly open, and left her lying in the path with her unborn child beside her. Her name was Cunningham. Remember it. You will see it again, soon.

The next afternoon, a man walking past the log school-house on the west branch of Conococheague Creek, a few miles below Fort Loudon, thought the pupils were being remarkably well behaved and quiet. Curious, he went to the door. He stood there, sick, for many minutes. The school-room was an abattoir; the floor was black with pools and streams of thickening blood; the walls and the doorposts were spattered with blood and brains. Among the overturned benches lay the bodies of nine children, scalped, mutilated, hacked, and beaten; in one corner sprawled the body of the schoolmaster, his Bible still clutched under his arm; he, too, had been scalped. Four children had disappeared. Two of the dead belonged to a family which already had lost four,

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carried into Indian captivity. And on that day, the twenty-sixth of July, the First Battalion of the Pennsylvania Provincial Regiment had completed the military ceremony of being mustered at Lancaster, ninety-five miles away. At Carlisle, fifty miles away, the companies of the Second Battalion were idling, waiting for James Young, paymaster and commissary of musters, to come and check over the payroll.

There were nine hundred and twelve men in those two battalions. Many of them were Conococheague men; one of them was James Smith. But they could not protect the valley; they had taken the king's oath; they were soldiers, under orders. Nine children of families they knew had been murdered, but they could do nothing about it. The payroll had to be checked! The Indian knives, busy in the little log school-house on Conococheague Creek, had cut more than tender white skin, they had loosened more than hair. They had cut completely the confidence of the frontier settlements in British generals and royal governors; they had loosened the ties that bound some thousands of Americans to their king.

Chapter XV

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THE Hon'able John Penn, Esq., lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania, had a flair for phrases. He was considerably more sensitive to their sonorous sounds than to the temper of the border settlements, and considerably more adept at handling words than he was at handling the uncouth "back inhabitants."

On the fifth of August, just ten days after the massacre of the Conococheague school children, he issued an order to the two battalions of the provincial regiment, calling their attention to the fact that the Indians were very unpleasant people.

"The unprovoked and repeated Insults & Barbarities of the Savages, on the Inhabitants of this Province," he proclaimed, "having obliged the Government to raise an armed Force, and fit out an Expedition at a great Expence, as well for the protection of his Majesty's Subjects, as to deter, by a severe Chastisement, that treacherous Enemy, from any future Hostilities.

"The Governor, from the known Loyalty & Courage of the Inhabitants of this Province, has the greatest Reason to expect that the behaviour of the Troops, will fully answer the purposes for which they are raised, and that they will never lose sight of the numberless Cruelties & Murders committed by the Barbarians on their Relations, Friends and

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Countrymen, whose Innocent Blood calls loudly for Revenge.

“If, notwithstanding such powerful Incentives, any men should so far forget their Duty to their King and Country, as the Solemn Oath, they have taken at the time of their Inlistment, as to desert the Service, they may expect to be prosecuted with the utmost Severity by the Civil Power, and that they will find no protection, neither in this Government, nor in any other part of His Majesty’s Dominions.

“And all the Magistrates in this Province, will be particularly directed to have all Deserters apprehended, as well as all persons who may, either directly or indirectly, have been instrumental in inciting, harbouring, or in any manner assisting them to Desert, that they may also be prosecuted with the utmost severity of the Law.

“But the Governor hopes that there are few, or no such men amongst the Troops, and that they will be conscious that they cannot fail of success, while they remain united and joined with the same regular Troops, and under the same Leader, which alone last year, on this very day, sustained the repeated attacks of the Savages, and obtained a compleat victory over them.”

Both the exhortations and the threats failed to inspire the two provincial battalions. There were hundreds of men in the ranks who remembered very well that through the summer of 1763 the Conococheague settlers had defended themselves with little or no help from their governor. They had fought for their lives, and now the Hon’able John Penn called their attention to the “great Expence” of raising and mustering troops for the protection of the frontier! They were not so clever as the governor at choosing words; but when they thought of the three companies of Royals detained in Phila-

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delphia to guard Indians, and of their own companies fuming in Lancaster and Carlisle while the Indians pillaged, murdered, and kidnapped within two days' forced marching, they chose words which were not so polished as John Penn's but several times more expressive. Their homes were going up in flames; since February, at least twenty valley settlers had been killed or dragged off into captivity, the men to be tortured, the women to be raped; and the governor threatened them with "the utmost Severity of the Civil Power" if they forgot "their Duty to their King and Country." What about their duty to their wives and children? Under John Penn's high-sounding order, a man's wife might be prosecuted if she pleaded with him not to leave her to be scalped in the next raid. The slaughter of the children in the Conococheague schoolhouse was enough to incite fathers to desert so that they might stay in the valley to defend the children who were still alive. Would the magistrates be "particularly directed" to prosecute those nine mangled bodies? To hell with Penn! The frontiersmen began to desert by whole platoons.

So little, or so much, was the effect of the governor's order that within five days Colonel Bouquet was writing him a dismayed, disheartened letter:

"I have the honour to transmit to you a Court of Inquiry, in which one Jacob Kern is charged with having inticed several Soldiers to desert, that you may direct such further steps to be taken therein, as you will think proper.

"The Desertion continues, and by the Muster I have taken of the Two Battalions, I find they want already near 200 men of their complement. A Diminution so considerable, obliges me to request that you will, with the Commissioners,

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enable me to compleat your Troops to their present Establishment, allowing the same Terms as before, viz., Three Pounds in advance, to be afterwards deducted from their Pay, and Twenty Shillings to the Recruiting Officers for every man Inlisted. . . .” Incidentally, the pay of an “inlisted man” was five shillings a week; he must risk his life for a month to earn as much as the recruiting officer received for delivering him on the hoof in camp.

Within twenty-four hours after Colonel Bouquet wrote that urgent letter to John Penn, another letter was written at St. James’s, in London, England. It, too, was addressed to “— Penn, Esqr., Lieut. Governor of Pensilvania.”

“Sir,” it said, “the House of Commons having, in the last Session of Parliament, come to a Resolution, by which it is declared that, towards defraying the necessary Expences of defending, protecting & securing the British Colonies and Plantations in America, it may be proper to charge certain Stamp Duties in the said Colonies and Plantations, it is His Majesty’s Pleasure, that You should transmit to me, without Delay, a List of all Instruments made use of in Publick Transactions, Law Proceedings, Grants, Conveyances, Securities of Land or Money, within your Government, with proper and sufficient Descriptions of the same, in order that if Parliament should think proper to pursue the Intention of the aforesaid Resolution, they may thereby be enabled to carry it into Execution in the most effective and least burthensome manner.

“If you should be unable of yourself to prepare a List of this kind with sufficient accuracy, you will in such case require the Assistance of the Principal Officer of the Law within your Government, who is the proper Person to be

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consulted towards procuring the said Information in the manner required.

"I am,
with great Truth & Regard, Sir,
Your most obedient
humble Servant,
DUNK HALIFAX."

"Defending, protecting & securing"—the words sounded well. The gentlemen at St. James's doubtless would have been shocked, pained, and loyally indignant had they known the low opinion in which His Majesty's subjects on the Pennsylvania frontier held the defense, protection, and security which they had received and were receiving from their government. On the page of the Pennsylvania Archives on which this letter is reproduced, there is a footnote. It says: "This is probably the first step that led to the future difficulties between the two Countries." The remark is mild enough to qualify as a masterpiece of understatement. In Philadelphia the royal governor already had piled up the kindling for one fire; it lacked only one more grievance to make it break out, within a year, into the Pennsylvania insurrection. But at St. James's, in London, the king's gentlemen did not even know how to spell the outlandish place; they dispatched the letter and went merrily off to their bowling, quite unaware that they had laid the first bit of kindling in another pile which would burst out into hotter flames a decade later.

By the end of August, the two Pennsylvania battalions had left the valley of the Conococheague and were on the march to Pittsburgh. But they were still two hundred men short of their paper strength: even at twenty shillings a head,

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the recruiting officers had been unable to cajole any more frontiersmen into leaving their homes undefended. With the provincial regiment marched the three belated companies of regulars from Philadelphia; with it also marched James Smith. He had been promoted to lieutenant and his pay was five shillings sixpence a day; neither the rank nor the wage was compensation for his anxiety at leaving behind him his young, pregnant wife. Many a husband, plodding westward in those sweating, apprehensive ranks, remembered what had happened to Mrs. Cunningham and her unborn child.

For Lieutenant Smith, every twist and turn of the long road had memories. It was called the Forbes Road, now, but before that it had been Smith's Road "from the circumstance of his capture on it." Here, at the Crossings of the Juniata, he had slept on the ground with his brother-in-law, Will, on the journey with the woodcutters to clear a path for General Braddock's supplies. There, outside the stockade of Fort Bedford, was the weather-beaten cabin from which Adam Hoops had sent his man Arnold Vigoras up the Allegheny Mountain on an errand to Commissioner James Burd's fortified storehouse. Here, by that outcrop of brown rock, was the spot where he had met Arnold and had turned back up the mountain with him. And there, just beyond the gullied ravine, was the level stretch where the Indinas had set up a screen of bushes a few yards off the trail: neither he nor Arnold Vigoras had noticed how the leaves were drooping.

He smiled a little, sympathizing with the ignorant, frightened boy who had been James Smith that day. No Indian could fool him, now, with such a flimsy trick; but he had been younger then—almost, it seemed, a whole lifetime younger. The Indians' French muskets had exploded in the

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ambuscade, Arnold had gone down without a cry, his own horse had plunged and thrown him headlong. Now, nine years afterward, he was standing on the very spot where he had stood and watched a French knife slit Arnold's scalp. From the slope of Allegheny Mountain to the Forks of the Ohio, he relived the first few days of his captivity. Marching into Pitt's Town, he walked in the same path where he had once crawled, faint and bloody, wishing that the Indians would kill him quickly. The charred stakes were gone, the earth-and-timber walls of Fort Duquesne were gone; but after all these years the sweat broke out upon him, cold, when he saw the place again. The fire-blackened ruins of Pittsburgh were reminders of what might be happening, even now, to his own cabin in the Conococheague.

The ruins were scattered over a triangle of uneven, scrubby earth which had rivers for its two sides and a bulge of rocky, rough hill for its base. At the left, across the brown Monongahela, palisades of sheer rock towered against the sky. To the right, across the blue Allegheny, willowed lowlands swelled into long, rolling ridges. At the apex of the triangle, a five-bastioned fort squatted ponderously, like a star just fallen and not yet quite cool: one half of it was dirt, baked hard and cracking, but the other half was red brick and glowed hotly in the sun. It was tremendous, massive. The fallen star even had a satellite: between the two points that lay closest to the rivers, a new brick blockhouse glowed with the same smoldering red.¹ Lieutenant James Smith stood astounded: he had heard tales about Fort Pitt, but he had judged them by the little forts he knew. This was no crude stockade, no pen of logs like Loudon or McDowell's in the valley; this was a fortress. No wonder the tribes could not

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take it, though they had tried for sixty-seven days; no wonder the scalping parties crossed the mountains to assail the farmers' cabins and the unguarded schoolhouses.

The Forks of the Ohio swarmed with troops—with kilt and bonnet, with white-gaitered Royals gaudy in blue breeches and red tunics, grenadiers in bearskin helmets, rangers in fringed buckskin, engineers, artillery, light-horsemen. Even some of the Pennsylvania Provincials sported uniforms of green, with long, black spatterdashes buttoned to their thighs. In the press and jostle of fifteen hundred men, the soldiers of the Black Watch moved like lords: they had saved Fort Pitt, and even the rowdiest backwoodsman eyed them with a certain admiration. But, admiring them, Lieutenant Smith of the Provincials also chuckled at them: with their bare legs, they were at least half as naked as his own Black Boys had been; they wore their plaids almost exactly the way the Black Boys had worn their green trade blankets; and if they did not black and paint their faces, they most certainly wore feathers in their heads. They looked to be a match for Indians. He liked their looks.

They and some hundreds of others in Bouquet's new army were professionals: their trade was war. There were others still who had turned out for this one campaign as they would have turned out for a bear hunt, or a wedding, or a dogfight. Wild young hellions, they amused themselves by stealing up behind recruits at night and letting out terrific war whoops; if the recruits resented being frightened into goose-pimples, so much the better; a good fight was fun. But there were some hundreds, also, who were like James Smith—landholders, border farmers, heads of families. They had come for one thing only: peace. If they came back from the

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campaign, they wanted a sound night's sleep, a chance to grub their stumps and make their crops, to love a woman and to get a child, and know that the hair would not be lifted from their heads. This war, for them, was neither business nor fun: it was the price of safety. And the price might be high; in those woods beyond the Allegheny it might well be death—a slow death, in a fire. They knew it, but they went.

On October third the army crossed the Allegheny; and James Smith, wading out to the bateaux, smelled the sour stench of the low river's mud flats. There were memories in that, too. On the twenty-fifth he stood at the forking of yet another river. The Muskingum! How well he knew it! Nine years ago, beside that very stream, he had waited in a torment of uncertainty while his skull was plucked bare and his face was painted. Tullihis was only twenty miles away. After nine years his journeyings had brought him back to the same place. His tongue moved to the syllables of an Indian word: *Co-no-co-cheague*. It had been "indeed a long way." Would he live to see Conococheague again?

No one knew the answer. With an army no stronger than Braddock's, Colonel Bouquet had invaded the heart of the Indian country; around him, in the strange wilderness—strange to almost everyone except James Smith—lay the log towns of the Shawnees, the Delawares, the Senecas, and the Caughnawagas. In spite of garrisons of regulars at Fort Pitt and Fort Bedford and Fort Ligonier, in spite of nine hundred Provincials at Carlisle and Lancaster, war parties from these towns had crossed the mountains into the white men's country. If they feared English troops so little, surely they would not hesitate to attack Bouquet as they had attacked Braddock; if they attacked, there was an excellent chance that not one

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man of Bouquet's fifteen hundred would get back alive to Pittsburgh. Within a mile of the Forks of the Muskingum, the fifteen hundred dug themselves in. "Four redoubts were built here opposite to the four angles of the camp; the ground in front was cleared, a store-house for the provisions erected, and likewise a house to receive, and treat of peace with, the Indians. . . . Three houses with separate apartments were also raised for the reception of the captives of the respective provinces, and proper officers appointed to take charge of them, with a matron to attend the women and children; so that with the officers mess houses, ovens, &c., this camp had the appearance of a little town in which the greatest order and regularity were observed." ²

From the standpoint of sound strategy and eventual results, General Gage had been right when he wrote to Governor Penn that he "judged it consistent with the good of His Majesty's service" to order all available troops westward to meet the Indians on their own ground. When Penn mustered the Pennsylvania troops at Lancaster and Carlisle he was dutifully carrying out a military policy designed to guarantee the permanent security of the frontier. The lives lost in the raids on the Shippensburg farms and the massacre in the school-house were a small price to pay for that achievement. A small price, that is, in the eyes of strategists and governments. The Pennsylvania frontiersmen were not strategists, and they judged government by what it did for them, or what it did not do, at the moment. The story of the Pennsylvania insurrection is a story of two points of view, both right, but not to be reconciled. Their closest approach to reconciliation occurred in the entrenched camp on the Muskingum.

For Gage's strategy and Bouquet's tactics worked. The

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Indians were awed by this bold invasion of their hunting grounds and frustrated by the disciplined skill with which these fifteen hundred white men marched through the forest in three columns, screened by thin lines of riflemen and ready, at the first shot or the first war halloo, to form instantly into a hollow square; they were impressed by the fortified town which sprang into existence almost overnight. Winter was coming on; if they attacked the white army and were defeated, their own towns would be destroyed, their food burned, and their families left to starve. Tribe after tribe, they sent their headmen to Bouquet to sue for peace. Standing among a hundred chiefs and warriors before the roughly thatched bower that served as a council house, Red Hawk spoke for the Shawnee nation:

“Brother: you will listen to us your younger brothers; and as we discover something in your eyes that looks dissatisfaction with us, we now wipe away everything bad between us that you may clearly see. You have heard many bad stories of us. We clean your ears that you may hear. We remove every bad thing from your heart, that it may be like the heart of your ancestors, when they thought of nothing but good.” (Here he gave a string of beads.)

“Brother: when we saw you coming this road, you advanced towards us with a tomahawk in your hand; but we your younger brothers take it out of your hands and throw it up to the Great Being to dispose of as he pleases; by which means we hope never to see it more.”

It was an earnest speech: to bury the hatchet was not sufficient, for a buried hatchet might be dug up. To prove their good intentions, the tribes brought in to Bouquet's camp eighty-one white men and one hundred and twenty-five white

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women and children whom they had taken captive. But there were a hundred more prisoners still in their hands and too far away, they protested, to be given up immediately; Bouquet told them sternly that they must give hostages to guarantee the safe surrender of these captives, and they yielded to that humiliation also, to save their towns from being burned.³ Over ceremonial belts, they gave solemn promises to send delegates to Sir William Johnson, at Johnson Hall in New York province, to agree on final terms of peace. On the face of things the war was over, the frontier was safe. But on the ninth of November an ugly doubt intruded. A prisoner named Smallman, who had been a major in the Pennsylvania militia, was set free by the Shawnees and came into camp with unpleasant news. When Bouquet's army crossed the Allegheny, he said, it had been touch and go whether the Shawnees would make peace or kill all of their white captives and attack the troops; and while the headmen were debating the issue in council, a French trader offered them his whole stock of gunpowder, free, if they would decide for war. The bribe had failed; but even now, Major Smallman reported, many of the most important chiefs were on the "western waters," trading with the French merchants in the Illinois country.

The backwoodsmen in the ranks began to mutter. There it was again—the Injun trade. Guns and powder, tomahawks and knives, and barrels of French brandy to set the young bucks wild for scalps. God damn those Frenchies! There would be no safety for the border while those blasted traders peddled weapons to the redsticks.

But, for once, the frontier settlers and the British military authorities were in complete agreement. The word ran through the camp that, as soon as spring came, soldiers of the

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Black Watch would march westward, seize the French posts in the Illinois, hold them, and send the traders packing. The borderers in the two Pennsylvania battalions felt better after they heard that; they would have felt better yet if they had been allowed to burn the Indian towns, as they had burned Muncey and Myonaghquia on the Susquehanna; around their fires at night they growled to one another that the only way to cure an Indian of fighting was to knock his brains out, and that Bouquet hadn't ought to make peace until he'd given 'em a licking they'd remember. Treaties were all right as far as they went; but, to their way of thinking, they would go a long sight farther if there had been a battle and a thumping victory. However, when Bouquet broke camp and gave the order to march back to the Forks of the Ohio, they shouldered their muskets and struck out obediently. On November twenty-eighth the army recrossed the Allegheny and filed into Pitt's Town; it had not lost a man, and there was only one real cause for apprehension—the Shawnee hostages had escaped. But on the door of Samuel Semple's brand-new tavern a proclamation had been posted: all persons whosoever were forbidden to trade with the Indians; anyone failing to heed the warning would do so at his peril. By the Eternal, that's tellin' 'em! It's high time them traders got their down-come! A man can sleep now, nights; he won't be wakin' up with an Injun knife into his hair.

In their pleasure at the ban on Indian trade the frontiersmen forgot to worry about the missing hostages. But there were certain gentlemen at the Forks who were not so well pleased by the proclamation. They were licensed traders; they had goods stored up—goods that had cost them hard money and had been fetched three hundred miles from Phila-

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delphia—goods that had been waiting two years for a customer. Was this their reward for being enterprising? What was an army for, if not to brisken business? They felt roundly cheated. While the Pennsylvania battalions set out on their long tramp across the mountains, the traders sat indoors and swore and grumbled angrily over mugs of toddy.

The Forbes Road was not so comfortable as a Pitt's Town tavern; the mountain gaps were deep in snow; but there was considerably less grumbling in the ranks of the Provincials than there was in Mr. Semple's taproom. The winter march was not an unendurable hardship for men who had won security for their homes and families. James Smith did not grudge the last eighteen months of fighting, marching and anxiety; they had been worth while.

In mid-December he was standing again on his own limestone threshold; he was holding in his arms a son he had never seen—his son, already two months old. Two months: he had lost that much out of his first-born's life. He'd have to make it up. Well, he could do it, right enough; he was home to stay.

He had three months at home.



The surrender of the white captives at the Forks of the Muskingum
(from the "Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition Against the
Ohio Indians," Ohio Valley Historical Series)



The Ohio tribes offer the belt of peace to Colonel Bouquet
(from "Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition Against the
Ohio Indians," Ohio Valley Historical Series)

Book Three
THE REBEL

Chapter XVI

“ . . . AND WARLIKE STORES ”

ONCE more the broadwheel wagons were rolling through the valley. Between the measured chucks of his grubbing ax, James Smith could hear them racking down the road that ran from Harris's Ferry through Shipensburg and Ben Chambers's settlement, past Smith's Run, toward Henry Pollens's place.

He went on cutting brush. Every turn of the big broadwheels was making the valley safer, for the cavernous, hooded bodies of the wagons were loaded with supplies for the troops at Fort Pitt, Ligonier, Bedford, and Fort Loudon. Even that log stockade overlooking the ford of the Conococheague had a real garrison now; a company of the best troops in all America was there—tall, bony-legged men with bare, chapped knees, and feathers on their heads. The Black Boys could put in their crops, this spring, or go turkey shooting, or even ride down to Captain Hager's Town and shake a leg while the fiddles squealed "Hold Out Until Morning." The Black Watch held Fort Loudon.

Wherefore James Smith's ax bit steadily into the tough young growth that had encroached upon his fields. He did not hurry. But the horseman on the mud-dagged sorrel was in such a hurry that he could not wait to cross the clearing; he began to shout while the horse was running.

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"Jim!" he bawled. "Cap'n Jim! Them bastards has took up the trade again!"

The ax stopped swinging. The horse's hoofs, sliding, dug long furrows in the wet, red earth; and the rider's long hair jerked forward with the violence of his halt. It framed a bitter mouth:

"They come through Shippensburg this morning—seven wagons an' a drove o' loose stock. They're makin' up a pack train down to Pollens's, for Pitt's Town."

"You mean trade goods?" James Smith's voice was a brusque challenge. He did not believe it.

The answer he got was obscene, but it meant yes. Still he would not believe it.

"They wouldn't dare," he said sharply. They wouldn't dare. The king's proclamation had given them their warning; it was posted on the door of every inn and every magistrate's house; any trader who defied it would not trade again, for the governor would lift his license and the nearest justice of the peace would lift his money in a good, stiff fine. He let the ax helve slide down through his relaxed fingers; his free hand reached out, hospitable, for the bridle. "You'd best light and have a bite to eat. Somebody's nervous, I'd say. We'll have a sight of wagons and pack trains going through to Pitt's Town this year, with Bouquet still out there and the troops chasing the French traders out of the Illinois. They'll need supplies. It's army goods that's coming through."

"It hain't! It's kags o' musket balls an' bales o' match-coats an' . . ."

"Have you seen them?"

"Nah. But Bill Duffield seen 'em. He says there's paint an' knives an' hatchets an' powder enough to do the whole

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damn' Shawnee nation for another war. He says they got seventy horseloads. He says . . . ”

But James Smith was no longer listening; he was remembering another morning, not quite two years gone, when another horseman had cried a warning at his door. It had been Will Smith, his brother-in-law, that day, and his news had been true. Will wasn't the man to go off half cocked; but then neither was Bill Duffield, as a rule. Duffield was sober, middle aged, a good, sound man. But he was wrong this time; he must be wrong; this news couldn't be true. If it was true, the Black Boys had done their work for nothing, the Black Watch had fought Bushy Run for nothing, Bouquet had made his whole campaign for nothing, and the troops sent to the western waters to put a stop to the French trade in weapons were wasting their time. Of course, the Philadelphia merchants might be trying to smuggle goods out to the Indian country; they might be trying to sneak past the garrisons at Fort Loudon, and out yonder at Fort Bedford and Fort Ligonier; men who would sell hatchets and powder to the savages would not stick at breaking the law, probably. If they could get their stuff across the mountains, they could find a dozen trails by which to slip past Fort Pitt and reach the Indian towns. He distrusted and despised them; he had no doubt that if they could get weapons to the tribes again, they would do it, and to hell with the settlers, their women, and their children. To hell—or to the stake; it was the same thing.

But they couldn't do it; he was sure of that. If they'd had the guts to bring their trade goods this far, they would never leave the valley; they would never pass Fort Loudon; the Black Watch would stop them. He was so sure of it that he gave the messenger another message:

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“Go tell Bill Duffield to see Lieutenant Grant at the fort; he’ll turn those wagons back if they’ve got trade goods in them.”

Then he flipped up his ax and went back to his grubbing. In the afternoon, he gathered up the brush that he had cut and piled it in a stack for burning; he stuffed dry grass under it for kindling, pulled out his tinder box, and struck a shower of sparks. The sparks went out. He did not strike again, but snapped the box shut with an impatient gesture. He was a fool to be uneasy; he had told himself so forty times, but it had done no good; all afternoon his back had itched between the shoulder blades. Not itched, exactly. Crept, rather, with the prickle of fine hairs lifting into goose flesh. All afternoon he had felt someone watching him; he had had the feel of something creeping up on him from the bank of the little run. More than once he had looked behind him quickly, and called himself a fool for looking, and then looked again. There was no danger, but the sense of it persisted. It was not a new feeling; it was old, familiar; it was too familiar. It was the dread, suppressed but always present, that had been the lot of the valley settlers for the last ten years. It was intolerable; it must not come back. But it had come back.

He reasoned with himself: if the wagons actually carried trade goods, the Black Watch would stop them; by this time Lieutenant Grant, commanding at Fort Loudon, had either turned them back or seized them. He was certain of that; at least, he was almost certain. But he could not reason himself back into a feeling of security. He must go and see. At dusk, astride a plow horse, he was riding toward Fort Loudon. He had his rifle with him.

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Five miles from the fort he jogged past a squared-log tavern—Cunningham’s. The place looked almost deserted; but, a few perches beyond, a great bonfire was throwing red light and black, uneasy shadows on a shabby cabin. He turned in there. It was Will Smith’s home and also, since Will was a magistrate, it was a seat of justice. It had around it, tonight, as large a crowd as it had on court days; but there was one difference—the crowd, tonight, was sober, orderly, and for the most part silent. It was talked out. At another time the men sitting on Will Smith’s rail fence and standing in his dooryard would have greeted James Smith with a hearty boister. Now, as he rode up, there was a low-voiced passing of his name from man to man. The crowd reshaped itself and shifted toward him. There was something sullen in the heavy shuffle of its feet, something angry but likewise discouraged, fearful.

Before James Smith asked the two questions that were on his tongue, he knew the answers.

“Was it trade goods?”

“Ay.” The many *ays* together were a growl. Oaths followed them. One man said, “Eighty-three loads.”

“Eighty-three.” James Smith repeated that. As if it mattered! The messenger had said that there were seventy loads; a few more or a few less couldn’t change the ugliness of the affair. He asked his second question:

“Didn’t the troops stop them?”

“Stop them? *Hell!*” The growl was louder. There was so much anger in it that it made no sense. He could not understand why they had not been stopped, until Will Smith pushed through the crowd.

“We’ve been looking for you, Jim,” he said. “I got your

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word about seeing Grant. Bill Duffield told me. The rub was," he laughed shortly, "the traders have a permit."

"Whose permit?"

"A military pass. It's signed by the officer commanding up at Carlisle. There's a joke, eh? Well, here's another: there'll be more permits given. George Croghan has persuaded Bouquet to let the goods through. He's inviting the traders."¹

"Inviting them! Good Lord, Will . . ."

"Ay. And can you guess the reason? Because the Indians are put out that they can't get rum and ammunition at Fort Pitt. Because if we don't give 'em what they want, they'll go trade with the French and Spaniards . . ."

"An' lose the God-damned traders money!" The linsey-shirted man who raised that angry cry had a forehead banded with a long scar from the inside of a bacon rind, just above his eyes; he got that the day he lost his wife and children. He cried out again: "The God-damned traders." The crowd growl approved him.

"In spite of the permit," Will Smith was talking across the interruption, "Bill Duffield tried to stop them. He roused out every man he could lay hands on. They rode down this morning—fifty of them—and met the pack train a ways out from Pollens's. Bob Callendar's captain of it.² Duffield talked to him. Talked! He pleaded with him to store up the goods, to wait until we're sure the Indians aren't getting ready for more mischief. Much help that was! Callendar wouldn't even hear to waiting until a treaty's signed."

"Why should he?" James Smith's voice was harsh. "If Croghan has his way, the trade will be opened; and if it's opened, the first trader out will get the best of it. It's a race,

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from now on. Before summer's over they'll have more ball and powder in the Indian towns than there'll be in the magazine at Fort Pitt.”

“Duffield's still trying, Jim. He followed them, this afternoon, to talk to Callendar again. That's what we're waiting for—to hear how he comes out.”

“You needn't wait,” James Smith said. “I can tell you.”

So could every other man there, but they waited all night. And this is what they got:

“Go to hell!”

It was Sam Owens who brought the traders' answer back to Will Smith's house. Owens was one of James Smith's old Black Boys; he had been out with Duffield, and he was tired and angry.

“Yes, we caught 'em,” he said briefly. “We came up with 'em the other side North Mountain where they'd made camp in the Great Cove. Bill talked to 'em again; he tried to reason with 'em. Godamighty, I'd as leave reason with so many polecats.”

“What'd they say?”

“I told you. They said: ‘Go to hell.’ They said: ‘If you're scairt of Injuns, get out of the valley. Get the hell out!’ They made game of us. Bill told 'em it was murder to supply the tribes now. He told 'em that the redsticks are back on the frontier, takin' scalps an' stealin' women at the same time they're supposed to be makin' peace with Sir William Johnson. They laughed at him. So help me, Jim, they laughed at us for a pack of cowards. Cowards! While Bill Duffield was talkin', they took up hollerin' like Mingos. Some of 'em pulled knives an' made out like they were takin' scalps, an' some of 'em flopped down an' put up their hands an' screeched

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out that they were women an' to please come an' save 'em. All they'd do was mock us."

In the ugly mutter of the men around him James Smith asked another question:

"Duffield didn't stop them, then?"

Sam Owens looked at him.

"How would he stop 'em, Jim? They've got their permit."

Will Smith interposed. He was a magistrate.

"Steady, Jim," he warned. "If you're thinking about using force, you'd best forget it. We can't force them. It might well mean hanging."

James Smith said nothing. What could he say? What could anyone say? There was such a thing as being too angry to use language. Words didn't get a man anywhere.³

The crowd broke up. Some saddled their horses and rode away homeward, with a beaten look. Some straggled over to Jim Cunningham's place: they were feeling the need of a drink, maybe two or three drinks. But Sam Owens felt a hand pluck his arm.

"Sam," James Smith said calmly, "there's a pot of bear's grease in Will's cabin, here. He'd likely let us have it. Do you think you might come by a packet of vermilion somewhere?"

"I've got some. Why?"

"That nag of yours looks beat out, but you might borrow one from Will, if you've a mind to. You might go and see . . ." He named nine names.

"By God, Jim . . ." Sam Owens smiled, a tight smile. All of the nine had been Black Boys, not so many months ago. "I'll fetch 'em. I'll have 'em here before night."

He had them there.

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An hour after dark James Smith was leading them out of the valley, a swift, silent file. By midnight they had topped North Mountain and threaded their way down the steep western slope, through the laurel tangles. They were riding hard across the gentle, rolling ridges beyond the Great Cove and McConnell's.

Once they halted, in a patch of woods well off the road, while one man went on alone to find the traders' camp. When he returned, they mounted again and swung southward, circling to avoid it; before daybreak, they were tethering their horses in a deep ravine that gouges Sidelong Hill.⁴ They kindled a small fire there, and as the sticks charred, they pulled them out and scraped them into a pot of grease. Sam Owens, squatting, stirred the pot and made enough black paint to hide eleven faces. When the black was on, they streaked it with vermilion, and then bound upon their heads red handkerchiefs that made their skulls look like the naked, painted skulls of Indians. James Smith gave his orders:

“Two men to a tree, ten rods apart. Each two of you keep one gun loaded while the other fires. Aim for the horses. For God's sake, don't shoot a man unless they fight back and you have to.”

In breechclouts and leggings they stole toward the Forbes Road and scattered into the underbrush and vanished. Branches whipped behind them; dead leaves rustled briefly; gunlocks clicked. After that there was only sun and silence and long, patient waiting.

Then, faintly, there were shoutings away down the trail, loud gusts of laughter, louder bursts of swearing. To the squudge and suck of hoofs by hundreds in the thaw-wet loam, the narrow, winding aisle that was the wilderness road

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filled suddenly with men and horses. Traders in skirted cloth coats rode by, carelessly at ease. Freighters swung peeled saplings against laggard rumps and whistled through their teeth. With a creak and chafer of wooden packsaddles, with a slap and swish of undergrowth against lashed kegs and swaying bales, the caravan began to pass.

"Coo-wigh!"

It rang out, high-pitched—the old alarm cry which James Smith had learned among the Caughnawagas. It set off his ambush. The first five shots crackled.

A horse screamed and reared. Another stopped, stood shuddering, and fell dead in the path. A third, wounded, broke its lead-rope and careened at a mad gallop down the column, the pack it carried banging and smashing on the other packs. Its wild rush broke up the train as other beasts stampeded. A keg, crushed against a tree, burst open and rained musket balls; a horseherder, running, stepped on them and slipped and went down on his knees and stayed there, babbling. The other five rifles fired into the confusion.

There was no burlesque now. Men were crying out in earnest, but with no thought of fighting. The suddenness of the attack appalled them, and they were thinking only of escape. To them, the woods seemed to be filled with a horde of armed men; the shots came from everywhere; the path was clogged with plunging horses and littered with the burst packs. Escape was cut off.

With another high cry, James Smith silenced the rifles and then shouted to the traders:

"Listen to me! Steady down those horses. Bring your loads up forward—all of them. Pile them in one place. Then take your private property and get out! Get out!"

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Captain Robert Callendar and his men obeyed with frantic energy. As they tugged at kegs and bales, their heads kept turning over their shoulders toward the silent forest, but there was nothing for them to see except, here and there, a gun poking its octagonal brown nose out from behind a tree. In an hour the Forbes Road lay empty but for a great, disordered heap of baggage, and the Black Boys emerged to lounge about in the sun, kick the bales of trade goods open, and lean on their rifles while James Smith took out his tinder box and struck a flurry of sparks. The sparks fell into a broken pack of ruffled shirts; brown holes widened; little flames sprang up and licked at piles of blankets, curled long, red fingers around hatchet handles and took hold on scalping knives. They danced with a quickening fury—a fury that became a roar. When they died out at last, knives, tomahawks and musket lead, beads, war paint, shirts, strouds and blankets were a mass of smoking rubbish and fused metal. The date was March 6, 1765.

Not until December 16, 1773, would another small group of Americans, in Boston, disguise themselves as Indians and oppose with violence a traffic they abhorred. The Black Boys on the Pennsylvania frontier had struck their blow against the trade in murder. It would be eight years before the Massachusetts men struck theirs against the trade in tea.

Chapter XVII

SHOTS IN THE DARK

WHEN the Black Boys set fire to the traders' Indian goods on the Forbes Road, they also kindled another fire which did not go out so quickly. Within twenty-four hours the Black Watch was firing on settlers.

Captain Callendar made good time from Sidelong Hill back to the west branch of the Conococheague; on the evening of the day his pack train was ambushed and destroyed he came storming to Fort Loudon with his whole troop of frightened traders and horseherders cursing at his heels. They howled bloody murder. They had been waylaid by robbers! Their goods had been plundered! They had lost three thousand pounds' worth! Turn out the garrison! Catch the banditti! Put them in irons! Hang them!

It was a grand performance; but the flaw in it was that they told certain lies. They told Lieutenant Charles Grant of the Forty-second Regiment—the Royal Highlanders, the Black Watch—that the burned packs were the king's property. They swore up and down that George Croghan, deputy Indian agent and therefore the king's representative, had ordered the eighty-three horse loads of supplies as presents to appease the Indians. Croghan would deny that, later; he would prove it false.¹ But on the evening of March sixth, Lieutenant Grant believed everything the traders told him. He acted promptly—or else hastily; which way he acted depends upon

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the point of view. But one thing is certain: he forgot that there was civil law, for he ignored the magistrates and did not stop to ask for warrants. In Fort Loudon the drum beat to arms. At nine o'clock at night Sergeant Leonard McGlashan led a platoon of the Black Watch out through the gate.²

His orders were at once direct and vague. He was "to proceed on to Sidling Hill, where the Goods were Destroy'd, to protect and Bring back to this Fort any part of said Goods that Could be found"; and if he met "any party that seemed Likely to have been at the Distroying of said Goods," he was to "make prisoners of them, or as many as I Could, and bring them to this Fort." At midnight, as the platoon was climbing toward the gap that led to Great Cove, it collided head on with seven backwoodsmen. In the moonlight Sergeant McGlashan saw that they had blankets thrown across their shoulders. The wind is cold on the summits of the Pennsylvania mountain ridges on nights in early March; white men who had lived long on the frontier had the Indian trick of wrapping themselves in blankets; the fact that these seven men had done so was hardly adequate proof of guilt. But the ambushed pack train had carried bales of blankets, and the sergeant leaped to the conclusion that he had found the culprits.

"Halt!" he shouted.

The backwoodsmen did not halt. Instead, they scattered on a dead run, and the Highlanders pursued them. McGlashan was a good, tough soldier, and fast on his feet. Halfway up the mountain, he overtook one of the fugitives and grappled with him. The man had two rifles, but did not try to use them; the sergeant had a prisoner. In the dark hollow of a

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rhododendron thicket there was another crashing scuffle; when it ended, the platoon had another captive. McGlashan sent them to the rear of his little column, under guard of a corporal and four men, and climbed on up the mountain.

Near the summit the corporal bawled out that they were being ambushed. All around them there were stealthy noises as of men creeping through the underbrush; at least, they sounded stealthy to the Highlanders floundering about on the dark, unfamiliar trail. McGlashan turned back and led a rush through the woods. The strangers fled. And two soldiers cut loose blindly with their muskets.³

The shots missed. They were not heard around the world. But they were heard the length and breadth of the Conococheague valley.

The platoon marched through the gap, descended into the Great Cove, and went stamping into Will McConnell's tavern, where it herded McConnell's family and patrons together and "made strict Enquiry, and Examined Every Body in the House" without finding anyone who seemed to be a suspicious character. Leaving his corporal and four men at the inn to guard the prisoners, McGlashan marched on to Sidelong and at six o'clock in the morning found "a few Horse Loads of Rum untouched, but the dry Goods in Ashes." His men shouldered the undamaged kegs and headed back toward Loudon, picking up the rearguard and the captives on the way; but as the platoon emerged from Great Cove Gap it found four backwoodsmen barring the road with rifles. One of them growled out:

"Where ye been?"

"In the Cove," McGlashan answered.

"So we heard. What business took ye there?"



**Fort Loudon monument barely mentions “the exploits of
Captain James Smith and his Black Boys”
(photograph by the author)**



Log cabins still stand along the main street of Fort Loudon
(photograph by the author)

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"The king's service."

"Ye got some prisoners, ain't ye?"

"I have two." McGlashan was trying hard to hold his temper.

"What'd ye take them for?"

"For destroying the king's goods."

"Where ye fetchin' them to?"

"Fort Loudon."

"By God, ye're not! Ye'll not take them down to Loudon till we know what for!"

So that was it, was it? McGlashan's anger broke loose.

"If that's the way ye feel, ye can just go wi' them," he snapped. "Ye're a prisoner y'rself."

He laid hands on the shirtman. Instantly, from nowhere, fifty more armed men sprang up. Their thumbs were on their gunlocks; dirty fingers curled around the triggers; fifty muzzles menaced the outnumbered soldiers, and one of them was at McGlashan's breast. From the mouth tucked against the maple stock came a profane threat:

"By the living Jesus, I'll blow out y'r heart!"

The sergeant was a brave man. He leaped, grasped the rifle by the barrel, wrenched it away. His hairy hand was on a hairier throat. As he gripped it he shouted a command:

"Disarm them!"

His effrontery confounded the backwoodsmen. Not a finger squeezed a trigger. The Black Watch closed in and dragged out three more prisoners, and the mob retreated. But a mile down the road it rallied and came rushing back, and again the kilted column halted.

"Where are ye goin'?" McGlashan challenged.

"Huntin'," the reply came sullenly.

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"If it's us ye're huntin', ye'll find we're good game. We're king's troops. Clear the road!"

The mob stood fast.

McGlashan snapped: "Fix bayonets!"

In a wedge tipped and edged with leveled steel the Highlanders drove toward the crowd of shirtmen, parted it, marched through, and left it cursing in the road. By evening their eight prisoners were in Fort Loudon guardhouse. By midnight James Smith and the whole valley knew it.

James Smith, only a few months ago a lieutenant in the king's service, was a sorely troubled man. When he attacked the pack train he had foreseen certain consequences and had taken his precautions against them; except for himself and his ten Black Boys, no one knew who had taken part in the ambush; they had left the valley after dark and they had come back after dark; their black grease and vermilion paint had hidden their faces. There was not one witness who could swear out, truthfully, a warrant naming even one man. But he had not foreseen that Lieutenant Grant, bedeviled by the traders, would turn out the troops to seize men on suspicion. And he had not foreseen those shots in Great Cove Gap.

The shots had changed everything. Overnight they had transformed the Black Watch from friends into enemies and turned liking into detestation. They had set the wildest rumors flying:

Grant had sold out to the traders. He had made prisoners of the wrong men,⁴ but he had been bribed to swear that they had destroyed the pack train. The whole garrison had been bribed.⁵ The eight prisoners in Fort Loudon guardhouse had been put in irons as if they were so many felons, convicts, murderers. They would be taken to Carlisle to prison; they

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would be refused bail; they would be denied their right to civil trial. The army (so the rumors went) intended to take no chances on acquittal; it meant to try the prisoners at the drumhead, by its own laws, and God knew what a court-martial would do with them. The known fact was that the king's soldiers had fired, in the dark, at men not actually known to have done any wrong. It wasn't the fault of the soldiers that the shots had missed. The firing in Great Cove Gap prepared the Conococheague valley to believe anything; and it convinced itself that, innocent or guilty, the eight men in the guardhouse would be condemned to flogging or branding, perhaps to have their ears cut off, to spend the rest of their lives in prison, perhaps to be hanged. And for what crime? For the crime of self-preservation. For the crime of trying to keep weapons from the hands of enemies whom they had fought for years.

The whole valley smoldered. At a breath—at the small breath required to say three words—it would burst into flame. James Smith knew that. The responsibility was his: the eight men in the fort's log jail were there as a result of his act: if they were punished, it would be by his fault. Should he say the words? He hesitated.

In Will Smith's old, weather-beaten cabin there was long debate. Three magistrates were present—Reynald, Allison, Will Smith himself. They were not lawless; they were men of law. It occurred to James Smith, sitting silent as they talked and talked, that they were using words in much the same way that he had taught his Black Boys to use trees—to hide behind. They were building up a whole woods of words. It was unlawful to attack the pack train, Justice Reynald said; but, on the other hand, the presence of the pack train was

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itself unlawful, it endangered public safety, and the pass granted to the traders had no legal standing because it was a plain violation of the government proclamation forbidding Indian trade. As a matter of fact, it would be within the rights of the civil magistrates to swear out warrants for the arrest of the traders for a breach of peace.

Justice Allison agreed. So did Will Smith. To send arms and ammunition to the savages was murder. No frontier jury would convict a man accused of using force to stop the Indian trade; on the contrary, it would thank him. To a valley jury, the commander of Fort Loudon would be the real offender. It had been his clear duty to turn back the pack train; he violated the government's proclamation when he let it pass; and he broke the law a second time by ordering arrests without a civil warrant. Now he was threatening to break it again; for if he took his prisoners to Carlisle, they would lose their rights to a trial by their peers as surely as the traders had lost their goods. Furthermore, they were not lawful prisoners, because the Black Watch broke the civil law when it arrested them; Grant was continuing to break it by holding them; he was defying the courts, the magistrates, the government of Pennsylvania. He . . .

So *that* was the law! James Smith had heard enough. What he had heard might be bad law; he did not know. It might not be so stout a shelter as a good, solid oak tree, but it would have to do. His mind was made up. He walked the few rods from his brother-in-law's cabin to Cunningham's log tavern. At the hewn-slab bar a dozen men were earnestly at work transferring the contents of a stone jug to their own insides, but Jim Cunningham forgave him for interrupting a profitable evening's business. Cunningham had no more love

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for Indian traders than the other valley men had; he remembered what had happened when the scalping parties raided the Conococheague less than a year ago. Besides, it was apparent that the dozen Black Boys whom James Smith took away from his taproom would bring back more trade than he had ever had, even on the days when Will Smith was holding court.

The Black Boys rode all night, shouting at cabin windows, pounding on cabin doors. From McDowell's mill on the west branch to Ben Chambers' Town across the valley, from the Blue Mountains down into Maryland, they turned the shirtmen out ^o with the bawled summons:

"Come to Cunningham's! Jim Smith says: Come to Cunningham's!"

They came in such numbers that the taproom could not hold them. By midmorning the whole tavern could not hold them, although they were packed into it as tightly as the grains of powder in their loaded rifles. When they were well primed, they would go off like rifle powder, and Jim Cunningham was priming them as fast as he could pour. Three hundred men could drink a sight of whisky.

Three hundred men, with weapons in their hands! Overnight James Smith had raised an army. Toward noon, while it still could walk, he led it on Fort Loudon.

Chapter XVIII

“ . . . & DIE TO A MAN ”

THE date that would be carved on the monuments and printed in all the histories and textbooks was April 19, 1775. On that day Americans in arms would march out to face British regulars across the village green in Lexington, Massachusetts. But they would not be the first Americans to march out for that purpose. They would not be the first by ten years, one month, and eleven days.

The day on which James Smith's three hundred men marched down the muddy road to Fort Loudon in Pennsylvania was March ninth, in 1765.

There was no neat village square. The road—even in those days it was a poor excuse for one—went ambling up a low swell of ground, turning amiably aside every now and then for the few old trees that stood there, and sidled down through a piece of open meadow patchworked with wild plum, wild crab, buckthorn, and last year's dead grass. The open ground, sloping to the Conococheague, dropped off suddenly into a ditch. Behind the ditch stood Fort Loudon, looking more like a corral or an oversized hogpen than a fort. Its walls were twelve-foot logs split down the middle, sharpened at the top, and planted upright with the flat side out. They were gray with weather; splinters bristled from them. Dirt dug out of the ditch had been thrown up against them in a steep bank, but the rain had gullied it and it was falling back

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again. Ditch and palisade together formed a rude square which enclosed a quarter acre of bare mud, a hut or two, a magazine, and a jail. At the four corners the walls bulged into bastions which were merely smaller log pens, diamond-shaped and pierced with loopholes; from them, musket fire could rake the stockade and the ditch.

Midway between two of these sharp protrusions a log gate hung open on tremendous iron hinges; but a sentry had his shoulder to it, ready for the word to close and bar. The garrison was under arms, its kilted ranks drawn up in the gateway; with precise, swift movements the Highlanders were ramming lead slugs down the barrels of their muskets. As they loaded they could watch the back of their commander's neck above the collar of his scarlet jacket and his tartan; already it was the color of the jacket, and it was growing redder. They could also see why. Across the brown field and the scrubby brush was a sight which king's troops had not looked upon before in these his colonies. On the low hill a mob with guns in its hands was beginning to act as if it thought it was an army and could take a king's fort.

It was spreading out, edging down among the wild plum thickets, whooping, running about, huddling in small groups and gawping. It was shaking fists and making loud, unseemly noises at the fort; and a man whose shirttail flapped about his thighs was yelling orders:

“Scatter out, there! It's a deer drive, boys! Don't bunch up! Thin out, now! Thin out!”

The surprising thing about the performance was that the fellow in the shirttail was getting some sort of obedience. He got, finally, a ragged line strung out along the hill, and he halted it there:

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"Hold on! That's far enough! That's far enough for now!"

The line stopped and stood shuffling in the long, matted grass, fingering its flintlocks, nibbling plum twigs. It eyed the silent Highlanders behind their ditch, and James Smith in his old, shabby hunting shirt; and while it gawked it talked. What in the hell's the use of standing here? How about those eight men in the guardhouse? Are we go'n' to get 'em out? This here hain't far enough to do no good; but then again, if we go much farther, somebody'll get hurt. Somebody'll get killed, likely. Those buggers down there in their little skirts don't look like they'd scare easy. They look like they'd shoot; they were quick enough on the trigger, up to Great Cove Gap the other night. Those bayonets they've got stuck onto their guns look Godamighty sharp.

"Hey, Cap'n Jim!" The man in the shabby shirttail turned around to listen. "If this here's far enough, we'd like to ask a question. Just how long is *now*?"

The ex-captain of the Black Boys turned back to watch the fort. It wouldn't, he thought, be very long. The first move came from Loudon.

The officer beside the log gate snapped out a name, and a soldier stepped forward from the waiting ranks, saluted, stood listening, and then walked across the log bridge that spanned the ditch. He marched up the slope, his plaid blowing in the stiff March breeze, his bonnet feather cockily aslant. All along the line the muttering grew louder; but in the little group of settlers a few yards in front of it the talking stopped. James Smith was there; so was Sam Owens; so were John Piery, Tom Orbison, Jim Brown, and some others of the Black Boys. They were serious and more than a little nervous.

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It was no light thing to have drawn up America's first line of battle to face royal troops on their own ground, in their own fort. But the thing which they had not done was more significant: they had not blacked their faces. There was something dangerous about that—something far more important than the three hundred rifles and smoothbores in the line behind them. There was something more than recklessness about it, something more than Jim Cunningham's whisky, more than mere courage, more than momentary anger. There was something changing.

There was something definitely changing in America when three hundred reasonably decent men turned out with weapons in their hands to threaten a British fort and to hoot and curse at the Black Watch. And the change was going deep when the Black Boys, whose habit was to fight disguised, deliberately gave up the disguise at the very time when it would protect them most. It was going deep when men whose first principle of warfare was to fight concealed abandoned all concealment. They did not realize, themselves, how deep the change had gone; they were not thinking about it. Their minds were on the Highland soldier marching toward them.

He halted, and his voice burred:

“Wha's the leader here?”

James Smith answered:

“I am.”

“The officer commanding will ha' words wi' ye.”

Smith handed his rifle to Sam Owens, and Sam protested as he took it:

“They'll have you in their damned jail, Jim.”

“You'll have to get me out, then. Someone's got to go.

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We can't refuse"—he grinned, tasting the word before it left his mouth—"a parley. We've gained that much, anyway."

He walked down the slope alone, and the officer came the length of the log bridge to meet him.

"Who are *you*?"

"James Smith, late lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Line. Who are you?"

The subaltern bristled at such effrontery.

"I am Charles Grant, lieutenant, His Majesty's Forty-second Regiment. I command here. What's this rabble? What d'ye mean, rioting? What d'ye mean, coming to a king's fort with an armed mob?"

"It's no mob, lieutenant. We're not rioting. We're peaceful men." But saying that they were peaceful did not make them look so to Charles Grant. Across James Smith's shoulder he could see the rifles going up, alert and ugly, all along the line; and the next sentence did not sound like peace: "We want those prisoners, lieutenant. You took them without warrants, and we've come to get them. Will you set them loose?"

"I will not!"

James Smith nodded; he had expected that reply.

"We've had word that you're going to take them to Carlisle. Is that true?"

Lieutenant Grant's face darkened two more shades with anger.

"And suppose it is," he challenged. "Suppose I send them to Carlisle, escorted by king's troops. What will you do about it?"

"We'll do this." James Smith spoke slowly. "We'll be forced to fire."

"That's rebellion!"

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“Call it what you like. We’re ready for rebellion.” It could not be worse than Indian war. “We’re as ready for it as you are to put it down. If you try to take those men to Carlisle, we’ll fire once above your heads. If you go on, we’ll fight. We’ve not turned out for nothing. We’re no mob. We’ve men back there who know what fighting is. You’ll have to kill them if you want to get those prisoners to Carlisle. We’ll die before we’ll let you do that—we’ll die to a man,¹ Is that plain, lieutenant? If we have to, we’ll fire into you!”

Charles Grant was all but choking. Outrage! Insolence! He doubted his ears. Words would not come, so he fell back on the old ones:

“That’s rebellion! You’ll get what’s your due! We’ll deal with you as rebels!”

The threat fell flat: James Smith declined to be impressed. Grant wheeled about and hurried back across the ditch; the sentry threw his weight against the creaking gate and closed it, and the bar shot home behind it. On the mud parade, feet pounded and equipment rattled; eyes appeared at loopholes. James Smith stood and looked at the closed gate a minute and then he, too, turned; but he did not hurry. As he walked back to his waiting men he tried to think. There must be some way out; I don’t want trouble; I’ve had enough of it to last me a long time. There must be some way. . . .

That night Fort Loudon was besieged.

On the low hill and along the creekbank, fires were blazing; they burned everywhere, north, south, east, west, well out of gunshot but not out of earshot. Dark shapes pranced around them. Howls went up. Black boys, naked to their breechclouts, stamped and gyrated in burlesque war dances.

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In the glare, their hatchets whirled like embers whipped up on the wind. Quick glints of flame shone on their rifle barrels; and now here, now there, the glints turned hard and lengthened and stood up like red-hot ramrods from the flourished muzzles. The shots were unaimed; they were merely fireworks; but they set the curved hills behind Fort Loudon muttering with a premature spring thunder. They set off, also, new outbursts of howling, Mingo war whoops, Shawnee scalp yells, common barnyard crowings.

Baiting British regulars was more fun than baiting a trapped bear. Laying siege to a king's fort was turning out to be more exciting than a cabin-raising or a backwoods wedding; it was even better sport than taking off a bridegroom's clothes and putting him to bed with his new wife. The valley men—some of them, at least—heartily enjoyed their first night of rebellion. For Jim Cunningham had sent up a fresh supply of whisky, and Jim Smith had figured him a way to get those eight men out of jail. The din went on and on.

In Fort Loudon no one slept. The whole garrison was under arms; every gun was loaded; every man was at a loophole. Charles Grant walked miles, up and down his quarter acre of parade ground, and all night the Black Watch waited for an attack that did not come.

Toward morning the yells petered out and the fires flickered feebly. When the sun came up, the sentries in the bastions saw gray heaps of ashes and a few wisps of smoke, but the mob was gone. A patrol went out to hunt for it and found nothing but a keg. The keg was empty.

Lieutenant Grant took a deep breath. Then he took another. He was relieved, but he was rather proud, too. He was only a subaltern, but no colonel could have met that nasty

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situation with more firmness: he had quelled a riot with a few stiff words; he had dispersed three hundred armed men and had not fired a shot. His prisoners were safe, and he'd keep them so; but he'd do more than that—he'd give them company. It was unthinkable that so gross an outrage should go long unpunished. Men impudent enough to threaten British troops must have their manners mended, and he knew the way to do it. He knew their ringleader. Lawless ruffian! “If we have to, we'll fire into you!” His indignation grew. And in his log-hut headquarters, he put it down on paper. First, a report to John Reid, colonel of the Black Watch and commandant of the military district of Fort Pitt. Second, a demand upon the valley magistrates to seize the person of one James Smith, late lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Line, “a Troublesome, Insolent fellow.” His messengers set off; but, unfortunately for him, they did not travel far.

Trees beside the Forbes Road sprouted rifle barrels. Thickets—peaceful, empty—spilled out men in hunting shirts. They gobbled up Grant's runners. For the fort was still besieged: James Smith had merely changed his tactics. He had set the steadiest of the valley men to guard the trails, and sent his old Black Boys into ambush in the woods and brush that circled the stockade; while Grant was concluding happily that they had gone home with their tails between their legs, they were crouching along the bank of the Conococheague and lying, unsuspected, in small folds of the open meadow. They crept upon the bullock guard so quietly that the fort's cows and Grant's saddle horse went on about their grazing undisturbed; they gobbled up two other soldiers who, off duty, strolled down to the ford to wash their shirts. A fatigue detail, marching out to cut wood for the mess fire, found it-

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self surrounded. Surprised and outnumbered, it made no resistance.

When one detail after another failed to return to the fort, Sergeant McGlashan went out with a searching party, and the brush swarmed suddenly with shirtmen. Their rush, silent and savage, smothered the patrol. It had no chance to fire. Before a thumb could jerk a gunlock back, the Highland muskets were knocked up, and the sheer weight of numbers overpowered the soldiers. McGlashan went down, fighting, with three men upon him. When they dragged him to his feet, he was bloody, gasping. His hands were bound. His men stood disarmed. The roundup was complete.

The valley men herded their prisoners across country, with brass-shod rifle butts ready to prod them when they lagged. The prods were not so gentle as they might have been.

Late at night, in a patch of woods near Cunningham's, James Smith sat on a stump and made a tally of his captives. He had more than twice as many as Lieutenant Grant had in his log jail. In the morning he marched back to Fort Loudon. Poor Grant was so overwhelmed that he could scarcely credit his misfortune. His men, his splendid men . . . prisoners to a backwoods mob! He could have wept with anger and humiliation. What was he to say in the next dispatch he wrote to Colonel Reid? And what would Reid say? Without a shot, he had lost half his garrison, kidnapped within sight of its own bastions, captured by a rabble of country louts. The rioters he had "quelled" were at his gates again. He could hear them shouting, and see their long line strung out through the plum scrub and their thumbs squirming, derisive, at their noses.

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What had happened to the men they took? Remembering the scalp yells and the brandished tomahawks, the harassed officer could imagine anything. His doubt was agonizing; he had to know, and there was only one way to find out. He choked down his pride and sent out a flag of truce.

As it peeped through the gateway, a wild whoop went up. The Highland corporal who carried it walked stiffly up the hill, and James Smith came down to meet him. The parley lasted no more than a minute. White rag drooping on his ramrod, the corporal returned—with terms. Terms! The mob dared to dictate terms!

“Release your prisoners,” was James Smith’s message. “We’ll give you two for one. If you refuse, we’ll take your fort and burn it.”

Grant yielded, but in yielding he preserved what dignity he could by making counterterms. His prisoners, if set free, must answer to the civil law; he would release them only under bail, for trial; and not only his kidnapped soldiers but their arms and equipment, royal property, must be restored.

To the valley men, the conditions were so many quibbles. Bail? There were a hundred men on the hill to go the bail. Civil law? That meant frontier law; it meant trial by valley juries; they asked nothing better. And the arms? Of course. No rifleman would give two frost-rotted pumpkins for those clumsy muskets. James Smith agreed to a full exchange of prisoners and equipment, and a messenger went galloping to Cunningham’s with orders to fetch back the soldiers. They arrived disheveled, muddy, and uncomfortable. Their muskets, carefully unloaded, were returned to them. Sergeant McGlashan, his face cut and swollen, formed them into ranks while the Black Boys grinned, and they tramped

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glumly down the brown field, filed across the ditch-log and marched through the gate. Grant's prisoners filed out. The gate shut with an indignant thump.

It was James Smith's turn to draw a deep breath of relief. He had pried those eight men out of jail and, barring a few bruises, no one had been hurt. But it had been touch and go. Thank God, it was over. He could go home.

But it was not over; it was just beginning. Grant had seen to that. At the last minute Grant had tried to make his next dispatch to his colonel sound a little better than it had been promising to sound. He gave up his prisoners, but he kept their guns. In doing so, he only did his duty—or else he played a dirty trick. There, again, it depended on the point of view; but the point of view did not change the consequences. To James Smith, the confiscation of those weapons was a breach of faith, an outrage as unjust as the arrests had been. To the valley men, it was plain thievery; their rifles were their meat and clothes; more than once their rifles had been their very lives.

When they discovered what had happened, they stood around outside the fort and roared and damned. British muskets didn't save the valley, two years back; the long rifles saved it. We'd be dead and scalped if we'd sat waiting for them bastard soldiers. Now they're working for the traders; now they're sending powder to the redsticks; and they take our rifles! Looks like they want to make dead sure the Indians finish us the next time. Indians, hell! They fired on us themselves, didn't they, up in Great Cove Gap? Godamighty, they're as bad as Shawnees! Grant, God damn you, give us back those rifles!

But the shouts were futile; the log gate stayed shut.

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James Smith wrote a furious demand, but that, too, was futile. Grant's reply was brusque: no rioters will get guns from me; they'll get what rebels get.

He had the last word. James Smith called off his men, and they cursed the Black Watch all the way to Cunningham's. But there was something besides anger and frustration in their cursing; there was apprehension. What would Grant do now? Trudging those five miles through the mud, in the raw March drizzle, they began to think of consequences. There were troops in Lancaster—six companies of Royal Americans. There were more at Bedford. When this business got out, there'd be trouble, likely.

Chapter XIX

A CAT GETS OUT OF A BAG

FEAR and anger are not the most dependable of emotions; they are fluid and unstable. But sometimes they mix and harden. When that happens, they stick men together.

Up and down the Conococheague, that spring of 1765, they hardened quickly, binding the valley settlers with a common hatred for the traders and the troops who shielded them, and with a common dread of daily-looked-for punishment. James Smith found himself commander of a spontaneous militia, a kind of standing army which diminished, grew, and dwindled again. It was not the same on two days in succession; but every day thirty, forty, fifty armed men loafed around Jim Cunningham's tavern and in Justice Will Smith's dooryard. Some of them hung around because they found the loafing pleasant; some of them liked the handiness of Cunningham's stone jugs; and some were looking for excitement. But a good part of them were there for soberer reasons: they were the Black Boys, the impious fellows who had ambushed the king's troops, manhandled them, trussed them up, and prodded and hustled them to camp as prisoners. They could be identified, and if arrests were ordered they would be the first ones hunted. The common danger gave them a quality which made them better than militia: it gave them cohesion. They did not intend to be pricked out of bed

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with bayonets, some night, nor to be caught alone in their clearings by a file of soldiers. If Lieutenant Charles Grant wanted them, he could come to Cunningham's and get them; but he would have to fight.

In the meantime, the discomfited commandant of Fort Loudon was dashing off reports and letters, explanations of his conduct, hot denials that either he or his men had been bribed by the traders, hotter denunciations of the "armed banditti" led by James Smith, and complaints against the magistrates and the Cumberland County grand jury. The magistrates had done their duty, and in doing it they had kept the terms agreed to when the Black Boys forced Lieutenant Grant to give up his eight prisoners; they had duly held the eight settlers under bail, and the grand jury, duly summoned, had decided promptly that they were innocent of any share in the destruction of the traders' pack train. The jurymen, Grant wrote angrily, were "People of the Same Stamp," and he was right about it; even if the evidence had been overwhelming, instead of flimsy or completely nonexistent, the verdict of any valley jury undoubtedly would have been the same.

As soon as Grant finished a report or a letter and sent it off by messenger, James Smith was reading it, censoring it, and then letting it go on, and he was reading the answers before they got to Grant. If trouble was coming, he meant to know it and be ready for it. Patrols of Black Boys watched the roads and trails and halted every traveler and searched him; they had gone too far, now, to be awed by uniforms or fat, official documents, or by the impressive superscription: *On His Majesty's Service*.

There were three documents, however, which they had no opportunity to intercept. One was a letter from General

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Gage to Lieutenant Governor John Penn; another was a letter written by Sir William Johnson, the king's Indian agent; and the third was George Croghan's diary. If James Smith could have read the letters, he might have felt more kindly toward the general and Sir William, but his hatred for the traders would have burned more fiercely. If he had seen Croghan's journal, he would have had one more reason to believe that furnishing the Indians with arms and ammunition was a kind of murder. For George Croghan, without knowing it, had let the cat out of the bag. The Philadelphia merchants whose goods went up in flames on Sidelong Hill had spared no pains to justify the Black Boys' fear that trouble would be coming; in fact, they did all they could to hasten its arrival. As soon as news of the destruction of the pack train reached their counting rooms, they packed their traveling chests and climbed into coaches. By the thirtieth of March they were in New York, their tempers not noticeably improved by the discomforts of the journey; they were thumping desks, using harsh names, and indignantly demanding justice. In their eagerness to fetch down retribution on the "back inhabitants" they stretched the truth until it cracked. Then, having emptied out a portion of their wrath, they posted on to Albany, and by the twelfth of April they were spilling out the rest of it in Johnson Hall, Sir William's manor house.

But back in New York, General Gage had taken the time to read over again a certain letter from Fort Pitt, and was sitting down to tell the governor of Pennsylvania what he thought of Philadelphia business ethics as demonstrated by his recent visitors. His opinion was not flattering.

"Some of the Traders whose goods were destroyed at

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Sidelong, have been here," he wrote, "and represented that they were carrying the Goods to Fort Pitt, to supply Mr. Croghan with such Quantities as he should have occasion for, in the Service he is employed in; But by a Letter from Mr. Croghan, of the 2d Inst., from Fort Pitt, he informs me some of his goods were got up there, and the rest daily Expected. And I see by a letter from Sir William Johnson, that Croghan had purchased the Goods he intended to carry with him, of Smallman & Field, at Philadelphia. I am of the opinion, when you have Examined into this Affair, that it will be found the Traders had hopes of getting first to Market, by Stealing up their Goods before the Trade was legally permitted."

The cat was out of the bag. The goods destroyed at Sidelong Hill belonged to the Quaker firm of Baynton and Wharton, not to Smallman and Field, and one of the gentlemen who had come protesting to Gage's headquarters was Wharton himself. In other words, the traders had been caught at a dirty trick, and when they lied about it, they were caught again. And they had no better luck at Johnson Hall, for Sir William had a keen nose for trickery. He, too, sat down and wrote a letter to Lieutenant Governor Penn:

"Johnson Hall, April 12th, 1765.

"SIR:

I have just received your favour of the 21st ult^o, containing ye particulars of ye Destruction of the Indian goods sent from Philadelphia for Fort Pitt, upon which head Mr. Wharton of that City has been with me, and has informed me that the quantity destroyed amounted to about £3000 in Value, that He presuming on the necessity there would be for opening a Trade at the Illinois, so soon as it was possessed, had

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sent a Cargoe with design to remain at Fort Pitt until such Trade could be opened, and earnestly desired my sentiments thereon, as he proposed sending more wth y^r permission. I answered him that such a Trade would doubtless be expected, and must be opened with the Indians so soon as we possessed that Country, but not before, and this is all I know about the matter, not having heard farther concerning it, than what you were pleased to inform me of. I can hardly think Mr. Croghan would have been anyways interested therein, and I have particularly questioned Mr. Wharton about it, who positively assures me that he was not, and was much above taking any such step. I have likewise rec'd a Letter from Mr. Croghan, since the affair happened, wherein he has not so much as mentioned it to me, but I have since wrote him on the subject, and flatter myself he will be able to make it appear a groundless assertion.

“The Presents on behalf of the Crown, which were sent on the Credit of Gen'l Gage's Warrant, were chiefly arrived at Fort Pitt, and this Credit amounted to a small sum compared wth that mentioned to have been lost by the Destruction of the Goods, which as yet I cannot by any means consider other than as private property sent by Persons in Trade, to avail themselves of the advantages resulting from the first Commerce at that place, and I cannot but greatly disapprove of the steps they took for that purpose, without your License and approbation.”¹

While Gage and Sir William Johnson were uncovering this bit of trickery, George Croghan at Fort Pitt was setting down in his diary the evidence that Baynton and Wharton had undertaken to ship goods to the Indian country at a time when there not only was no assurance that the tribes meant

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to keep the peace terms they had agreed upon with Bouquet four months earlier, but a grave possibility that the savages closest to the Pennsylvania frontier were preparing to resume the war. On March first, Croghan made this entry in his journal:

“Six Seneca Indians came here from one of the Shawanese Towns, and informs me as follows:

“That the Deputation from the Shawanese and Delawares, which was sent last Summer to the Illinois, to Council with the French and Indians in that Country, was returned; That they had been well received by the French, who, on their arrival cloathed them, and told them they would supply them with every necessary they wanted to carry on the War against the English, and would send traders with them to their towns when they set off; That they had held a Council with nine Indian Nations settled on the Ouabache and Illinois Country, who had all engaged to support them with their whole force, should they continue the War against the English; That on those Deputys return to the Plains of Sioto, and being informed of the Terms of accomodation agreed on by their Nations (during their Absence), with Col. Bouquet, they then in Council with the Sandusky and Seneca Indians, agreed to abide by their People’s engagements, and perform the whole of their part, provided the English would open a free trade & intercourse with them, and supply them with Ammunition, Goods, and rum, as usual, and not prohibit the sale of Powder and Liquors, as they had done before the late differences happened. Those Indians further say that the Shawanese had sent a Message to the French Traders who was then following them to their Towns, to return home; (I much doubt the Truth of this). . . .”

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On April fourteenth, while the Philadelphia merchants were hurrying to Sir William Johnson with their innocent tale of good intentions and General Gage was exposing their tricks to Governor Penn, Croghan made another entry in his diary:

“About Eighty Seneca Indians came here from their Town at the Two Creeks, and brought with them a quantity of Skins & Furs, expecting to Trade.

“In private conversation with Major Murray & me, they informed me that two Tribes of the Delawares were very much averse to making peace with the English, till the return of Kill Buck from Sir William Johnson, & then if they liked the terms, they would stand to them, but not otherwise; that they called Custaloga² an old Woman for agreeing to the Terms he did with Col. Bouquet; that they wanted to fight, & would have cutt off that Army had it not been for him, & they have been striving all this Spring to prevent the Shawanese, Seneca & Sandusky Indians from coming here with the English Prisoners, telling the Indians, in Public Council, as the French and the Nine Nations, living on the Ouabache and Illinois Country, have agreed to supply & support us in the War against the English, as we shall be able to drive them out of this Country in less than two Years.

“But those Indians say that Giashutha,³ with the rest of the Senecas, Shawanese, and Sandusky Indians, with all the English prisoners in their Nations, are now on their way here, & would have arrived by this time⁴ had it not been for the Delawares, Custaloga and his Tribe being the only people of that Nation willing to be at peace with the English.”⁵

The Conococheague settlers who formed James Smith’s “armed banditti” had no knowledge of the threatening atti-

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tude of the Delaware Indians whose towns were no great distance from the valley. Even if they had known it, their determination could have been no stronger. Two years ago, when the tribes rose and wiped out every fort from Detroit to Pitt's Town and the frontier lay defenseless, they had made a desperate decision: with no troops to help them, they had raised their own troops—the Black Boys; they had fought to hold the valley and to save their homes. They had come, now, to another desperate decision. The Philadelphia merchants were against them; the army was against them; their own provincial government was probably against them. So be it! They would fight again.

On the fourth day of May, a patrol of Black Boys heard the chuck-a-bump of broadwheels on the road from Carlisle. A lookout lounging against a tree beside the ruts let out a yell:

“Here they come, boys!”

A little way back in the woods, greased and painted shirt-men looked at each other across their breakfast fire and grinned.

“Christ, it's high time,” they agreed. “All a man gets, sittin' on a log, is corns onto his backsides.”

They finished up the hominy grits in their kettle, wiped their mouths neatly on their shirt sleeves, and squinted at their priming. Then they eased down through the underbrush. Rifles at half cock, they slouched across the road and watched the wagon train come on. It crawled like the snakes up on South Mountain, this time of year, slow and sluggish—like a snake cut into six dirtyish-white pieces but still moving. Ahead of it rode a man on horseback.

His name was Nailer—Ralph Nailer. He was a hired man,

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and a good, dependable one. He saw the hunting shirts clustered in the roadway, but he did not stop. James Brown, commanding the patrol, threw up his rifle.

"Whoa!" he ordered. "Take it easy, mister! Where d'ye think ye're goin'?"

James Brown looked as if he meant to stay there in the road. He had helped James Smith fight Indians, and now, although the hard-bitten drivers in the wagon column outnumbered his patrol, he was not overly concerned. His rifle pointed, steady, at Ralph Nailer's waistcoat. Nailer fished in a pocket and pulled out a folded paper; he grinned triumphantly.

"Not this time, my friend," he said. "I'm taking these goods to Fort Loudon. Here's my pass. It's signed by John Reid, colonel of the Forty-second. If you know what's good for you, you'll stand aside."

The slip of paper went from hand to hand. Pretty, hain't it, with them flourishes an' all? The colonel's a smart man; he can write. Well, anyway, he can write his name. Hell, so can I! Now, you, what's-your-name, what you got in them there wagons?

"King's property," Nailer answered stoutly. "Stores for the army."

Is that so? Think o' that! Looks like the army had got mighty low, needin' all that stuff. Must be forty-fifty horse-loads back there. All army goods, is it? Then why don't it say so in the pass, here? We can read. It says them goods belongs to Joseph Spear. Who's he? A God-damned trader, eh? We thought so. Steady, mister! Don't you split your breeches. We'll just have a look at this "king's property."

They found some whisky. Damnation, the army's got

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a thirst; there's enough kags here to do Jim Cunningham all summer. Or maybe it's the redsticks that are thirsty. Then shirts and shoes. More whisky. Gun flints—now we're gettin' somewheres. Gunpowder—fifty kegs of it. Somebody must be goin' to have a war. It couldn't, just sort of accidental, be the Injuns, could it? Yes, we know the army uses powder; it used some on us a few weeks back. But Cap'n Callendar, he had a pass the same as you have, Nailer. He had knives an' tomahawks an' war paint in his horse packs, an' he said that they were the king's property. It would be pretty easy to fetch ten kags o' powder to the garrisons an' the other forty to the redsticks, wouldn't it? No, blast you, we'll not take your word! Why the hell should we? You lousy traders'd tie your own mothers to a stake if you could make money doin' it.

Here, Tom Orbison, you just make tracks up to Will Smith's house an' ask Cap'n Jim what he wants to do about these here wagons. Meantime, we'll let 'em go along sort of easy. It won't do no harm; the closer they get to Cunningham's, the handier they'll be to burn.

But James Smith said:

“Let them pass.”

He was not giving up. But he had been convinced, from the beginning, that Captain Callendar had lied when he claimed that the goods destroyed at Sidelong Hill were royal property; in common with the other valley men, he believed that Lieutenant Grant had been bribed by the traders to protect them in illicit traffic. Now, therefore, he let Ralph Nailer's wagons go on unhindered because he intended to use them as bait for a trap. He wanted to catch Grant, and the trap was to be Grant's own fort. He reasoned that if Fort

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Loudon became a warehouse for trade goods in unlawful transit to the Indian country, its commandant would be done for: the valley magistrates could go to the governor with proof that the king's troops not only were winking at illegal trade but were openly conniving with the traders; if there was justice anywhere, the governor would have to act.

And Grant took the bait—at least, it seemed to James Smith that he took it. As a matter of fact, Grant had not been bribed; he was doing his duty as he saw it, and it fitted his notions about duty to permit the freighters to unload their goods inside the fort where it would be protected. When that news came to Will Smith's house, the brothers-in-law exchanged grim smiles of satisfaction: all that was needed, now, was definite proof that Nailer's wagons had contained merchandise for the Indian trade. Will Smith called in the same two fellow justices, Reynold and Allison, to decide upon the proper form of a demand that Lieutenant Grant allow them to inspect the goods; but before they could make up their minds, a Black Boy patrol sent back a messenger with word that Nailer's men were hastily fitting out a pack train near Rouland Harris's cabin in "The Pastures." While the magistrates debated, the contraband might be removed from Loudon and rushed across the mountains, and the evidence would be gone.

James Smith acted. The alarm went out again: *Come to Cunningham's!* But he did not wait for all the valley farmers who would answer it by morning; to make sure that Nailer did not get away, he gathered up the first few dozen who came in, left word for the rest to follow, and struck off on a night march up the road to Harris's. It was the same road that he had followed, one spring morning, when he was eighteen

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and just setting out on the journey that had lasted for five years—the journey that had led him to the gantlet at the French fort on the Ohio, to the war dances at French trading posts around Detroit, and to a French prison in Montreal. Now, ten years later, he was setting out on the same kind of errand—to help save the frontier from the danger of Indians armed by traders for their profit. Times had not changed greatly; only the nationality of the traders was different. When he was eighteen, Englishmen had cursed Frenchmen because they sold guns and powder to the savages and thereby imperiled every border household; now Englishmen were busy in the very traffic they had once denounced as murder. What had been a crime ten years ago was a virtue now. The English army, which had fought to make the frontier safe by driving off the French and stamping out the Frenchmen's Indian trade, was on the traders' side now.

To a plain man, it did not make sense. A man killed by Indians was dead, and it was no more pleasant to be killed with English lead and powder than with French. An English knife could mutilate a woman as obscenely as a French knife. A hatchet from the storehouse of a Philadelphia Quaker merchant could bash in a child's head quite as horribly as one bought from a trader in Detroit or from a coureur de bois on the distant Ouabache. The backwoods settlers who tramped up the Forbes Road that night of May 5, 1765, had not forgotten either Mrs. Cunningham or the children in the valley schoolhouse. They dealt with the pack train men accordingly.

Nailer and his teamsters were asleep, rolled in their blankets, or keeping drowsy watch upon their spanceled horses, when the Black Boys, creeping through the open woods, surrounded them. James Brown, who had stopped the

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wagons and inspected them a few hours earlier, had the place of honor in the attack: he fired the signal shot that touched off the raid. Instantly a storm of rifle fire broke out around the camp. The Black Boys were shooting at the sky, but the frightened traders did not know it. Before they could throw off their blankets and reach for their guns, a rush of men with blackened faces overran them. The whole herd stampeded. Drivers who got to their feet went down again, knocked headlong by fists eager for excuses. The sound sleepers were kicked wide awake. Only Nailer got away.

As he ran he could hear cries. When he looked back he could see his campfires brightening. The pained cries came from men stripped and tied to trees. The Black Boys' detestation of Indian traders was exceeded only by their bitterness toward plain men like themselves who took the traders' wages. The Black Boys were bawling: Flog 'em! Show 'em it hain't safe to go Injun tradin'! Fix 'em so they'll never dare take out another load! Lay their hides bare! Skin 'em!

Hunting knives slashed off stout hickory branches, and the men who did the slashing were not too particular about trimming the side limbs: they left jagged stubs. The hickories were full of sap, and the branches curled limberly around the naked backs and raised welts from rib to rib. The jagged stubs drew blood. And there was no difficulty about seeing where to lay the next blow: Nailer's packsaddles, burning in a great pile, filled the woods with red light.

The flogging was still going on when Nailer came panting and clamoring to the closed gate of Fort Loudon. It had not been over for a great while when Sergeant McGlashan led his platoon of the Black Watch up the Forbes Road on the double. By midmorning the Black Boys and the

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Black Watch had fired on each other, and the first blood spilled in armed combat between British regulars and Americans colonists was spattering the meadow grass a few rods from the Widow Barr's log cabin.

The story of that fight has been told in the first chapter of this book. When the firing ceased, the Americans kept the promise implied in their quaint proffer of an armistice; they let the outnumbered Highlanders retreat unmolested. But it was an armistice only. It lasted for three days.

Chapter XX

HELL'S TOWN, AN AMERICAN CAPITAL

On the tenth of May two hundred riflemen were on the march for Loudon.

They were angrier than they had been two months ago, but they were more orderly and they made less noise. They had seen blood, and they might soon see more of it. The prospect sobered but did not deter them. Their quarrel had become so serious now that it had outgrown hoots and thumbs at the nose. It was no longer just a private quarrel between settlers wanting safety and traders wanting business. It was the right to personal security against the right to profits; it was idea against idea; it was one public will against another. And it came very close, that tenth day of May, 1765, to being one government against another.

The two hundred Conococheague riflemen had brought their government along, this time. Three magistrates rode with them, and when the column scattered out among the plum scrub on the low hill overlooking Loudon, Will Smith, Allison, and Reynald went on until the Highland sentries halted them. Lieutenant Grant had sent his garrison to the loopholes while, at the crack-opened gate, he listened to Will Smith and kept an uneasy eye on James Smith and the Black Boys. As he listened his indignation grew. The valley justices demanded permission to inspect the traders' goods stored

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up inside Fort Loudon. Hmphh! They did, did they? They demanded it in the name of public safety and good order, did they? Hypocrites! They talked of public order while a mob of armed men stood behind them, openly rebellious! He would not endure it. He had orders from General Bouquet to have the goods inspected by a magistrate, to make certain that the traders were not cheating; but no magistrate with rebels at his back should dictate to a royal garrison. He answered bluntly:

"The goods are under my protection. General Bouquet has ordered me to pass them. Here, d'ye see this? It's the general's own order. And here's Colonel Reid's signed permit to the man who owns the goods. What more d'ye want?"

"We want to see the goods. Nothing short of that will satisfy the people hereabout."

"It's no affair of mine to see them satisfied. The colonel's permit says the whole trainload is king's property."

"Then let's look at it."

"Ye'll inspect no goods in my care whilst there's rioters about. Ye'll just have to come another day, an' by y'rselfes."

Will Smith matched Grant's stubbornness:

"We'll inspect them now, or never. They can rot here. They'll not leave Fort Loudon without a pass from us."

Grant stiffened:

"I've my orders."

"But we haven't. We're not under Bouquet's orders. We're not under your fine colonel's, either. His pass is no pass at all. There's such a thing as civil law in this province; you'll do well to heed it. And you'd best remember that Forbes' Road is not an army road. It's not a king's highway. It's a provincial road: Pennsylvania built it; *we* built it. Ay,

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and helping build it cost James Smith five years' captivity. That's a middling big price, Grant. We've paid for this road and we'll say how it's used. And while we're talking, you might get it through your head that this is not a king's fort. It's a provincial fort: Pennsylvania built it; we held it in the last war, and we'll not have it used against us. Now, will you let us in?"

"I'll not!"

"Well, then, you'll get no pass from us to send those goods to Pitt's Town."

Was Grant smiling at this tall talk? It was no smiling matter; it was deadly earnest. Will Smith blurted out an ultimatum:

"Mark this: no military officer's pass is worth a copper without a magistrate's pass to back it up. Colonel Reid and your whole damned regiment can't get those goods out! No, by God! Five hundred men can't do it!"

Now *there* was a prime joke! A backwoods magistrate telling an officer of the Black Watch that his whole regiment must mark time at the mob will of a pack of country louts! It was the joke of the century. But Lieutenant Grant did not enjoy it long. He was a prisoner.

Justice Will Smith's ultimatum might sound ridiculous to British regulars, but the presence of three magistrates with two hundred armed and grim-faced men should have given warning that there was nothing funny about it, so far as the Pennsylvania frontiersmen were concerned. To put the situation mildly, it was a bit unusual to see even back-country justices at the head of a mob; it was a little out of the ordinary for king's magistrates to indulge in rioting; and it was scarcely in keeping with the notorious fluidity and cowardice

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of mobs for men who had fired on British troops to show themselves openly before a royal fort just four days later. But Grant could not grasp the fact that he was no longer dealing with a mob. He had all the courage of a British officer, all the blindness and all the superiority. He could not conceive that these clodhoppers would dare lay a hand on him. When, for the second time, James Smith drew off his riflemen, and the three magistrates retired without getting a look at Joseph Spear's merchandise, Lieutenant Grant had more confidence than ever. Hadn't he twice talked down a pack of rioters and sent them slinking home? He behaved exactly as if there had been no fight at the Widow Barr's house, exactly as if no soldiers of his garrison had been kidnapped under his very nose, exactly as if he hadn't been compelled to ransom his captured men by giving up his own prisoners. When the notion took him to go horseback riding, he went horseback riding.

On May twenty-eighth, as he jogged along the miserable road a mile or so from Fort Loudon, five men barred his way. He recognized three of them—James Smith, John Piery and Sam Owens—and knew that he was in for trouble. As they closed in on him, he kicked his horse and charged. A hand reached for his reins. He kicked that, too, and his headlong charge broke through the Black Boys.

Then a shot whipped out. At ten feet, it missed. James Smith wanted Grant, but he wanted him alive.

The shot did the business. The horse bolted, plunged sidewise, danced through a thicket, and the lieutenant of the Black Watch lost his stirrups. He went backward, head first, into sticky sumac, and he was still scrambling on all fours when the shirtmen pounced upon him. They pulled him and

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hauled him, yanked him to his feet, shook the fight out of him, and pushed him against a tree. The rifle muzzles, shoved close to his eyes, had a mean look. The Black Boys looked even meaner. They sounded meaner, too:

“Now we’ve got him! Settle with the bugger!”

“Shoot him!”

“Have the dirk of the rascal!”

It was realistic. It was damned unpleasant. It was meant to be so.

Grant got enough breath into him to demand:

“What d’ye want of me?”

“We want those guns you stole. We want the Indian goods you’ve got stored up. And Justice Reyonald wants you in his court to answer for your conduct.”

“Take me to your justice. Take me to William Smith, if you like; I’ll face him. But ye’ll get no guns without the colonel’s order.”

“Why, then, we’ll keep you till we do. We’ll just find out how bad the colonel wants you back.”

James Smith nodded, and a Black Boy trotted away and returned presently with horses. By nightfall Grant was in a strange, wild country, miles from Loudon. Lying shelterless in the woods, he could hear his captors talking by the fire.

“This damned lieutenant’s no use to us,” they were saying. “We’ve no need of a hostage to get back those guns, nor to get at Spear’s trade goods, either. Let’s have done with jawing about it. Those Highlanders aren’t such a much. We licked the stuffing out of ’em up at the widow’s, didn’t we? We can do it again, any time we’re a mind to. To hell with Grant! Pack him off to Carolina. Lose him in the mountains. Take his damned fort! Ay, that’s it. Take it! Burn it!”

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Poor Grant squirmed and sweated. To be a prisoner was bad enough. But to lose his fort . . . ! In his imagination he could see his men, leaderless and bewildered, surrendering to the mob. He could see them jostled, beaten, perhaps massacred. He could see Loudon looted, going up in flames. And he could see a court-martial, and himself before a tableful of stern, contemptuous officers, explaining that he hadn't been on hand to defend his post because he had gone riding and fallen off his horse. It was not a cheerful prospect. He stood it manfully for several hours, but when the Black Boys offered him a bargain he jumped at it; he agreed that if they would release him, he would give his personal bond for forty pounds to guarantee the surrender of the confiscated guns. On May twenty-ninth the five Black Boys rode up to Jim Cunningham's tavern with their prisoner, and at the slab bar Lieutenant Grant signed his security, to be forfeited within five weeks if he failed to keep his word. They let him go, then, with a warning: if he ventured to send troops to make any more arrests, there would be more than kidnapping, there would be gunfire.

Grant was no coward. As soon as he had had a look at his fort to make certain that it was still safe, he went boldly back to Cunningham's and walked into Will Smith's cabin. It was a goodish-sized house, as log houses went, but it seemed overcrowded; besides the magistrate, there were five men in it. Grant, looking at them, felt his anger choking him. This was a seat of the king's justice; but there, eying him with calm insolence, were the five men who had seized him—James Smith, Sam Owens, John Piery, and the two others whose names he did not know. He turned upon Will Smith:

“They're the ones! They assaulted me on the king's high-

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way. They shot at me and dragged me fifteen miles into the woods, and ye're harboring them! Is there no law?"

"Yes. There's law, all right."

"Then live up to it. Make out warrants to arrest those men."

"So you want warrants, do you?" Will Smith put his hand into his pocket. "I'll give you a warrant." He handed Grant a creased and shabby paper, and the blood surged into the officer's face as he read:

Cumberland County, ss.

To The Constable of Peters' Township:

Complaint upon Oath being made to me, Wm. Smith, being one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for said County, by James Brown, that he was Wounded by being Shot thro' the Thigh by Leonard McGlasken, Serjeant.

You are Hereby Comanded in his Majesty's name to apprehend him, the Said McGlasken, & him the said McGlasken being so taken or Delivered, you are to Bring Before me, or the Next Justice for Said County, in order to answer to Said Complaint & be farther prosecuted Against According to Law.

WM. SMITH.

There was law in the Conococheague, that spring of 1765, but it was not British law; it was American frontier law, rebel law. The Pennsylvania border had turned legal processes to its own uses. Nine months ago Lieutenant Governor Penn had threatened the frontier recruits in the Provincial Regiment with prosecution "with the utmost severity of the civil power" if they forgot their duty of defending the border which they already had been defending for more than a year without much help from their government. The recruits—James Smith was one of them—had discovered that the civil

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law was a weapon with two handles, and they were making use of it. The world had moved a little farther in its process of turning upside down.

Lieutenant Grant stormed off to write a dispatch that sizzled with his indignation; in it he informed his colonel that the bond for forty pounds, being had by duress, was of no effect. It could not bind him. He would keep the confiscated guns. And though all the rebels in the valley came against him, he would not surrender his "poor Serjeant" to "the merciless Rioters who must have been his Judges." When the constable of Peters township ventured into Fort Loudon with the warrant, the commandant seized it and refused to give it up; he kept it all summer "with a design to make Use of it against Justice Smith, and thereby to prove that tho' he would give me no Redress for the gross Insult offered to me by those lawless Fellows who Carried me from my Post Prisoner into the Woods, and whom I met at his own House, and Complained of to him without Redress; Yet he had the Assurance afterwards to Issue Said Warrant with a Malicious design, as I had reason to believe, to persecute the poor Serjeant who had received hard usage for doing his Duty, And who I thought it Incumbent on me to Protect. . . ."

From Grant's point of view and from his superior officers', everything he did was right and lawful; the rub was that on the Pennsylvania frontier the point of view about the law had changed with changing times and circumstances. Justice Will Smith wrote this letter:

From My Own House. . . .

Sir:

I am Sorry, upon your account, that you persist in Refusing to deliver Mr. McGlashen to the Civil Authority. I wish

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you would be kind enough to take a Ride & I will show you the Act of Parliament in that & such like cases, Made & provided, which I suppose will convince you of the Risque you are Running. As to the Guns, I have no Concern with them, only as a friend I would use the freedom to advise you to give them to the Owners, for however Unlawfully they were taken, I am sure they are much more unlawfully Detained, & from the Rage of the People I am afraid if you persist in Detaining them the Consequences will be bad.

I am,

Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

WM. SMITH.

To Lieu^t. Grant, Commanding at Loudon.

Thus events and grievances accumulated and their pressure pushed the valley men from one act to another. Each step they took compelled them to one more. Against his will, James Smith found that he had a government on his hands. At least, he was the head of something that was beginning to function like a government. It had an army, of sorts. It patrolled its borders. It issued passports. It controlled trade. It shut the British garrison up in Fort Loudon and no man in the king's uniform was safe beyond gunshot of the bastions unless he carried with him a pass like this:

Cumberland, ss

Permit the Bearers, Alex M'Kiney and Lachlan M'Kinnon, to pass unmolested to and from Antieatam, they behaving themselves Soberly and inoffensively as becomes loyal Subjects, they being Soldiers Carrying a Letter to Daniel M'Cay, and as they say, is going to purchase two Cows. Given under my Hand, this 20th of May, 1765.

Signed

WM. SMITH.

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Not a wagon or a pack train entered the valley of the Conococheague without being halted by outposts of Black Boys. Every load was searched; the goods were inventoried. The mountain gaps to the west were guarded. Not a trader got through to the Indian country unless he could show a permit such as this:

Cumberland, ss

Permit the Bearer, Thos. M'Cammiss, to pass to Fort Bedford, with nine Kegs of Rum, Eight Kegs of Wine, One Keg of Spirits, One Keg of Molasses, Three Kegs of brown Sugar, Four Kegs, packed with Loaf Sugar and Coffee and Chocolate, in all Twenty-six Kegs, and one bag of Shoes, provided always, that this Permit shall not extend to Carry any Warlike Stores, or any Article not herein mentioned.

Given under my Hand and Seal, 15th May, 1765.

Signed WM. SMITH.

As the Sidling Hill Volunteers have already Inspected these goods, and as they are all private property, it is Expected that none of these brave fellows will molest them upon the Road, as there is no Indian Supplies amongst them. Given under my Hand, May 15th, 1765.

Countersigned JAS. SMITH.

Those passes! Written out by candlelight in Will Smith's log cabin, on the unused ends of warrants. Scrawled on scraps of cartridge paper, with a leather knee or the head of an inspected keg for a desk. Issued to travelers and to the king's own soldiers as if they were passports granted to foreigners in an independent country. Neglected, forgotten, lost among thousands of other papers stored away in bales like so much waste, they were nevertheless America's first declarations of independence. They declared the spirit that was growing in the land.

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The government that issued them was as informal as its militia. But it was American; it had its being only in its people. It was a seed, and the gawky weed that sprang from it, that summer, put out three sprouts. The armed men who gathered at Jim Cunningham's tavern to loaf, and drink, and wait for their turn at patrol duty were its legislature, a spontaneous, changing, but continuous town meeting. The magistrates who sat on Will Smith's stools in the near-by cabin were its judiciary. And James Smith was its executive.

It even talked like a government: it was learning quickly. At the same time it penned up a British garrison by force of arms, stopped the king's military messengers and kidnapped the king's troops, it told everyone concerned that it was loyal, law abiding, and interested only in preserving public safety and order. When a train of wagons loaded with clothing for the western garrisons, and convoyed by a detachment of British regulars, came down the road from Harris's Ferry, the Black Boys permitted it to pass. But the word of honor of British officers was no longer taken at face value in the Conococheague; before he had marched far, the officer commanding the escort received a stiff letter:

Smith's Run, the 12th of June, 1765.

Sir:

Upon being well informed that you were coming up to Escort King's Goods only, I have used my influence with the people to prevent their opposing your March, or so much as Examining What you Carried; But now a Report prevails that under covert of s^d Cloathing & on Dependance of the Guard, hath presumed to March With Indian Goods & Warlike Stores, upon which Report the Country people is again Enraged. If the above Report is false, Be so Kind

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as to let me Know & I will endeavour to satisfy the Young Men.

I am, Sir,
a sincere lover of my King
and Country, & obed^t
H^ble Servant,
JAS. SMITH.

Directed

To the Commander of the Party at, or near, Fort Loudon, Escorting Necessaries for the King's Garrisons. To be forwarded by Lieu^t. Grant.

James Smith was still a lover of his king, but he was adding the word "country." He was still an "obedient and humble servant" to the king's officers, and he was meticulously courteous when he wrote letters to them. The leaders of the American colonists would still be courteous, even after Lexington, even after Breed's Hill; they would still be thinking of themselves as loyal subjects of their king and of their quarrel as a quarrel with the king's ministers, his governors and his military representatives; they would be talking of independence—when they talked of it at all—in awed and unbelieving tones. But already, in the summer of 1765, the quality of the Pennsylvania frontiersmen's humility and obedience to the gentlemen who governed in the king's name was leaving something to be desired.

The government of the Conococheague even had a capital. It had been simply "Smith's" or "Cunningham's" when the trouble started. But now that the Black Boys had built an Indian lodge or two behind Will Smith's cabin and had scattered a few half-faced camps around the tavern stables to shelter them when the weather got too bad, the place was

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beginning to look like a city. So they called it Smith's Town. By the first week of June, however, it had still another name. It was Hell's Town.

The name appeared first in a proclamation nailed up on a tree beside the road from Loudon to McDowell's mill:

ADVERTISEMENT

These are to give Notice to all our Loyal Volunteers, to those who has not yet enlisted, you are to come to our town and come to our Tavern and fill your Belly's with Liquor and your Mouth with Swearing, and you will have Your Pass, but if Not, your Back must be whipt & your mouth be gagged; You need not be discouraged by our last Disappointment, for our Justice did not get the Goods in their hands as they expected, or we should all have a large bounty. But our Justice has wrote to the governor, and everything clear on our side, and we will have Grant, the Officer of Loudon, whip'd or hang'd and then we will have orders for the Goods, so we need not stop; and we have or mind or will do for the Governor will pardon our crimes, and the Clergy will give us absolution, and the Country will stand by us; so we may do what we pleases, for we have law and government in our hands & we have a large sum of money raised for our Support, but we must take care that it will be spent in our Town, for our Justice gives us, and that have a mind to join us, free Toleration from drinking, swearing sabbath breaking, and any outrage we have a mind to do, to let those Strangers know their Place. It was first Possess, (Black's Town) and we move it to Squire Smith's Town, and now I think I have a right to call it and will remain till our pleasure, and we call it Hell's Town, Cumberland County, the 25th May, 1765.

PEETERS TOWNSHIP.

Your Scripture says "that the Devil is the Father of Lies," but I assure you this is the plain Truth what I say. God

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bless our brave loyal Volunteers, and Success to our Hellstown.

Hell's Town! The devil had stood godfather at that christening, a devil—so the Black Boys swore—who had a British license in his breeches pocket and king's shillings in his purse. They swore by the Holy Evangelist that none of them put that proclamation up, or wrote it, or conceived it. In fact, they did a good deal of swearing when they heard about it. There were some hellions in the crowd at Cunningham's who whooped and hollered over it. Whoever did it had the right idea. Why not hang Grant? The bugger had it coming to him! But the soberer of the valley men felt their nerves tighten. They saw danger in that advertisement, for it painted them blacker than their own war paint. There was something queer about it, and something queer, too, about its discovery on a tree beside the road to Nathaniel McDowell's mill. The man who found it was one Thomas Romberg. By his story, the scandalous sheet filled him so full of indignation that he tore it down, copied it, and hurried off to Loudon to tell Grant about it. In his excitement he lost the original—if there ever was one. But the copy suited Grant. It delighted him: it put a new weapon into his hand. Here was proof that James Smith and his Black Boys were low roisterers, bandits, bloody-minded cutthroats, and the lieutenant's quill could not travel fast enough, dashing off a fresh copy for his colonel. He sent it to Reid by a messenger who promptly ran into a Conococheague patrol.

The messenger arrived, finally, at the colonel's headquarters with a fine tale of having stood off the Black Boys with his broadsword. Perhaps he did. But at any rate the

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Black Boys read the proclamation and found out who had run to Grant with it. Tom Romberg! *There* was the devil! Romberg filled the bill—he had a British license and he had king’s shillings in his pockets. He was official commissary to the Loudon garrison. So that was it! Propaganda! The blasted traders and the British troops were going to fight with lies, were they?

The valley government struck back. It had the law on its side—valley law; it was making the law as it went along. Will Smith called a sheriff and wrote out a warrant. He specified no charge—if he had set it down, he would have made it treason, probably. Tom Romberg was arrested. There was talk of prison, but he was told that he could save himself by disclosing who wrote that scurrilous proclamation. Commissary Romberg swore that he didn’t know, but all that his protestations did for him was to convince the court that he was lying.

“If you’ll not tell,” Justice Smith informed him, “the law will condemn *you* as the author.”¹ He eyed Romberg sternly. “I’m sorry for you; you’re ignorant of the law.”

“Well,” Romberg retorted, “all you can do to me is hang me or send me out of the country.”

“No; we’ll not do that. But it’s going to cost you money.” The sentence was a fine too stiff for Tom Romberg’s purse, and the court considerably gave him time to dig up the money. Justice Will Smith was not nearly so anxious to punish the fellow as he was to throw the fear of God and the Black Boys into Romberg’s friends. He was using counter-propaganda.

The uprising in the Conococheague valley was taking on more of the characteristics of rebellion. It had its counter-

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plot now. It had its tories. And it had opened negotiations with the provincial government at Philadelphia: Lieutenant Governor Penn had summoned Will Smith to give an account of his conduct in appearing with the "mob" before Fort Loudon, and he had packed his saddlebags, straddled his horse, and galloped off to the capital of the king's colonial government to act as spokesman for the frontier.

Chapter XXI

“AN ACTUAL STATE OF REBELLION”

THE royal government of Pennsylvania was considerably quicker to heed the tumult in the Conococheague settlements than it had been, in 1755 and 1763, to do anything effective toward protecting those settlements from massacre and destruction.

When the eminently respectable gentlemen of Baynton and Wharton came bellowing loyally about the outrageous burning of “the king’s property” in the ambushade at Sidelong Hill, the lieutenant governor acted with a promptness and vigor calculated to commend him to all substantial citizens. He climbed into a traveling coach and posted off to Carlisle to see that the obstreperous “back inhabitants” were prosecuted with the utmost severity of the civil power. To make certain that this civil power should awe the wild men of the frontier, he packed the attorney general and two members of the provincial council with him. Although his luck with it had been mostly bad, he still had boundless faith in prosecution. But all he got out of his trip to Carlisle was the ride.

Within a few days he was back in Philadelphia, fuming with frustration, and writing lugubriously to General Gage:

“On my arrival there [Carlisle] I immediately sent for Capⁿ Callendar, one of the Owners of the Goods that were

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destroyed, to give me all the information he could of the persons he suspected were principally concerned in the outrage, and to furnish me with all the names of y^e witnesses who could be supposed to know anything of the matter; altho' I could not gain certain proofs of the persons who committed the Fact, I caused Warrants to be instantly issued for such as were suspected, and the Sheriff was dispatched to execute them, being authorized to collect the power of the County to his aid, and instructed to desire the assistance of the King's troops at Fort Loudon, if he should find it necessary. [And *that* at a time when the “power of the county” was represented by James Smith's two or three hundred riflemen and the king's troops were penned up in their stockade, venturing out of it only when equipped with passes signed by the very men whom the sheriff was trying to arrest.] This Step, however, proved ineffectual; the suspected persons had all absconded before he arrived in the part of the County where they lived, so that none was apprehended. [They had “absconded,” probably, to Jim Cunningham's tavern, and Cunningham's was not a healthful place for sheriffs bearing warrants for James Smith; the sheriff seems to have been a man of discretion.] In the meantime the Witnesses were sent for & examined on Oath, and I herewith send you Copies of several of the Depositions, by which you will perceive what part Justice Smith, who is charged to have encouraged the Rioters, appear to have acted upon that occasion.¹

“All the Witnesses who were examined, as well as a number of others who were then absent, were, by my orders, bound over to give Evidence at the next Court, and Bills of Indictment were accordingly presented to the Grand Jury,

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but tho' all the Witnesses appeared and were examined by the Jury, it seems they were of Opinion that there was not sufficient Testimony to convict a single Person charged, and the Bills were returned *ignoramus*. Thus I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that in a regular Course of Justice, I have done everything on this occasion that could be done consistent with law."

He derived satisfaction from exceedingly small results; but he derived no understanding from the exceeding smallness of his accomplishment at Carlisle. The refusal of the grand jury of frontiersmen to return indictments gave him, apparently, no inkling of the explosive situation. If the jury had been considering its provincial government's knowledge of conditions in the border settlements, it would have been justified in returning a bill against John Penn, *ignoramus*. Even after he was officially informed that the traders who appealed for "justice" had not come to him with clean hands, the records fail to disclose that he made any effort to investigate the provocation under which the Black Boys acted, the legality of the shipment of goods by Baynton and Wharton, or the legality of the arrests made by the Black Watch without warrants. He accepted as true the charges that the border settlers had been wholly in the wrong, and was wordily vigorous in his demands for punishment, in spite of the fact that within a week or two after the charges were made he was reading letters from Gage and Sir William Johnson—the letters which exposed the neat trick of the Quaker merchants to get the advantage of their business rivals by "stealing up" their merchandise to the Indian country while the trade was still unlawful. In fact, he had much less sympathy for the frontiersmen of his own province than Sir William had.

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Even as late as June seventh, eight weeks after Wharton had visited Johnson Hall with his complaint about the Black Boys, Sir William was finding it difficult to work up any real indignation over the traders' troubles. He had just made the rather embarrassing discovery that his own deputy, George Croghan, had been a party to the trick; and he sat down and wrote John Penn another letter which established beyond doubt that most of the goods destroyed in the attack on the pack train had been private property.

“Sir,” he said, “I am just favoured with your letter of the 23^d ulto., with the enclosures, and I am much obliged to you for the particulars you communicated on the late affair at Sideling Hill, &c. Mr. Croghan has cleared up the affair to the General, and has wrote me a letter of the 12th ulto, wherein he informs me that he had settled all matters with the Inds, & was to proceed for the Illinois in a Day or two, accompanied by the Chiefs of several Nations. He appears very much concerned at the charges insinuated against him,² which he removes, confessing he encouraged the Traders to be in readiness at Fort Pitt, in case he got possession [of the Illinois country] & this was done he says by the approbation of Col. Bouquet.

“When I came to Philadelphia [Sir William quoted Croghan's explanation] Mess^{rs} Baynton & Wharton told me that they had a quantity of goods, which they had prepared to take to the Illinois in Sixty-three, when Col. Bouquet was to go to take possession of that Country, & told me he had promised them at that time the exclusive liberty of going with him, which I know he had done, and that those goods lay still on their hands, and desired me to give them my opinion whether I thought a Trade would be admitted there, or

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whether they could take them to Fort Pitt, & there lodge them in the King's Store till the Trade would be opened with authority. I answered them that undoubtedly when we had possession in the Illinois a Trade would be allowed, & that with respect to sending y^e goods to Fort Pitt, they ought to apply to Col. Bouquet for his liberty, and I certainly encouraged them in this, as I knew there was but little goods here to supply the Indians when things might be settled with them & the Trade opened, which I thought then, and do now, would be for the good of the Service, and I never understood that those goods was intended to be sold to Indians till the Trade was opened by authority.

“They desired me to mention their design to Col. Bouquet, which I did, and y^e necessity which I thought there would be of goods here when the Trade should be opened, and he told me as I had a Pass to take up the Presents, if I thought it necessary, I might pass those goods under it, in consequence of which, as I had left part of the Presents in the care of Cap^t Calender, I gave a pass to bring out part of theirs, in which step I find I have been wrong.’”

With his own deputy's admission in his hands, Sir William was not anxious to press the affair.

“I was of opinion,” he informed Penn, “it would be no easy task to bring the persons concerned in the late riotous act to Justice, as I believe there are too many of the back Inhabitants of ye same way of thinking with them, & who judged them doing a meritorious act.”

Johnson probably knew more about America, its uncivilized savages and its only partially civilized and occasionally savage backwoodsmen, than any other British official on the continent. When he came to the decision that trade with

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the Indians was desirable and necessary, in order to keep the tribes on friendly terms with the English colonies and prevent them from falling once more under French influence, he undoubtedly was acting for the ultimate safety and security of the border settlements. But he was too well informed and practical a man to expect those border settlements to appreciate the wisdom of his policy; he understood that backwoodsmen who had been fighting for their lives against merciless enemies, less than a year ago, must look upon the sale of arms and powder to those same enemies as inexcusable. He realized that the settlements had sound reasons to be apprehensive, but his duty was to look ahead and to plan ahead; it was his duty to take risks. And whatever policy he recommended to the king's ministers must involve a grave risk. If he caused the Indian trade to be forbidden, he might throw the tribes into the arms of the French, who not only would sell them guns and powder but would also egg them on to attack the English frontiers. If he caused the trade to be reopened, the weapons sold by English traders might be used, before long, against his own people. But, in his judgment, the second was the lesser risk; he was convinced that his decision would cost fewer lives than a prolonged struggle with Indian nations which had been made resentful by a refusal to trade and which would inevitably obtain their weapons from the French.

It seems not to have occurred to anyone except the people in the exposed border settlements that it was the duty of government to give loyal subjects adequate protection—not only to keep “warlike stores” from going to the Indians, but also to defend the frontier with an army strong enough to shut out the French traders and keep the Indians

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in awe. Both the king's ministers and the provincial government of Pennsylvania regarded the cost of such an undertaking as fantastic and prohibitive, and from the taxpayers' viewpoint they undoubtedly were right. Substantial citizens, snug in their eastern cities, took the position that if the backwoods settlers thought the frontier was dangerous they should move back into safer country. The settlers took the position that the substantial citizens who shipped guns and powder to the Indians were accessories to murder. By mid-June they felt that their own government also had become an accessory. There was another proclamation in the valley—no scrawled scurrility about Hell's Town, mysteriously posted on a tree to be found by Commissary Romberg, but a printed sheet that bore John Penn's name and a solemn reference to the great seal of the province.

In the cabin a few rods down the road from Cunningham's, the grim faces of James Smith and Sam Owens, John Piery and Tom Orbison, Bill Duffield and Sam Davis, grew still grimmer as Will Smith read from the creased and ink-smudged paper. It was headed:

"A PROCLAMATION:

"*Whereas*, His Majesty, by his Royal Proclamation, given at St. James's the Seventh day of October, 1763, in the third Year of his reign, was graciously pleased to declare and enjoin, that the Trade with the several Nations or Tribes of Indians with whom he is connected, & who live under his protection . . ."

Protection! Ay, that's the word! Penn and the king's troops protected those Indians in Philadelphia last year. By God, three companies of Royals sat there all summer while

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the red devils killed young Barr an' Mrs. Cunningham an' the schoolmaster an' the brats. All those children . . . ! Go on, Will.

“. . . should be free and open to all of his Majesty's Subjects whatever. . . . *And Whereas*, by my proclamation, dated the 5th Day of December last, a Cessation of all Hostilities between his Majesty's Subjects in this Province, and the several Tribes of Northern and Western Indians, was strictly enjoined and required”

What about the scalps they took this spring? Does Penn think the Injuns read his damned proclamations?

“. . . since which, great numbers of the said Indians have lately assembled at Fort Pitt, & there renewed and confirmed with George Croghan, Esq^r., Deputy Agent for Indian Affairs, their engagements, formerly made with Brigadier General Bouquet, to cultivate the strictest harmony & friendship with all his Majesty's Subjects, and have given sufficient Hostages as a security. . . .”

Hostages! They gave hostages at the Muskingum, too, but how long did Bouquet keep 'em? He lost the most of 'em before he ever got back to the Forks.

Will Smith read on: “I have, therefore, thought fit, by and with the advice of the Council, to issue this proclamation, hereby publishing & declaring to all his Majesty's subjects within my Government, that from and after the 20th day of June instant, all intercourse and trade with the several Nations and Tribes of Indians in amity with the Crown of Great Britain, and living under his Majesty's protection, shall be free and open to all persons residing in this Province, who shall apply for and obtain my Licence to carry on such trade. . . .”

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God shrivel him, he's done it! He's opened up the trade! Protect the Indians—and to hell with the frontier!

“Hold on a minute,” Will Smith said. “There’s more to it. Listen to this: *‘And Whereas*, I have received information that sundry persons have, at several times lately, assembled themselves in armed Bodies on the Western Frontiers of this Province, and have, in a most riotous and illegal manner, presumed to interrupt the passage of all kinds of Goods to Fort Pitt, by which the Garrison there hath been greatly distressed; and that small parties are now encamped and lying in wait for the same purpose, on the road of Communication to that Post; I do strictly charge and command all persons whatsoever, so assembled, forthwith to disperse themselves, and desist from all such illegal proceedings and practises, as they will answer the Contrary at their peril; And I do further enjoin & require all his Majesty’s Subjects within this Government, to suffer every person hereafter travelling towards Fort Pitt with Goods, wares, or Merchandise, and having my Licence to trade with the Indians; as also, all persons transporting Goods and Military Stores for the use of any of his Majesty’s Garrisons, & having a passport for the same, from the Commanding Officer of one or more of the posts, to proceed and pass with the said Goods, Wares, merchandizes, & Military Stores, freely and safely, without offering Violence or injury to their persons, or any Goods under their Charge, or giving them the least Molestation whatsoever, as they will answer the contrary at their peril: And I do further enjoin & require all Magistrates, Sheriffs, and other Officers, to use their utmost Endeavors to quell and suppress all riots, tumults and disorderly proceedings, tending to disturb the peace & quiet of his Majesty’s Subjects, and also to be aiding

By the Honorable
and Counties of New Jersey

Whereas His Majesty by his Letters
pleas'd to declare and command, that the Trade
free and open to all His Majesty's Subjects
at a Licence for carrying on such Trade
& also give Authority to observe such Licences
that purpose, to order and direct for the
Commanders in Chief of all his Colonies
to grant such Licences or without, his

proceed, in case the former, to whom the same is granted, should refuse or
by any Proclamation dated the fifth day of December last, a Speech of
Indians was strictly enjoyned and required, since which great number
George Roghan Esq; Deputy Agent for Indian Affairs, their Injuri-
ous and Friendship, with all his Majesty's Subjects, and have
might again enjoy the Benefit of a Trade with the Inhabitants
issue this Proclamation, hereby publishing and declaring to
of here instant, all Interourse and Trade with the several
Majesty's Colonies, shall be free and open to all Persons residing
provisions and Instructions mentioned in the said Royal Proclamation
lately assembled themselves in waded Bodies on the Wines
interrupt the Passage of all kinds of Goods to Coastwise by
and lying in wait for the same purpose, on the Road of Commerce
assembled forthwith to disperse themselves, and depart from
And I do further enjoin and require all his Majesty's
with Goods, Wares, or Merchandizes, & having any Licence for
the use of any of his Majesty's Garrisons, and having a Passage
with the said Goods, Wares, Merchandizes, and Military Stores
their Charge, or give them the least Molestation whatsoever, as they
Stratles, Thieves and other Officers to use their utmost Endeavours
the Peace and Quiet of his Majesty's Subjects, and also to be diligent
therein, that the Offenders may be prosecuted according to Law
GIVEN under my hand and the Great
Majesty's reign, & in the Year of our

By His Honour's Command
Joseph Hopson
Secretary

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and assisting in discovering & apprehending all persons that may be in any manner concerned therein, that the Offenders may be prosecuted according to due Course of Law.

“*Given* under my hand and the Great Seal of the said Province, At Philadelphia, the fourth day of June, in the fifth Year of His Majesty’s Reign, & in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Sixty-five. JOHN PENN.’”

Well! Well, think o’ that, now! What’s that name he calls us, Will? Sundry persons, eh? Do you feel sundry, Jim? Neither do I; I just feel Godamighty mad. I don’t feel a damn’ bit like dispersin’ myself; the fact is, I ain’t goin’ to disperse!

After sitting unconcernedly on the fence for three months, the provincial government at last had taken a vigorous jump—and landed with both feet upon the most sensitive nerves of the frontier settlers. Penn, in his proclamation, had showed no greater consideration for their feelings, and no clearer understanding of their character, than he had showed in his resounding address to the Pennsylvania battalions which had been kept idle in Carlisle and Lancaster, the year before, while the Indians butchered and burned along the Conococheague. He made no effort to explain—even if he understood it—the long-range policy under which the Indian trade was being reopened; he did not concern himself with the deep-rooted fears of men and women who had lived for years in constant peril of death and captivity, mutilation and torture. Instead, he threatened them, as he had once threatened the back-country volunteers who had enlisted to fight for their homes. And his new proclamation was just about as effective, in the Conococheague valley, as his order to the Pennsylvania Regiment had been in 1764. It fell flat, but in

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falling it made a tremendous noise. The noise was highly disrespectful and profane.³

Three weeks after Lieutenant Governor Penn and the gentlemen of his council had drawn up the proclamation and ordered two hundred copies "to be printed in separate Sheets, & dispersed thro' the Province," the same honorable gentlemen were beginning to realize that they had serious trouble on their hands—trouble not likely to be blown away with words, since the Black Watch already had failed to blow it away with gunpowder. Benjamin Chew, Lynford Lardner, Richard Penn, and the lieutenant governor were listening with pained attention as an excited secretary stuttered through a thick packet of letters from General Gage. Strange as it seems, the government of Pennsylvania was getting the first real information about the insurrection on its own frontier, a hundred and sixty miles to the west, from New York almost a hundred miles to the northeast!

"I have the honor to transmit to you," Gage began mildly, "some Extracts of Letters which I have received concerning the Proceedings of the Inhabitants of Cumberland County, who appear daily in Arms, and seem to be in an actual State of Rebellion. It appears, likewise, that the Rebels are supported by some of the Magistrates, particularly one Smith, a Justice of the Peace, and headed by his Son. [The general had the relationship confused.] Unless these Insurrections are immediately quelled, and the Authors and Abettors of them brought to punishment, it is impossible to say where they will end. If the King's Troops are fired upon, and his Forts threatned with Assaults by Men in Arms, headed by Magistrates, who refuse the ordinary Course of justice demanded of them by the Officers, I can't pretend to answer for the Con-

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sequences. It belongs to you to point out the Measures proper to be taken in such Circumstances, but it is my duty to represent these matters to you, and to offer you every assistance in my power for the support of Government, and to Enforce an Obedience to the Laws, both which seem in danger of entire Subversion.”

The gentlemen of the provincial council looked at one another in consternation. Rebellion? Insurrection? Those were strong words for the commander in chief of His Majesty's armies in North America to use in an official communication. But in the packet with the general's letter were two other letters—formal reports sent by Lieutenant Colonel John Reid, commanding officer of the Black Watch, to headquarters in New York. They told of armed attacks on two pack trains—Callendar's and Nailer's; of the fight at the Barr house and the bloodshed there; of the capture of Lieutenant Grant; and of the passes “signed by Justice Smith and his Brother-in-law, not only for traders but even for Soldiers of the Garrison, who are not safe to go anywhere about their lawful affairs by a pass from their own Officers.”

The “villians,” Colonel Reid added with heat, “use the Troops upon every occasion with such indignity & abuse that Flesh and Blood cannot bear it. . . . A party of them had the Impudence again to intercept the Express I mentioned in my last, in his return from Carlisle . . . used him cruelly, and detained him all day; one Wilson, who seemed to head the party, told the Express that they were determined to stop the Cloathing of the Regiment in its way from Carlisle.”

Also enclosed in the budget of bad news from General Gage was a copy of the Hell's Town proclamation which

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had so delighted Lieutenant Grant and enraged the soberer settlers. It had exactly the effect which Will Smith feared it would have: it destroyed whatever sympathy the governor and the council might have had for the frontier insurgents. Penn used stronger language about that proclamation than he used about the attacks on the pack trains, the skirmish in "The Pastures," or the capture of Lieutenant Grant. It was, he declared angrily, "Villanously false & scandalous, and most injurious to my Reputation." What he objected to was the insinuation that his sympathies were with the rebels, and it did not occur to him that the rebels might have had nothing to do with writing it. He swallowed it whole, and spat up the threat that he would "spare no pains in detecting the Authors"; and then, digesting it a little, he decided that it was a political trick to damage him, devised by "a party in this province who have been indefatigable in their endeavours to malign and traduce me on all occasions." He was much more tender of his own reputation than he was of the feelings of the frontier settlements he governed; he made no effort to reassure the "back inhabitants" that reopening the Indian trade would not bring the scalping parties down on them again, no effort to reason with them or persuade them that their course was wrong.

When the secretary finished the last of Gage's unpleasant enclosures, Penn set to work upon an answer which, in spite of his desire to make the best of a bad matter, turned out to be a dismal confession of failure and frustration. It was the account of his bootless errand to Carlisle, and it left a great deal to be desired. To improve it, he added:

"You may be well assured that if I gain information & proof of the persons who have been concerned in these Out-

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rages, particularly the insults offered to the King's Forts & the abuse of the Officers & Soldiers, I shall immediately order them to be apprehended & made Examples of, & if in the Execution of this Business, the assistance of the regular Troops shall be found necessary, I shall take the liberty of applying to you to furnish me with a Detachment on the occasion.”

For two days John Penn's efforts to put down rebellion kept the goose quills squeaking in his office. He dictated a letter to Lieutenant Grant, calling on him to furnish evidence; he dictated another to James Maxwell, the one Conococheague magistrate known to be hostile to the Black Boys, ordering him to come to Philadelphia to testify against Will Smith, his fellow justice. He sent a summons to Will Smith himself:

“SIR:

“I am to inform you that you have been lately charged with having encouraged and protected the rioters in Cumberland County, in their illegal and disorderly proceedings, and that you have suffered your House to be made their place of Rendezvous; This was complained of by Lieutenant Grant & Justice Maxwell to Col^l. Reid, who communicated the same to General Gage; and his Excellency has represented the matter to me, & sent me extracts of the Colonel's Letters, Copies of which I have sent enclosed in a Letter this day wrote to the Magistrates of Cumberland upon the Subject, and I desire to refer you more particularly to them for the Complaint of your Conduct. As it is necessary for your own honour and my satisfaction, that you should clear up the matter if it can be done, I do require you to appear before me at Philadelphia, on Tuesday the 30 day of July next, to

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answer these new Charges; on which Occasion I have, also, required Justice Maxwell to be here."

Considering that it was addressed to an officer of the law accused of harboring rebels and conniving at armed insurrection, the summons was mild enough to indicate that the lieutenant governor was losing faith in the efficacy of threats. But when his letter to the other magistrates reached the Conococheague, the uneasy settlers found all of Gage's angry words repeated in it: "a state of rebellion . . . the king's troops fired upon . . . unless these Insurrections are immediately quell'd, and the Authors and Abettors of them brought to punishment, it is impossible to say where they will end, or what may be the consequences." It concluded with a threat sterner than the one read to the Pennsylvania battalions not quite a year before:

"If I find the same turbulent & unruly Spirit still continues which has actuated the people of your County for several Months, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of applying, in the last resort, to the General for the assistance of his Majesty's troops."

Penn's new threat fell just as flat as his others had already fallen; it failed utterly to impress the men who had been harrying, kidnapping, and humiliating the soldiers of one of his Majesty's crack regiments. Far from being awed, the valley answered stoutly—answered twice.

The first reply came from the magistrates, who assured the governor politely that they were his obedient and humble servants but who used language which was neither the one nor the other. Instead of acting to "quell and suppress" the insurrection, they assembled, swore, thumped the table,

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quoted law, and drew up a vigorous “remonstrance” to the governor against licensed murder, illegal arrests, unlawful seizures of private property (the confiscated guns) and military disregard of civil liberties. Will Smith tucked the remonstrance into his best coat, packed his saddlebags, and rode off to Philadelphia none too certain that he would ever get back home. For the penalty for rebels was the gallows, and the paper in his pocket fairly reeked of rebellion: the valley magistrates could not defend their people without tainting themselves with the smell of burned powder in their people’s rifles.

The second answer to Penn’s threat to send more troops against them came from the valley’s “men in arms” themselves, and it had an even stronger odor of gunpowder in it. The smell was rank and fresh because the powder was exploding and the Black Boys’ rifle balls were drumming on the palisades of Fort Loudon.

Chapter XXII

THE EVACUATION OF FORT LOUDON

THE hot summer of 1765 burned itself out in a last blaze of autumn color that turned the wooded Tuscaroras into billows of red and yellow flame; but when the mountains had turned black with naked tree trunks and the November haze hung like blue, dying smoke above them, the fire of anger in the valley settlements had not yet burned out. A cold wind from across the ridges fanned it with new threats and rumors, and the Conococheague presented the second reel in its advance showing of the great American drama, *Revolution*.

The cause for which the insurgents had risked their lives was a lost cause; it had been lost since the fourth day of June, when Penn proclaimed the Indian trade reopened. But they invented a new rallying cry. It was no longer "Stop the traders!" or "No licensed murder!" It was "Grant, damn you, give us back those guns!" The garrison in Fort Loudon was still holding the five rifles and four muskets which it had seized when it arrested the handiest suspects after the destruction of Bob Callendar's pack train. The arrests had been unlawful: Will Smith said so, and Will was a magistrate. The jailed men had been innocent: the Cumberland grand jury said so. The continued impounding of their weapons, therefore, was illegal; it was a violation of a free man's civil rights;

Philadelphia

June 1765

I have lately received a Letter from His Excellency General
 Penn complaining much of the violent Conduct of the Settlers
 of Cumberland, that they seize upon the Indians, and even that they
 are in a State of Rebellion; that they are supported in their pro-
 ceedings by some of the Village Traders and particularly by the
 Scotch and English Traders who are said to be
 with the Indians, even in some kind of Village Traders who
 regard the ordinary Laws of Justice as a Burden upon them by the
 Officers, and that in consequence thereof their Inhabitations are immediately
 quitted by the Settlers & Traders upon the first Complaint
 it is impossible to say where they will end, or what may
 be the Consequences. As a Foundation for this General
 the General has transmitted to me Extracts of two Letters from
 Mr. [Name] with Copy of an Advertisement which was
 found fixed up near Fort Loudoun. I herewith send you
 Copies of these Extracts so far as relate to the Conduct of the
 Settlers since my Journey to Carlisle. And I do require
 you forthwith to obtain a full and true State of these several
 Matters, and to procure the Names of the persons concerned
 therein supported by Affidavits more particularly as to the
 Affair of making Lieut. Grant a Prisoner, and transmit
 the same to me. — I hope my late Proclamation
 will have a good Effect in causing these Violent & Unlawful
 Proceedings to cease; yet I think it necessary at this time to require
 you in a more particular manner, that it is my express
 Commands to each Vall of you, that you be constantly and
 Vigilant in exerting all your Power Influence and Endeavour
 to quell and suppress all such appearances of Hostilities & Disobedience

Governor Penn's letter to the justices of the rebellious settlements, 1765
 (see over)

in the County, to preserve the publick peace, and to bring
the Offenders to Justice. — I

still continued
If I find the same turbulent & unruly spirit, which
which has actuated the people of your County for
several Months past, I shall be under the disagreeable
Necessity of applying to the General for the assistance
of a ^{in the last Report} Justice of the Peace, which he is ready to furnish
me with to enforce my Order, and a due Obedience to
the Laws, ~~and being fully convinced that an a further
effort will be made to support the same~~
~~proceedings of the said Justice of the Peace~~

I am Gentlemen

Your most Obedtⁿ
servt

John Penn

Done in the Justice of
the Peace for the County
of Lancaster, this 13th
of June 1765

To John Armstrong Esq^r and his Associates Justices
of the peace for the County of Lancaster.

Governor Penn's letter to the justices of the rebellious
settlements, 1765

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it was a God-damned outrage. The valley settlers had a new cause, a new principle, for which to fight.

Not that they thought about it as a cause or a principle: they were, most of them, just downright mad. It wasn't just the matter of nine guns that griped them: it was the high-handed, underhanded way the troops had acted. The buggers had taken money off of Callendar, hadn't they? That showed they had been bribed to do the traders' dirty work, then, didn't it? They'd cut loose with their muskets at men walking on the public highway, hadn't they? They shot Jim Brown, didn't they? What if we did shoot back at them? They started it. The mere sight of feathered bonnets on the walls of Fort Loudon gave the Black Boys a pain in the fundament. What they really wanted was another crack at the king's regulars. Will Smith put their yearning into words. "It was a pitty," he said, that "some Man would not undertake to Settle those Highlanders, for they would ruin the Country."¹

In the middle of November they got their wish. Word came to Cunningham's that a column of reinforcements was on the march eastward from Fort Bedford to relieve Fort Loudon, end the insurrection, and round up its leaders.² James Smith made another desperate decision. He attacked.

Dusk filled the valley level with the mountaintops. But it also filled the wild plum thickets and the rank, dry grass and the patches of woodland, by the ford of the west branch, with rustlings louder than the small night wind should make—with slow creepings and swift, stealthy scurryings across dead leaves. Pale stars are strung along the summit of the Tuscaroras like lights on a high, black wall. It is possible, almost, to see them move. It is hard to keep from imagining that they are moving. The regulars from Bedford will be coming over

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that wall, they will be coming down through Great Cove Gap the same way we saw them coming through the gateway of Fort Pitt last year—only last year they were marching out to fight the redsticks, and this year they're marching to fight us. Get goin', there, Black Boys! There hain't much time left; they'll be here directly. What's Cap'n Jim up to, anyway? Is he goin' to hang Grant? Naw, he's a-goin' to kiss him! Is that so? Well, if he does, I'll lay you odds it hain't where Grant's been tryin' to make Jim kiss him.

The army of the Conococheague is going into action in its own way.

Men in ragged hunting shirts are crawling through the frost-stiff grass. Men in greasy leather, in threadbare linsey, in worn-out moccasins are running, crouching, slipping through the willow tangles. Men wrapped like Indians in dirty blankets are curled up behind the low bank of the Conococheague or squeezed in, two by two, behind big trees. They are tucking their hands into their shirts to warm their trigger fingers on their bare hides. They are squinting down their rifle barrels at the glow that rises from Fort Loudon. The sharpened logs of the stockade stand like a row of spikes against the glow. On one of the bastions, a sentry breaks off peering at the invisible low hill: the noise he heard out there was nothing but the wind, or maybe a coon foraging for its supper. Musket on shoulder, he calls out huskily:

“Seven o'clock! Post one, an' a's weel!”

A rifle flashes. *Whrapp!* It spits powder sparks a barrel length beyond its muzzle.

The sparks seem to wink out, but they have set the night on fire. They catch in the underbrush, in the long, dead meadow grass and in the dry leaves along the creekbank. A

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hundred thin red tongues lick out from a hundred rifles. For ten, twenty seconds after that first shot their vicious flicker draws a circle all around Fort Loudon. Then the scalp yells let go. When the air stops shuddering from the shock of the volley and from the echoes rolled back by the Tuscaroras, it begins to shudder with the gobbling kill cry of the Shawnees. This is a deer drive! This is a ring-hunt!

James Smith took part in a ring-hunt seven years ago. The fire he helped to kindle then on the Scioto prairie made more smoke and flame, but the one he has just now kindled with his signal shot roars louder; it moves more slowly, but it burns with a fiercer crackling as it creeps in toward the stockade. The yells, too, are fiercer than the hunters' yells were, but they serve a similar purpose. James Smith thinks they may be useful: the regulars inside Fort Loudon are not deer, but they may be frightened. They may even be frightened into giving up the confiscated guns and into making terms that will save him and Sam Owens, John Piery and Bill Duffield and the other rebel leaders from the punishment of rebels. The Black Boys fire as fast as they can load. While they load they yell.

And Charles Grant is beginning to be frightened. He is brave enough; but the firing outside is the hottest the Black Watch has faced since the day it stormed Ticonderoga and was hurled back. The wild whoops sound too ugly-much like those at Bushy Run, and the firing is hotter because these backwoodsmen are quicker at loading than the Indians were. This James Smith, Grant remembers, lived five years among the savages: he is more Indian than white; he'll stop at nothing. He has already threatened to burn down the fort. It looks, this time, as if he meant to do it.

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Grant expects assault, a swarm of shirtmen clambering up his walls, a charge with log battering rams against his gate. He dares not fire: he has only a little ammunition, and a rush may catch his men with empty muskets. The Highland soldiers stand all night beside the loopholes, ready, while the bullets *whap, whap* ceaselessly against the palisades. The lead slugs crisscross over the parade with the splintering noise of timbers snapped in two—a shredding, tearing sound that shreds and tears the nerves of men who can do nothing but stand still and wait. Now and again a spent ball comes down, *chuck*, on the tramped earth beside them or *whick* on the roof of the barracks.

Dawn brings a lull, but there is no withdrawal this time, as there was in March. The rebels are in plain sight from the loopholes; they are cooking breakfast, barely out of gunshot. They squat in the open, eating, drinking, cleaning their long rifles with an ominous thoroughness, and when their bellies are full and their rifles spick and span, they enjoy themselves by making rude noises and a certain impolite gesture which requires the co-operation of the nose and thumb. Grant ventures to a bastion platform and sees, through the bare trees along the creek, the road to Great Cove Gap stretching empty in the sun; but in the opposite direction, on the road from Cunningham's, he sees a straggle of brown shirts topped with swaggering brown rifles. James Smith is getting reinforcements; Grant is not. The shirtmen come hurrying in all day. By nightfall Smith has another hundred rifles on his firing line.

The second night is worse. The rebels are fresh and full of hell: they had time to sleep by daylight, because there were plenty of them to take turns standing guard. The High-

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landers are tired out: in Fort Loudon, nobody had been taking turns at duty; the whole garrison was on watch. A sentry, tried beyond endurance, slams his musket to his shoulder and fires at a persistent sniper, but he misses.³ For two nights and days the soldiers of the Forty-second go without sleep. By morning of November eighteenth, they are gray-faced, red-eyed and stumbling-tired, and the logs that shelter them are studded with flattened chunks of lead like the heads of badly made nails. At daylight the firing ceases and James Smith sends a flag of truce. With it comes a question:

“Have you had enough? Are you ready to give up those guns?”

Grant is not yet ready; he answers with a quibble. He offered, a while ago, to turn the guns over to the magistrates, but the magistrates wouldn't take them. The reason for the justices' refusal was that the army wanted the confiscated weapons held until their owners had been tried as rioters and rebels, although the grand jury had already held them innocent.⁴ So the parley comes to nothing and the white flag returns to the rebel lines. James Smith gives the word to open fire again.

The frontier marksmen, the deer hunters and the Indian fighters begin to gnaw the edges of the loopholes into slivers. A ball whines through. Another. And another. The exhausted garrison crouches at the base of the wall where the logs are thickest, the chinks narrowest. Where are the troops from Bedford? Have the rebels ambushed them in the mountains? Will no help come? This cannot go on forever. Even regulars must sleep sometime. Even the Black Watch is human.

It goes on for three hours—crash and crackle of encircling rifles; hammer, hammer of lead on the palisades; war

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whoops and scalp halloos that are growing uglier because the Black Boys are hoarse with yelling and with powder smoke. Then, suddenly, it stops. Through the rifle smother the white flag flourishes again. Another messenger comes down the brown field—not a rebel, this time, but William McDowell. McDowell has kept aloof from both sides; his family is one of the oldest in the valley; James Smith trusts him and Charles Grant respects him. He does not believe, yet, in fighting the king's troops, but nevertheless he has no desire to see his friends and neighbors hanged as rebels; he has come to make peace if it can be done. The log gate opens wide enough for him to slip through. In the commandant's hut there is grave talk. It ends in a treaty. It ends in such a victory as the insurgent leaders had not dared to hope for.

The treaty was as strange as any ever made. It was in three separate parts. Of the seven men who signed various pieces of it, one was neutral and the other six were all on the same side!

The Highland officer who sat down to talk with Will McDowell in beleaguered Loudon was a thoroughly miserable man. The backwoodsmen who besieged him might believe that the missing column from Fort Bedford was on the way to capture them and bring them to trial; but he knew that it was coming only to protect him in evacuating his fort. He knew that he was under orders to retreat and leave the valley to its wild men. The British high command in America was handling the Black Boys as if they were so many hot coals: it had decided to let go of them as quickly as possible and let Lieutenant Governor John Penn stamp them out if he could. An insurrection against the proprietary of Pennsylvania would look much better than a rebellion against His

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Majesty's military authorities; and the regular troops would be much more impressive and dignified if they were far enough away from the Conococheague settlements to go about their cowherding and their dispatch carrying without passes from the Black Boys. But the decision to evacuate Fort Loudon had left Grant in a most unhappy plight: when the backwoods army attacked him, he didn't know whether to fight or run, except that to run seemed impracticable; when Smith demanded the surrender of the confiscated guns, he didn't know whether to give them up or hold them, for he already had orders to turn them over to the governor. The trouble was, he didn't know whether the governor would have them. Ever since Justice Will Smith went to Philadelphia in response to Penn's summons, Lieutenant Grant had been hearing unpleasant rumors.

Summoned as a culprit, Will Smith had talked like an ambassador. With the magistrates' remonstrance in his pocket, he was several sizes larger than a mere backwoods justice of the peace accused of malfeasance: he was spokesman for some hundreds of families whose menfolk, with rifle and tomahawk, were patrolling the frontier against Indian traders as they had patrolled it in the two previous years against Indian raiders. He talked to such good purpose that the hostile atmosphere of the governor's office became almost sympathetic. He had come back to the valley not only unpunished, but not even deprived of his commission as a magistrate. And weeks before the attack on Loudon began in earnest, Lieutenant Grant had written anxiously to his commander in chief, Gage:

“. . . Justice Smith, who was Sent for by the Governor . . . has Returned, & in Consequence of the . . . remonstrance, I'm informed, Stands in a fair light with the Gover-

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nor. I am informed by good authority, that Mr. Allen, Chief Justice of this Province, has said, that if I should come to Philadelphia he should be obliged to arrest me by a provincial Warrant, on account of my proceedings at this Post."

With these worries plaguing him and the too-well-remembered rifle balls buzzing in his mind, poor Grant was in no case to prolong his resistance. When Will McDowell offered him a way out, he jumped at it, and McDowell walked back to James Smith's headquarters under a wild plum tree to get part of the terms signed. Written and unwritten, the terms were these:

1. The troops would give up the captured guns; they would surrender them to McDowell, who would hold them until the governor could be persuaded to let the owners have them.

2. Responsible men among the insurgents would give bond to protect McDowell against any liability for his part in obtaining the confiscated weapons.

3. The Black Watch would evacuate Fort Loudon and withdraw from the valley. [It was already under orders to do so.]

4. James Smith and his next in command would give bond to Lieutenant Grant to disperse their men and to interfere no more with trade across the valley.

The three documents which made up the treaty of Fort Loudon were duly prepared and signed:

Received of Lieutenant Charles Grant, of the 42 Regiment, the number of Five Rifles and Four Smooth Guns, which was taken off the Country People, & I promise that the above mentioned Arms shall remain in my possession till the Governor's Pleasure is known to Dispose of them

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as he shall see fit, either to the Respective Owners or other wise.

Given under my Hand at Fort Loudoun, 10th^s November, 1765.

WM. M'DOWELL.

Know all men by these Presents, that We, Jonathan Smith, Wm. Marshall, Thom^s Orbison, and John Welsh, all of Peters Township, in Cumberland County, are holden, and firmly bound to Wm. M'Dowell, of s^d Township and County, in the just and full sum of Two Hundred Pounds, Pennsylvania Currency, to be paid to said Wm. M'Dowell, his Heirs or his Assigns, for the payment whereof we bind Ourselves, our Heirs, Execut'rs and Adm'rs, firmly by these Presents, sealed with our Seal, and Dated this 18th Day of Nov^r, 1765.

The Condition of this Obligation is such, that if the above bound Jonathan Smith, Wm. Marshall, Thom's Orbison, and John Welsh, shall keep the said Wm. M'Dowell indemnified from any Assault, Arrest, Attachment, or Suit at Law, either for themselves or any other for them, or any other for them present, or Person or Persons whatsoever, on the account of Five Rifles and Four Smooth Bored Guns, deposited with s^d Wm. M'Dowell, by Lieut. Charles Grant, Commanding at Fort Loudoun, untill the Governor's pleasure be known concerning the said Guns, that then this Obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

THOS. ORBISON
WM. MARSHALL
JOHN WELSH
JONATHAN SMITH

Witnesses,
ARCHIBALD SCOTT
WM. DUFFIELD

Know all men by these Presents, that we hereby holden and firmly bound unto Lieut. Charles Grant, in the just and

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full sum of five hundred pounds Pennsylvania Currency, to be paid to the said Charles Grant, his heirs or assigns, for the payment whereof, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, and administrators firmly by these Presents, sealed with our seals this 18th day of November, 1765.

The Condition of this Obligation is such that we shall disperse immediately from this Post, without any injury or assault to any Person or Persons, and we do hereby further promise, that we shall not interrupt or insult any Person or Persons hereafter, in going up or coming down, if any such thing should be done by any of us, or by any of our Advices, then this Obligation shall remain in full force and virtue, otherwise void.

JAMES SMITH
SAMUEL OWENS

Witnesses at Present.

JNO. McDOWELL
WM. McDOWELL
NATH. McDOWELL

By the terms of the bond, the Black Boys gave up only that which they had already lost. On the day the British government decreed the opening of the Indian trade, they had lost their fight to keep arms and ammunition from the Indians. The valley of the Conococheague could not fight the British army and its own provincial government as well; it could not fight the world. But James Smith and Sam Owens had been fighting, those last two days, for something more important than the nine captured guns; they had been fighting for their lives and liberty and for the lives and liberty of the men who followed them. They had won—at least, they thought they had. There was an implied promise in the agreement by which the garrison of Fort Loudon gave up the disputed weapons and took Smith's and Owens's bond: months

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ago, Lieutenant Grant had given Smith to understand that the military authorities were willing to drop all attempts at retribution, that "all the Satisfaction Colonel Reid desired for taking him [Grant] prisoner, was that I should acknowledge my fault to Mr. Grant, Which I refused to do, Except Mr. Grant would also Confess he had used the Country ill." ^o He believed, when he agreed to the terms of November eighteenth, that in return for his guarantee of safety for the traders he was obtaining a guarantee of safety for himself and his men. The implied promise, if there was one, was not kept. Smith and his fellow rebels were still in jeopardy. But they had accomplished one thing: they had upheld the right of free men to be tried by their own neighbors, in their own courts.

Most rebellions, failing, fail completely. This, America's first armed uprising against British military power, ended with the symbols of victory in the rebels' hands—the abandoned fort, the guns.

When the parleying was finished, the relieving column from Fort Bedford marched down Forbes' Road, two hours too late. The triumphant backwoodsmen took one look at it and burst out into disgusted laughter. So *that* was what they had been worrying about—one company, thirty men! By God, it was a shame they hadn't come a few hours sooner. But the Conococheague men were feeling pretty well pleased: they had got the guns back, and they had had their crack at the king's troops in Loudon; they had made that bugger, Grant, holler quits. So they took the rest of their anger out in derisive hoots, and watched the company from Fort Bedford turn around and march back again. Grant and his men

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were with it. Fort Loudon was evacuated; it had not been a comfortable place.

The Black Boys straggled back to Cunningham's to celebrate. When the last toast had been gulped down, James Smith went home.

It was over. At last it was over. That was what he had told himself, twelve months ago, when he came back from the Muskingum and the surrender of the Ohio tribes. He had been wrong then. And he was wrong now.

Chapter XXIII

WHERE NO WHITE MAN HAD BEEN

SOMETHING had happened to James Smith. He had wanted peace; but peace was anticlimax. His weed-choked clearing was no smaller than it had been, last spring, when he was so proud of it; but now it looked somehow shrunken, and his pride in it shrank also. The limestone threshold felt less solid. The very cabin had a different look, the puncheons not so smooth, the log ends not so neatly joined. With two babies in it, it seemed overfull. They were fine, roaring youngsters. He loved them, and he loved his wife; but he was restless. He needed room to breathe . . . *room!* There was room beyond the mountains.

There was danger, too. But what had he had, these last eleven years, excepting danger? Every time he thought it gone, it tapped him on the shoulder. He could not escape it. He did not, he admitted to himself at last, wish to escape it. It was part of him.

In the spring of 1766 news came to the valley that Sir William Johnson had bought from the Indians all the land between the Cherokee and Ohio rivers. In June, James Smith was off. He had turned explorer.

With three frontiersmen—Joshua Horton, Uriah Stone, and William Baker—and an eighteen-year-old mulatto slave named Jamie, he tramped the dark and bloody ground of

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Boone's Kaintucky and pressed on southward into a wilderness where "there was no more sign of white men than there is now [1799] west of the head waters of the Missouri," and explored the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

"When we came to the mouth of the Tennessee," he wrote in his memoirs, "my fellow travellers concluded that they would proceed on to the Illinois, and see some more of the land to the west:—this I would not agree to. As I had already been longer from home than what I expected, I thought my wife would be distressed, and think I was killed by the Indians; therefore I concluded that I would return home. I sent my horse with my fellow travellers to the Illinois, as it was difficult to take a horse through the mountains. My comrades gave me the greatest part of the ammunition they then had, which amounted to only half a pound of powder, and lead equivalent. Mr. Horton also lent me his mulatto boy, and I then set off through the wilderness, for Carolina.

"About eight days after I left my company at the mouth of Tennessee, on my journey eastward, I got a cane stab in my foot, which occasioned my leg to swell, and I suffered much pain. I was now in a doleful situation—far from any of the human species, excepting black Jamie, or the savages, and I knew not when I might meet with them—my case appeared desperate, and I thought something must be done. All the surgical instruments I had, was a knife, a moccasin awl, and a pair of bullet moulds—with these I determined to draw the snag from my foot, if possible. I stuck the awl in the skin, and with the knife I cut the flesh away from around the cane, and then I commanded the mulatto fellow to catch it with the bullet moulds, and pull it out, which he did. When I saw it, it seemed a shocking thing to be in any person's foot; it will

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therefore be supposed that I was very glad to have it out. The black fellow attended upon me, and obeyed my directions faithfully. I ordered him to search for Indian medicine, and told him to get me a quantity of bark from the root of a lynn tree, which I made him beat on a stone, with a tomahawk, and boil it in a kettle, and with the ooze I bathed my foot and leg;—what remained when I had finished bathing, I boiled to a jelly, and made poultices thereof. As I had no rags, I made use of the green moss that grows upon logs, and wrapped it round with elm bark: by this means, (simple as it may seem) the swelling and inflammation in great measure abated.

“As stormy weather appeared, I ordered Jamie to make us a shelter, which he did by erecting forks and poles, and covering them over with cane tops, like a fodder house. It was about one hundred yards from a large buffalo road. As we were almost out of provisions, I commanded Jamie to take my gun, and I went along as well as I could, concealed myself near the road, and killed a buffalo. When it was done, we jirked the lean [cut it into small pieces and laid it on a scaffold over a slow fire until it was roasted dry] and fried the tallow out of the fat meat, which we kept to stew with our jirk as we needed it.

“While I lay at this place, all the books I had to read was a Psalm Book, and Watts upon Prayer. Whilst in this situation, I composed the following verses, which I then frequently sung.

Six weeks I've in this desert been,
With one mulatto lad:
Excepting this poor stupid slave,
No company I had.

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In solitude I here remain,
A cripple very sore,
No friend or neighbour to be found,
My case for to deplore.

I'm far from home, far from the wife
Which in my bosom lay,
Far from the children dear, which used
Around me for to play.

This doleful circumstance cannot
My happiness prevent,
While peace of conscience I enjoy,
Great comfort and content."

He was a better fighter than he was versifier; he did not for a moment give up his determination to cross the mountains into Carolina. Knowing that the buffalo road might bring Indian hunters down upon him, he hacked out crutches from tree forks, hobbled off into the woods, went hunting, and managed to kill an elk. A full year after he left home, he emerged in the Carolina settlements, a scarecrow in fluttering rags, attended by a black scarecrow dressed in the whole hide of a bear with the hair still shaggy on it. He had nearly died, but he had crossed the mountains from the Tennessee. He had traveled through a wilderness where no white man had been before him; with the exception of Henry Scaggins, a hunter, he had been the first man to explore the country west of the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee.¹

In the first town, he was arrested. Even backwoods Carolinians could not believe that he had come through that trackless labyrinth of hills and forest. No other man that they had ever heard of had attempted it—a circumstance which proved

*Extract of a Letter from Lieutenant Colonel Reid Commanding the Majesty's Troops
in the District of West Virginia to the Excellency General George Washington in Chief
at West Point, 17th June 1781.*

The first Rendezvous of the Rebels was at Jackson's Smiths
about five miles from West Point, the 6th Day of June last; & soon
thereon they followed the first Runway of Smoke, consisting of Eighty One
Barrel Loads twelve miles further, and thence by Pittsburg's only three or
four. Capt. Wallcut applied to Lieut. Grant for a Party, and the
next day, which he agreed to, who took the Remains of the 2d Company
consisting of Rifles, and one hundred of the Rebels' Prisoners who
were afterwards taken up and sent by Capt. Wallcut, in all
which, Lieut. Grant is not justly by Brigadier General, in his
Letter of the 12th of March who desires them to keep the Rifles in
the Profession, till the Owners names shall be found out, which
he has accordingly done. Lieut. Grant in his Letter to Brigadier
General, of the 9th of March, informs him, that he was threatened,
if he did not deliver up his Prisoners, that two hundred men
in Arms, would come down the River, and surround them by Force,
which obliged Lieut. Grant to keep his Prisoners under Arms, without being
being in Possession of any Arms, and up on their being admitted
to West Point, with the Army under the Direction, had the Appearance
to come into the Fort, and when Lieut. Grant that they were
"Determined to give up the Troops on our first Attempt to Carry
them down to the River."

Several Horsec Loaders with Liquors & Provisions
for the Troops on the Communication, belonging to the Rebels, were
arrived at West Point, where the Rebels were Detained, and the
Prisoners carried their Horsec as usual into the District, where
they were attacked by about Thirty of the Rebels in Disguise,
with their faces blacked, who tied them up and flayed them
with

Extract of Lieutenant Colonel Reid's report on the
Pennsylvania uprising
(see over)

"Killed five of their Horses, wounded two more, and burnt out
 their Saddles, One of the Drivers who made his Escape, returned
 to the Hotel and explained the pretensions and disposition of the
 Commanding Officer in Pennsylvania his companions for assuming
 the Horses from being killed. "Lieut. Board thought it his duty
 to send a Party of Twelve Men for that purpose. The Party was
 therefore pursued fired upon the Party, who returned the fire
 of the Party were one of them on the spot."

"10th of May, about one thousand and fifty of the
 in arms Commanded, as was informed by Thomas Smith and
 attended by three Justices of the Peace appeared before the Court, &
 demanded to be tried, the Court, with an intention it is believed to
 planter and destroy them, as they had done before, Lieut. Board
 suspecting their design, told the Justices that the guards were
 under his protection by order of the Commander in Chief, who had
 been pleased to send him in instructions to have a detachment of the
 Guards taken by a detachment of the Troop, that he intended to
 apply to one of their numbers to have it done, but did not think
 it safe at that time, in presence of such a Party, when he had
 reason to suspect, to which the Justices made answer, that they
 would not come again, if they might be sent, they were not
 under the Honorable Orders, but that it is their Duty to obey
 they are to obey. The Justices further told Lieut. Board, that
 they would be prepared to any military officer, if he should
 think he might be, and that no guards whatever could be depend-
 ing along the Communication, without a safe passage
 of the War. After this Declaration it cannot be doubted that
 some of them, but not have encouraged the Rebels, and even
 protect them in their Lawless Courses, some of the Justices
 have taken any notice of the outrage, and to dance to amuse

Extract of Lieutenant Colonel Reid's report on the
 Pennsylvania uprising
 (continued from preceding page)

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to their complete satisfaction that this ragamuffin was a liar and a vagabond and in all probability a fugitive from justice. But there were two or three Pennsylvania borderers who had strayed into Carolina, and they heard talk about a man who called himself James Smith. Not *Cap'n Jim*? An' ye've got him in a *jail*? Godamighty, turn him loose! He chews up jails! He chews up British troops an' spits 'em out!

The Carolinians turned him loose and gave him a pass. The Pennsylvanians produced a shirt. James Smith headed for home with its white tail flapping. He could not tuck it in: he had no breeches.

It was autumn of 1767 when he saw the Conococheague again. He was as a man risen from the dead. His wife all but swooned, for she had heard that the Indians had killed him and that his horse had been seen in one of the Cherokee towns. The whole valley thought that his scalp was shriveling in some bark lodge, and it had good reason for its belief. In the Indian towns along the Susquehanna and the Allegheny, the warriors were sharpening their new English trade knives, their new English hatchets. Their war drums were rumbling. So were the traders' broadwheels.

In the spring of 1768 the covered wagons carrying arms and ammunition to the savages blurred the footprints of fresh British troops marching westward to defend the border. Or maybe—so the valley people thought—maybe the troops were going to defend the traders. The Black Watch was gone; it was on its way home. In its place a new regiment had come out from Europe—a regiment more famous even than the Black Watch. It was the Eighteenth Foot; it had stormed Namur, and fought at Blenheim and at Malplaquet. The great King William had named it on the battlefield—the

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Royal Regiment of Ireland—and had given it his own coat of arms, the Lion of Nassau. Harp and crown, another guerdon of old gallantry, glittered on its grenadier caps.

Trudging up Forbes' Road by companies, the Royal Irish made a fine show in their scarlet tunics turned up with dark-blue facings. They were even gaudier than the Highlanders; but the Pennsylvania settlers, working in their clearings, stopping to stare and spit, were not reassured. Between the columns they saw pack trains. It looked God-damn' queer—soldiers going out to hold the redsticks down, rum and guns and powder going out to stir the redsticks up. It didn't look sensible. It didn't look right.

In the valley of the Conococheague hatred for the traders and contempt and dislike for British regulars were still strong—almost as strong as ever. The army had not kept the promise which James Smith thought it made the day he raised the siege of Fort Loudon; instead, it had done everything it could to get him and his fellow leaders of the Black Boys jailed and convicted.² Its efforts had been futile, but they had not endeared the king's troops to the frontier. Will Smith was no longer a magistrate; John Penn had broken him. And Captain Callendar, too, had done his utmost to make trouble. In March, 1766, four months after the evacuation of Fort Loudon, when the Black Boys had dispersed and James Smith was walking his cabin floor and making his restless plans to explore the Tennessee wilderness, Callendar had written a letter to Baynton and Wharton:

Gentlemen:

Since my return home, I have been informed by sundry persons, that the rascally part of the Inhabitants of Cone-

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gocheage are determined, and now laying a plan, to do you some piece of injury, by either stopping or destroying some part of your last Cargo that yet remains with the Carriers in that Neighborhood, on account of Justice Smith's discharge from the Magistracy, for which they entirely blame your House, thinking that it is you alone have excited the Governor to do it. As you have already experienced so much of their Villainy, they are not to be trusted farther than seen, and therefore I have advised Irwin to go immediately up to that Neighborhood, and stop the proceedings of the Carriers till there is some methods fixed upon for safe Conveyance of these Goods, now in their Charge, lest the Devil should tempt them to commit some Outrage of that kind, which I have great reason to believe they will.

Samuel Wharton rushed to the governor and the provincial council with the letter, which, by insinuation at least, accused James Smith and Samuel Owens of bad faith and treachery. Penn and the council responded in their usual way. On Callendar's unsupported and prejudiced word that the rascals were "laying a plan," they called on Gage for troops, and dispatched to the magistrates of Cumberland another threat to send British regulars against their people. If the traders hoped to make life miserable for their old enemies, the Black Boys, they were disappointed; the "piece of injury" failed to materialize, and James Smith went off to the wilderness beyond Kaintucky; the only ones for whom Callendar managed to make life miserable were the officers and soldiers of the Royal Irish, who could not understand why they were so unpopular in the valley of the Conococheague. The settlers gave them hard looks and a cold shoulder. When they needed transportation, they were "amused with fair speeches" until "not a Horse or Waggon cou'd be found." They were

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“plunged . . . into the greatest Distress” by being assured that “there was plenty of Carriages in Connakagigg, & that the Inhabitants (accustomed to carry for the Army) wou’d be fond of being employ’d,” only to discover when they marched into the valley that the settlers were sending their horses off in droves to Maryland and Virginia and New York in order to avoid assisting the king’s troops. The Royal Irish were in so “deplorable” a situation in the hostile settlements that “to prevent their Starving” their commanding officer “was obliged to send them into Cantoons,” where they were detained “in this wretched Situation & Inhospitable Country for 13 days” on their march to Fort Bedford, Fort Pitt, and the other western garrisons.

There is no denying that those Pennsylvania frontiersmen were an ignorant lot. The ways of empire were beyond them. While the traders’ caravans continued to roll westward with weapons for the Indians, they could not get it through their thick heads that the British army which upheld the trade was anything except an enemy. They hid their livestock, their hams and bacon, and their surplus corn, swore at the traders’ wagons and the plodding troops impartially, spat with an angry contempt into the red dirt of their fields, and kept their rifles handy on the nearest stump. To them, this business was not right. By God, it wasn’t!

But it was strictly legal. It was highly profitable. It was licensed murder.

The murdering began again in the summer of 1769—began as it always had begun. A woman stooping at a spring to fill a kitchen gourd, a husband hoeing corn among the girdled elms, a child playing in the cabin doorway—and then a shot, a scream of terror running shrilly into agony, a yelling

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rush. After that there were brains spattered on the door log and blood briefly darkening the spring, the quick rip of skin, the drip of scalps, and flames.

Even while the flames of settlers' homes blazed up along the Pennsylvania frontier, pack trains and more pack trains hustled westward. Profit! Profit! Murder makes the market better. Hurry!

The flames, spreading, kindled the old anger. There were men beyond the Tuscarora Mountains who had marched with James Smith in '65; they marched without him, now. Blacked and grim, they struck the traders in a dozen swift raids. They ambushed the pack trains. They shot down the horses. They burst into trading stations. They were reckless, brutal, savage in the rage of men who had been wronged wantonly for profit. On the log bastions of Fort Bedford sentries of the Royal Irish saw goutts of fire leap higher than the trees and heard roars like distant cannonading. Kegs of powder were exploding. Traders' stores were going up aflame. Riot! In-surrection!

The great gates swung open, and the Namurs marched out.³ They found sundry merchants cowering in the laurel, whimpering to God to save them; they found smoking embers, splintered barrels, bales of char-crisp blankets, the burned stumps of knife and hatchet handles, and red smears where the packs of made-in-England war paint had been kicked and trampled. Musket balls that might have bought a hundred beaver strewed the ground like acorns.⁴ The back-woodsmen had been thorough; they had done their work and vanished, and they had left no trails that British regulars could follow. But the Royal Irish had no need of trails: the traders were at hand to help them, and these rescued powdermongers

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were as garrulous and as vindictive as badly frightened men could be. They paid off old scores, made charges recklessly, accused every settler who they knew detested them. To have cursed a trader, to have called his business "licensed murder," was to be indicted, tried, and convicted of riot, arson, armed robbery, and assault on the king's highway. Indictment, trial, and conviction were mere details now. No officer of the Royal Irish stopped to think of warrants. Mere suspicion became proof of guilt. A trader's word was as good as a warrant. It was better; it was easier to get, and quicker.

The Black Watch at Fort Loudon had acted no more quickly, in 1765, than the garrison at Bedford acted now. It knew nothing about fighting Indians; but it knew how to put down riots, and it knew how to keep prisoners when it took them. Its patrols clumped briskly into lonely clearings, banged gun butts against cabin doors, dragged husbands out of bed, and left wives shuddering at their threats. They herded their captives up the cowpath street of Bedford, into the stockade, and threw them down beside an army forge. Chains rattled, shackles clanked; the blacksmith's hammer clinched red-hot rivets in the ankle irons. Sparks, flying, burrowed brown holes into moccasins and leather leggings. They stung, underneath.

Within three days the guardhouse inside Fort Bedford was too full for comfort, but criminals in irons were not supposed to be too comfortable. When the military courts had done with them, the leg irons and the chains would be the least of their concerns. It was high time these dirty Black Boys had a taste of justice. They would find it bitter.

One man in Bedford found it much too bitter to be swallowed. His name was Will Thompson, and he was not

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in irons, yet; he had not even been arrested, but with traders paying off old grudges and the soldiers running where the traders pointed, no one could tell whose turn was coming next. After dark, Will Thompson fetched in his horse from pasture, saddled it in his log stable, and jogged innocently westward. Well outside the town, he left the road, turned south, and then turned again, eastward. He swung wide around Fort Bedford, forded the Juniata, came back into Forbes' Road, and kicked his horse into a gallop. In the morning he was across the Conococheague, he was tumbling off his blown nag. He was standing on a limestone threshold, and he was talking fast.

James Smith was listening and thinking. *It had come at last!* It had to come, and now was as good a time as any. It had been coming since the day the king's ministers decreed the Indian trade reopened. On that day the British government put money above men. It put the right to profit above the right to life. *This* was the consequence. The strongest man could carry only so much on his back; the stoutest tree could stand up to the gnawing of a beaver only so long; the finest rifle barrel would take only so much powder without bursting. The frontier had borne as much as it could bear.

Indian raids—it could face those, if the soldiers who protected the traders would protect the settlers half as well. Indian trade—it gave in to that, four years ago, because to fight it any longer meant the loss of liberty and, likely, life itself. It had obeyed the law. It had kept the bond signed at Fort Loudon. But the law implied protection from the savages; it implied the king's faith that the tribes would keep the peace, or would be made to keep it. Now, with peace broken, it gave no protection. Protection! It put more

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weapons into hands still wet with blood. The troops sat idle in the forts while settlers died. But when the settlers rose to save themselves, the troops moved fast enough! Bayonets! Leg irons! Courts-martial! *That* broke the faith. *That* violated the bond. *That* made the law itself a murderer.

James Smith was reaching for the wall peg where his powder horn hung. He was jerking a blanket off the corn-husk bed and rolling it into a pack.

Will Thompson thumped the doorpost:

"You're go'n' to get 'em out! Nobody thought you'd dare. By the Eternal, Jim, I told the boys you'd do it."

James Smith picked up his rifle.

"It looks like I'd have to try, Will."

Thompson's tired face dulled. He dragged a hand across his bloodshot eyes.

"There's sentries on the walls," he warned. "There's more yet at the gate. They've got a whole damn' company inside that fort. You'll need a sight o' men."

James Smith nodded, his eyes pinching narrow.

"Yes. This'll be some different. Fort Bedford isn't Loudon."

Chapter XXIV

THE STORMING OF FORT BEDFORD

IT is midafternoon of September 10, 1769. James Smith and eighteen linsey-leather men are marching up the old trading path toward Great Cove Gap.

Marching is not the precise word to describe what they are doing; rambling, perhaps, would be a better one. They are behaving strangely. The fact is that they are acting very much like men who have had one drink too many. They strut like drakes. They gabble like so many brown ducks hunting for a pond, but they are more disorderly than ducks. They dawdle into cabin dooryards, stop to talk with every passer-by, and answer questions loudly:

“Where we goin’? Godamighty, where d’ye think we’re goin’? We’re Black Boys. Ain’t ye got eyes? We’ve got a little business, over west a ways. We’re goin’ acrost the mountains to stand the redcoats on their God-damned heads. We’re goin’ to take Fort Bedford!”

When they come within sight of Fort Loudon, a pen of tipsy-leaning palisades, abandoned and forlorn, they begin to bawl a song. The tune is “The Black Joke,” but the words are theirs; ¹ the endless verses tell how they ambushed the traders’ caravan on Sidelong Hill four years ago . . .

“. . . and mostly burnt their whole brigade.

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Let all those Indian traders claim
Their just reward, inglorious fame,
For vile and treacherous ends.

At Loudon, when they heard the news,
They scarcely knew which way to choose,
For rage and discontent. . . .”

With nineteen keg-chested shirtmen bellowing together, the song makes a gorgeous racket. By the time they get to Rouland Harris's they are working on it for the third time, and his stable-yard fence looks like as good a place as any to rest while they finish it. They hang over the top rail and caterwaul . . .

Forthwith we joined a warlike band,
And marched to Loudon out of hand,
And kept the gaolers prisoners there.

They get no applause. This Harris is the man who guided the Black Watch, the morning of the fight at the Widow Barr's house. So they applaud themselves with a Shawnee war whoop: *Ah-ob . . . ah-ob . . . ah-ob!* Then they ramble on past the widow's, past the meadow where Jim Brown got a hunk of British lead in his nigh leg, and go climbing and sweating through the mountain gap where the Highlanders touched off the insurrection in '65 by cutting loose with gunfire in the dark. In Will McConnell's town, down in the Cove, they stop to pass the time of day and do a little boasting.

When they saunter off again, their friends at McConnell's place begin to shake their heads and look bewildered and uneasy. God in the mountain, what's got into Jim Smith? He acts like he was touched in the noddle. He didn't use to

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talk wild like that; he used to keep a still tongue in his mouth. Ay, that's right; four years ago you couldn't ask for a better man when it came to trouble. You couldn't find one cuter, neither, when it came to layin' him an ambush. He was cute, right enough, when he had his wits about him—too damn' cute for that bugger down at Loudon, Grant. But he's changed, since then. Bedford! Jumpin' Moses—tellin' that he's goin' to take Fort Bedford—makin' brags that he'll do it easy, an' not twenty men along! Don't he know that there's lick-spits, right here in the Cove, that'll ride a horse to death to let the redcoats know he's comin'? Don't he know the freighters'll bust a gut to get the word to Bedford?

James Smith knows it. In fact, he is going to considerable pains to make it certain. He is talking like a fool because he wants the commandant of Fort Bedford to believe that he is a fool; he and his eighteen roisterers are bragging and whooping because he wants the Royal Irish to think they are a joke. Hiding behind trees, he has decided, is not the only way to lay an ambush. He is giving Will Thompson all the time he needs to return home to Bedford; he is giving the traders' hired men ample time to tell the garrison there that Jim Smith and eighteen other lunatics are coming to attack it. He puts in the best part of two days, swaggering along the Forbes Road.

Before the end of the second day Fort Bedford has its warning, and the soldiers of the Royal Irish regiment slap their thighs and have a roaring laugh. The warning does not mention that the eighteen are the toughest men James Smith could pick from his first company of Black Boys. The traders' hired men forget to say that the lunatics were fighting Indians while the Namurs were brawling happily in Irish inns and

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making love to barmaids. No matter. There'd still be a laugh in it. Eighteen backwoods farmers with their shirttails out! The puddingheads!

It lacks an hour of midnight. A few minutes ago the darkness was as solid as the hills; the Juniata was a faint sound only, liquid, musical—not constant, but recurring on the pebbled shallows like the trill of birds waking, but not sure they want to, in the thicket over the next ridge. But now the hills are shouldering up through the dark. The trees are growing out of it, pushing it away from them and laying it in black patterns of themselves across Forbes' Road. The Crossings of the Juniata, where the river turns and turns upon itself, are a handful of silver ribbons dropped upon a black-lace scarf. The moon is coming up behind the Tuscaroras.

In the little meadow that lies by the Crossings it finds blankets hung on poles like tents; it finds the ashes of a camp-fire, and James Smith sitting on an old log, nudging at the ashes with a thoughtful toe. He gets up, and his toe nudges a pair of long legs that stick out of a tent.

"Turn out," he says. "We're moving."

The Black Boys grunt, roll over, and come crawling out. They yawn and stretch.

"What's up, Jim? You got a notion?"

"You might call it that. We're going to take Fort Bedford. We said we would; we've got to keep our word."

That's right. The blanket tents come down. Thumbs fiddle at the rifle locks; pans click; teeth pull the stoppers out of powder horns. The moonlight is too vague and swimmy for a man to see the black grains tumbling out; but the Black Boys do not need to see, they prime by habit. Tom Paxton fishes around under the butt of the log and pulls

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out the small iron kettle he put there a few hours ago. Fingers dip into it, scoop out black grease and daub it until the white patches that were faces disappear. All right! Here we go!

No dawdling now. No weaving back and forth like ducks. No swaggering, no songs, no talk. The nineteen men march closed up and in single file. They glide along Forbes' Road like a moving shadow, swift and silent.

It is fourteen miles to Bedford. They do the first thirteen in less than three hours. Where a small spring prattles to itself, they halt, fall out, fade into the forest and lie down to wait, their shirt flaps wrapped around their rifle locks to keep the thin mist from dampening the priming.

The moon is looking pale. An hour or so, now, and daylight will be here. The soft pad of moccasins comes through the silence, and a whispered challenge halts them. A whisper answers. By the spring, two shadows meet and merge into one. James Smith is talking, low-voiced, to Will Thompson:

"You've been to the fort, Will?"

"I've been *in* it, Jim. They're ready for you. They've got thirty men on night guard, but they think it's a prime joke."

"Do they know where we are?"

"Not a notion. They got word you'd camped at the Crossings, and they figure that you can't get to Bedford before noontime, even if you're crazy fool enough to chance it. They're layin' odds you'll never come within ten miles. A man with five pounds in his pocket could make fifty, wagerin'."

"And get a bayonet in his behind when he went to collect. How about the gate?"

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"It's closed. But they open it at daylight. They're so damnation sure of themselves, they'll likely open it today the same as always."

Hsst! Up off your backsides, there. This is it, boys! Keep together. Make out you're stalking deer.

The silent file twists toward the Juniata. The spring trickle, sliding down the rocks, makes more noise than the Black Boys make, slipping down the cut bank of the river. There is a narrow band of half-dry mud along the stream; inside the moccasins, the toes feel for it so deftly in the full swing of the long strides, touch it so firmly, that they are gone again without a sound. Another halt . . . hands reaching back . . . a pressure on a wrist. The file faces left. It climbs the bank and lies down, just below the sod brink. Hands thick from the plow handles, hard from the ax helms, part the long grass with slow, infinite, Indian patience. The long rifle barrels slide out.

What's that? The grass stirs, a hushed, stealthy *shub*, *shub*. A shape drifts, dim, along the line of rifles. Fingers cuddle the slim triggers. Pshaw! Only Thompson, sneaking out to have another look around. If the redcoats catch him, there's no harm done; he'll be hunting for a strayed cow. Maybe we could moo, an' prove it.

Daylight is coming fast now. The moon looks awful sick. The mist looks like thin milk, white with blue in it. It is getting thinner. A man can see right through it. There's the stockade. There's the blockhouse roof. Bedford's a sight stronger fort than Loudon was. We're close. We're not more'n a hundred yards off. Good shooting. Too far for their muskets, though. Damn their muskets! They can't shoot for sour apples. Where in hell's Thompson?

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There he is. He is lying out flat in the grass, his head poked over the bank of the Juniata. He is whispering to James Smith, and the whisper shakes a little with excitement, triumph:

“The gate’s open! There’s three sentries standin’ on the wall, this side, but the guard’s away off ’crost the parade, by the kitchen. It’s gettin’ the mornin’ rum ration. The arms are all stacked together, forty feet closer to the gate than they are!”

More whispers. They run from man to man. Cramped legs draw up. Toes wriggle, digging a hold in the soft bank. Now!

The Black Boys leap. They lunge up, clawing, scrambling, get the firm sod underfoot, and run. The long grass rips and tears. It makes the only sound there is, except the hard, quick breathing of men running with all their might. No yells. No shots. The gate is just ahead. Will Thompson is across the ditch. He is bent far over, sprinting. He is through the gate, and James Smith is just behind him.

On the wall, a startled sentry jerks his musket up. The mist turns red, then brown. The smoke swells. It looks like a bell, swung straight out, and it has a clapper in it. The damp air makes the explosion ring like metal in the ears. Another shot slams out, but the Black Boys are through the gap between the twelve-foot logs. Will Thompson throws himself headlong upon the stacked arms; they go down like cards. James Smith’s long rifle menaces the unarmed redcoats standing, open-mouthed, around their rum pot. Behind him, more and more of the long barrels spring up, level, deadly. Back by the gate, a shirtman wags his muzzle back and forth, im-

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pressing the three sentries with the notion that they are fine targets. They put down their muskets.

"Come on down, *you!* Join the party! Git on over there!"

The sentinels come down. They scuttle across the parade and duck into the huddle of red tunics. Their arms, not too steady, go up higher than their heads to match the other thirty pairs of arms. James Smith is talking, not loud, not too fast:

"Two of you—the two right behind me—stand guard on the barracks yonder. Keep 'em inside. Sam, find the commandant. Tell him if there's a move, we'll blow the daylight through these paddies here. John, find an ax and smash the guardhouse door. Get those prisoners out here. Will, take the flints out of those muskets. Put 'em in your pocket. Now, sergeant," his rifle swings a little, "where's your blacksmith? That's fine! Send a man to fetch him."

It is over! Fort Bedford has been captured. The whole business took less than two minutes.

The guardhouse door goes down and the prisoners come bursting out as well as they can for the chains that hobble them. The blacksmith shuffles across the parade. His hammer clinks; his chisel clicks; the leg irons clatter on the ground. The last settler stands up, free. Will Thompson is jiggling his pocketful of musket flints, but it is not noise enough. A Black Boy flings his rifle high. *Ab-ob . . . ab-ob . . . ab-ooohh!* The Shawnee scalp yell shrills out, high, fierce, jubilant. The whole eighteen are yelling. The prisoners are yelling, too. This is a great day!

The Black Watch was outnumbered in the fight at the Widow Barr's. It was outnumbered at Fort Loudon. But the

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odds were all the other way this morning; the Black Boys were outnumbered in the same proportion. James Smith and his eighteen lunatics and his friend Will Thompson have done what cannot be done. They have stormed a British fort. They have captured a whole garrison warned of their coming. They have done it without a shot. The Royal Irish still have their harps and crowns; they still wear King William's arms, the Lion of Nassau; but they are very tame lions, standing there now, looking into the mean rifle muzzles. They have lost their post. They are prisoners—a whole company of them—to a handful of dirty, unshaved farmers with their shirtrails out.

The farmers give them back their fort. The rescued prisoners depart. James Smith and his Black Boys file out and take the road for home. The Royal Irish, still a little dazed, pick up their scattered muskets. They have learned something. They should have a glimmering, one day six years from now, of what they can expect from ignorant colonials. On April 19, 1775, soldiers of the Royal Regiment of Ireland will go marching into a little town called Lexington.

The future has this sly joke to play upon the British army: among the regiments that fight the first battle of the Revolution will be the Royal Irish, the first regiment that lost a fort to the Americans. It has a sly joke, too, to play on a man named Ethan Allen. On May 10, 1775, he will lead a dawn attack upon Ticonderoga, capture it, and claim the glory of having been the first American to take a British fort. He will be *second* by six years. The Green Mountain Boys of Vermont will take Ticonderoga without a shot, but they will only do what the Black Boys of Pennsylvania have done this quiet summer morning in 1769.

Chapter XXV

IN IRONS FOR MURDER

THE storming of Fort Bedford touched off a roar of backwoods laughter. Delighted and contemptuous, the prodigious guffaws of the settlers drowned out the cursing of the frantic traders and the red-faced garrison.

General Braddock's parade-ground stupidity in '55 and his successor's tail-tucked flight to Philadelphia had wilted American confidence in the British army. Major Grant, repeating Braddock's blunder in old "Iron Head" Forbes's campaign of '58, had wilted it still more. It revived a little after the gallant fight of the Black Watch at Bushy Run in '63, only to wither again in the blasts of hot powder gas at the Widow Barr's house and Fort Loudon two years later. By the time the Conococheague rebellion ended, with the fort evacuated, the Pennsylvania backwoodsmen's awe and respect for royal troops were dead leaves on a dying branch of empire. When James Smith took Bedford with eighteen men, the dead leaves blew away on a gale of horselaughs.

With an unharmed and presumably raging garrison behind them, he and his Black Boys marched down the main road at their leisure and halted on the riverbank to rest: they had had a hard night and a busy morning. To their way of thinking, there was no great risk in loafing for a spell, and their low opinion of the British regulars was further justified. The Royal Irish took their fury out in language, although

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the poorest imitation of a pursuit could hardly have avoided overtaking the nineteen lunatics who were giving one more proof of their insanity by sitting down within a mile or two of town. They were seen, and three of them, along with Will Thompson, were recognized in spite of their black paint.¹ They didn't care. The law—Pennsylvania frontier law—was on their side; even if a magistrate could be found to swear out warrants, no backwoods jury would convict them. They added insult to injury by taking their own good time about returning home; and nobody undertook to stop them.

James Smith felt so little apprehension of punishment that just eight days after leading the attack on Bedford he was back again. With a younger brother and a brother-in-law, he was on his way to the wild country along Jacob's Creek, a tributary of the Youghiogeny, to survey a tract of land he had recently acquired there. Long rifles lay across their shoulders; behind them, on lead-ropes, trailed a string of pack horses loaded with blankets and provisions, axes, kettles and surveying instruments. Nine miles east of Bedford, they overtook another pack train and two men, John Johnston and his partner, Moorhead, bound for their claims beyond the Alleghenies with seed wheat for planting and with sundry kegs of liquor to keep up their spirits through the winter. The two caravans went on together. Johnston and Moorhead were glad of company: this James Smith didn't talk much, but he was an all-fired good man to be with in the woods; meeting up with him had been a piece of luck.

For Johnston, it was bad luck. One of Smith's horses cast a shoe—a mishap, but not a serious one, because the trail to Bedford, forking from the straight road, lay just ahead. With a word or two, a question and a nod, the problem was

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settled: the younger brother and the brother-in-law would turn off to Bedford, get the horse shod, and meet the pack train where the roads rejoined five miles beyond the town. It was very simple; the journey would not even be delayed; a garrison town might not be the safest place for James Smith, just now, but for the other two there could be no danger.² They parted cheerily: Jim Smith was always cheerful if his feet were moving westward. When, a mile or so farther on, a horseman jogging toward him reined in suddenly and stared, he called out a friendly greeting, and was not at all disturbed by the fellow's surly silence nor by the abrupt flap of reins and thump of heels that set the horse to galloping. It was not unusual for the most famous—or the most notorious—man on the Pennsylvania frontier to be stared at, and it was not surprising that some of the stares were hostile. Times were changing. In the last four years, the Indian trade had prospered; business was moving across the mountains and business, as well as the army, had its camp followers. The little towns along the road to Pittsburgh were not the same towns they had been in '65; they had grown because the growing trade demanded food and lodging for its agents and trail drivers, grain for its horses, and the services of bartenders, blacksmiths, saddlers, harness makers. To a good many men in the Conococheague and the Great Cove and Bedford, Indian trade meant more than land and homes. James Smith knew it, and it was one reason why he was preparing to abandon his old home and settle in the Youghiogheny valley. What he did not realize, however, was that in taking the law so often into his own hands he had given his enemies the traders an effective object lesson.

With his two acquaintances of the morning, he reached

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the road fork beyond Bedford and sat down to wait for the rest of his party. As they loitered, the swift drum of hoof-beats loudened on the trail from Bedford; six or eight men, riding hard, appeared around the turn. Smith got to his feet, rifle in one hand, halter rope in the other, to drag his horse clear of the narrow road. Instead of passing by, the foremost of the riders pulled up and the file behind him split and came crashing through the dusty underbrush to surround the three men and their pack beasts. The leader shouted:

"Who're you? What's y'r names? Quick!"

"My name's Johnston."

"Moorhead's mine. What . . . ?"

"You . . . *you, there* . . . speak up!"

"I'm James Smith."

"I thought so!" The horseman's right hand, hidden in his coat, jerked out and aimed a pistol at James Smith's head. "Give up. We've got ye! Move, an' ye're a dead man!"

His companions leaped from their saddles and began to close in; all of them had pistols. Smith dropped his halter rope and threw up his rifle, ready, across his chest.

"Stand back!" he warned them. "What is this? Robbery?"

The answer was a rush. A big-barreled pistol muzzle was thrust into his face; the iron-jawed lock fell like a snake's head, striking; the flint clicked viciously upon the steel; the sparks flashed, but they fell harmlessly into the pan—a misfire. Another man grappled Johnston. A third aimed at Smith, and Smith stepped back, leveled, aimed, and pulled the trigger. His gun, too, missed fire. As he let the butt drop from his shoulder, two shots roared out so close together that they all but blended. One was a pistol shot; the other was from

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James Smith's rifle—it had “blowed.”* John Johnston sagged in his assailant's grasp and fell; when the smoke cleared, he lay crumpled in the red dirt of the roadway, dead.

“By God,” the shout was triumphant, “now we *have* got ye, Smith! Ye've murdered him! We'll see ye hanged for that.”

“I wasn't aiming at him,” James Smith answered steadily. “My piece hung fire; I had her from my face when she went off. If I hadn't, there'd be a man lying there, but it wouldn't be Johnston. I don't miss.”

“He's dead, ain't he? Ye killed him, an' that's murder.”

“A gun pointing *up* can't kill a man twenty feet off, on the level.” Words were useless. His rifle was empty; loaded pistols menaced him. He surrendered: “I'll stand my trial.”

“Ay! By the Holy Evangelist, ye will! We'll see to that.”

On the twentieth of September, eight days after he took Fort Bedford and compelled the garrison blacksmith to knock the irons off the prisoners in the guardhouse, he was a prisoner in the same guardhouse, and the smith was riveting manacles upon his wrists. A coroner's jury, hand picked from among the traders' friends and presided over by the horseman who had met Smith on the road, recognized him and galloped off to Bedford with the news, listened with approval to the testimony of the men who had rushed out to capture him. Their verdict—a foregone conclusion—was “guilty of wilful murder.” It set off another burst of prodigious laughter, in the taprooms where the traders and their hired men gathered. At last they had squared accounts with James Smith: the leader of the Black Boys had led them a dance, but this time *he* was going to do the dancing, with his feet

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kicking in the air and a rope around his neck. Guilty? What if he isn't guilty? That makes it all the better!

But their satisfaction was diluted with uneasiness. When the news got around that Jim Smith was in Bedford guard-house, charged with murder, the backwoodsmen would be wild. Even the traders had no confidence in the Royal Irish: if nineteen Black Boys could take Fort Bedford, a hundred of them could tear it to pieces, log by log; they remembered, with acute discomfort, that the other leaders of the Black Boys were still at liberty and that four years ago they had turned out three hundred riflemen overnight to march against Fort Loudon. For God's sake, get Smith out o' here! If the settlers come for him, they'll tear the town down. They'll hang the lot of us, or scalp us, likely. Get him out!

Under cover of darkness, James Smith was smuggled from the guardhouse, tied upon a horse, and rushed away. However, the men who took him lacked the Black Boys' boldness: instead of traveling the Forbes Road at their leisure, they avoided it: by back-country trails, they circled Will McConnell's Town, dodged Cunningham's, and stole across the valley. Two days after the affray outside of Bedford, he was in prison in Carlisle, and the chain-linked manacles had been reinforced with leg irons.

He was not the most welcome of the lodgers in the Carlisle jail. The British military authorities had treated him a good deal like a hot coal, four years ago, and he had just finished singeing a garrison of the Royal Regiment of Ireland; wherefore the civil authorities of Cumberland County worried and fretted lest they burn their own fingers on him. Not that he breathed fire—quite the contrary. He was so considerate and polite that even when the shackles were being

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riveted upon his legs he watched the performance with interest and was cheerfully uncomplaining. But in spite of his coolness and his mild manners he was manifesting some of the properties of a live coal; for along the route by which he had been fetched to Carlisle, the backwoods settlements already were bursting into a bright flame of anger and scattering indignant sparks up and down the valley. Before the irons had had time to chafe his ankles raw, the sheriff was paying him a visit and anxiously consulting him about the best means of keeping him in jail! The Black Boys were on the march for Carlisle, and they were making no secret of their intention to tear down the prison.

"What shall I do?" the harried sheriff asked. "Can *you* do anything?"

"I don't want to be rescued," James Smith assured him. "I'm not guilty. The best thing for me is a proper trial. If I had a quill and a bit of paper . . ."

The king himself could not have commanded quicker service. Pen and paper appeared instantly. With his hands chained together, he wrote a letter to his old "men in arms," reminding them that they had always been "under good command" and asking them to disperse. No king's messenger could have delivered a dispatch with greater speed, but the Black Boys had gathered other information besides that set down in Cap'n Jim's unusually awkward scrawl: the countryside around Carlisle was buzzing with the news that Smith was in irons, hand and foot, and his tough shirtmen didn't like it. They sent word to the sheriff that they were coming, letter or no letter, and to mind his manners; and their message sent the sheriff hurrying to his prisoner for more advice.

"I'll talk to them," Smith said. He raised his arms and

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clanked the chain suggestively. "I misdoubt they'll like the looks of *that*, though."

The sheriff hustled off a turnkey to hunt up the blacksmith. As the iron bands clattered to the floor, the street outside filled with the sound of running feet—a soft sound, moccasins on dirt, that managed somehow to be as hard and threatening as iron. James Smith shuffled to the window and looked down into the determined faces of men who had followed him to fight Indians when other men had been running for their lives, followed him again to burn the traders' caravan on Sidelong Hill, to face British musketry at the Widow Barr's and capture British regulars with their bare hands in the plum brush around Loudon, and followed him yet again to storm a British fort and take it from three times their number. They were men no longer young. Their audacity was not ignorant recklessness: it was the deliberate recklessness of men contemptuous of a government that had neglected and abused them, and stubbornly set upon maintaining their rights. At the sight of their captain's weather-burned face behind the bars, a savage shout went up; the long rifles waved like clubs. Hi, Jim! Cap'n Jim, we'll have you out o' there! We'll have you out o' there in two jerks!

Smith waved at them. He shook his head:

"Hold on! I'm obliged to you, boys. I allow you can get me out, right enough, but it won't do. It would look bad if I ran away. You can see that; it would look like I was guilty. The best way you can help me is to break up and go home. I'll be all right."

They looked at one another, undecided. Somebody let out a yell:

"How about them irons, Jim?"

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"Ay!" The whole crowd began to bellow. "How about them irons? They ain't all right! Where's that God-damn' sheriff? Ain't he got no sense? That ain't no way to treat a man! It ain't decent; by God, it ain't! We'll stay right here till they take them irons off!"

"They're already off." He showed them his wrists through the bars, and then looked down, surprised: the smith was crouching at his feet. "They're knocking off the leg irons right this minute. It's all right. The biggest favor you can do me is to go home. I'm very much obliged, but that's the way it is, boys. I've got to stay."

"If that's what you want . . ." They began to draw back. "But, by the Lord, we'll see you get a fair trial!" Reluctantly, they straggled out of town. But as they trudged back toward Cunningham's, they met a column hurrying eastward—three hundred men, on foot and on horseback, with long rifles in their hands. It looked as if the whole valley was on the way to war. The news of Jim Smith's capture had turned out the Conococheague from one end to the other; there had been only some two hundred rifles on the firing line that hemmed in Fort Loudon at the climax of the insurrection, back in '65; but they and a hundred more were on the way to help the Black Boys take the whole town of Carlisle to pieces, if need be, to get Jim out of prison. The Black Boys faced about and the whole swarm went pouring back to take possession of the town and dare the government of Pennsylvania to convict him. For the second time James Smith had to plead, argue, and command that he be left in jail.

The valley men obeyed him, finally, but they were far from satisfied. The more they found out about the shooting of John Johnston, the less they liked it. The more they talked

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about the charge of willful murder, the more convinced they became that the hangman's noose was already around Smith's neck. The traders hadn't stuck at killing an innocent traveler in order to get even with Cap'n Jim; they hadn't stuck at a packed jury and one-sided evidence to put the crime upon him. Well, then, why should they stick at convicting him with a packed jury and the same one-sided testimony? What chance did he have of getting a fair trial? He would be prosecuted by the same provincial government that had defended the "licensed murder" of the Indian trade, deprived Will Smith of his commission as a magistrate because he upheld the settlers against the traders, and had even called on General Gage for troops to help capture and convict James Smith four years ago. He would be tried before judges appointed by that hostile government. As sure as God made little apples, he'd be hanged for what some lousy trader did.

Will Smith was no longer a justice, but he still had influence; with three or four hundred riflemen behind him, he had a great deal of influence, and he applied it to one William Deny, coroner of Cumberland. As he himself expressed it, Deny "upon requisition made, thought proper to re-examine the matter." A new jury was sworn in. It was composed, according to Will Smith, of "unexceptionable men out of three townships . . . whose candour, probity, and honesty, is unquestionable with all who are acquainted with them"—a euphemistic way of saying that this jury was as carefully hand picked from among the settlers as the Bedford jury had been hand picked from "the opposite party." Poor Johnston's body was dug up from its hastily made grave. With deadly serious shirtmen leaning on their rifles and listening to every word, James Smith was given a trial "in a solemn man-

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ner, during three days," in advance of his formal trial in court.

Hand picked or otherwise, the new jurymen found some interesting evidence. Looking at Johnston's shirt, they discovered it "blackened about the bullet hole by the powder of the charge by which he was killed, whereupon they examined into the distance Smith stood from Johns(t)on when he was shot." The grim presence of the valley riflemen had a wholesome effect upon at least one of the Bedford riders who had galloped out to capture the leader of the Black Boys. Robert George, on oath, "swore to the respective spots they both stood on at that time." The jurymen, stepping off the space between the spots, found it was almost twenty-three feet. The powder-blackened shirt was hung up on a convenient limb and a shirtman, standing twenty-three feet away from it with the wind on his face, gravely measured out a charge of powder while the jury watched him, laid his patch upon the muzzle, rammed a ball home, primed, and fired. The flapping shirt jerked a little. With the settlers crowding in around them, the jurors took the shirt down and passed it from hand to hand: there was a clean, new hole, without a powder mark. They hung the shirt up again, and solemnly paced off twenty-three feet in the opposite direction. The wind was at the marksman's back this time. The whipcrack of the shot lashed out; the shirt jerked again; the crowd closed in. James Smith's life hung upon that grave-stained, riddled garment.

A cheer went up. There were three holes in the shirt now, but only one was powder scorched; even with the wind the rifle blast had not left the slightest mark. On the ground, the jury gave its verdict: some one of the assailants them-

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selves, and not Smith, must necessarily have been the perpetrator of the murder.

The valley men exchanged certain purposeful, low words. If, in the face of that verdict, the provincial court found James Smith guilty, they'd know what to do about it. The business wasn't over yet: this bugger, Robert George, might change his testimony; they would have to wait and see. They waited for four months for the supreme court to sit. When the trial began, they thought for a while that those three or four hundred rifles might yet come in handy; for the judges—so it seemed to the settlers and to James Smith himself—were overanxious to hear proofs of guilt and to rule out the proofs of innocence. But Robert George stuck to his testimony—not only stuck to it, but also swore that Smith had fired in self-defense after he himself had snapped a pistol at him. When the jury “without hesitation” brought in a verdict of not guilty, one of the judges gave the valley men all the self-justification they required for their distrust of courts which were answerable to a royal governor and dominated by big business; not one member of that jury, he stormed, should ever hold an office above constable.

It gave the Pennsylvania frontiersmen a good deal of satisfaction to prove the honorable judge an extremely poor prophet by electing several of the jurymen to “honourable places.” As for James Smith, they promptly elected him commissioner for Bedford.

Book Four
THE UNWANTED

Chapter XXVI

THE GENERAL WAS A GENTLEMAN

THE day was hot. The room was a roasting pan inside a red-brick oven. On the faces of the ninety men pent up there, the sweat bubbled out like globules of grease on ninety chunks of commissary beef. The delegates to the first duly elected convention of the "free and independent" state of Pennsylvania steamed and sizzled in the Philadelphia weather and the excitement of revolution.

It was July 15, 1776. Thirteen days ago—on the second, not the fourth—the Continental Congress had turned all good Americans into rebels by voting its approval of one sentence:

Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

Some of the delegates to the Pennsylvania convention hadn't quite got used to the idea. They couldn't help wondering how the king was going to like it and what the king's troops were going to do about it. They ran nervous fingers around their damp necks, inside their coat collars, to relieve the unpleasant feeling of being choked, and wished that their perspiration-soaked stocks would cling less tightly: the clinging was too suggestive of a hangman's rope.

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Over in one corner, the first rebel of them all was beginning to enjoy himself. James Smith, delegate from Westmoreland County, had just found two old friends—Jim Brown and Bill Duffield, delegates from Cumberland. They had too much to talk about to spoil their reunion with worry over such familiar dangers as British regulars and the possibility of hanging.

The convention was called to order. The ninety sticky and uncomfortable Pennsylvanians raised their right hands:

“I do swear that I renounce and refuse all allegiance to George the Third, King of Great Britain, his heirs and successors, and that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania . . . of the United States of America.”

The thing was done. James Smith's hand dropped with the other moist hands; but it had not been nervous. Let's see . . . how long ago did he first hear himself denounced as a rebel? *Eleven years*. It's eleven years since Bill Duffield tried to stop the traders' pack train and failed, and he himself led ten men “painted and dressed as Indians and carrying mean-looking hatchets”¹ to attack and destroy it, and the Black Boys fought and won the first fight with British regulars. It was eleven years ago last May that Jim Brown, here, got a British bullet in his leg; it's nearly seven since the Black Boys took Fort Bedford from the Royal Irish. Looking back, it all seems like a rehearsal. The play is on, now, and the cues sound familiar.

The Massachusetts men have painted themselves like Indians and destroyed another cargo of traders' property; the Maryland men have followed the rehearsal even more faithfully—they have used fire, as the Black Boys did, and have

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compelled a trader himself to take a hand in the destruction as Captain Callendar and his trail drivers were compelled to do on Sidelong Hill.² The Minute Men have fought British regulars and whipped them, and three companies of the Royal Irish, panting and cursing and floundering along in the bloody retreat from Concord, have discovered that New England farmers are just as unpleasant as were the Pennsylvania farmers who stormed Bedford. Ethan Allen has taken Fort Ticonderoga. It's only four months since the king's garrison evacuated Boston under the guns of besieging Americans, but it's more than ten years since the king's garrison evacuated Loudon under the rifles of two hundred other Americans. No, not altogether *others*: some of those same valley riflemen hot-footed it to Boston and are in New York, right now, in General Washington's army. They are carrying the same guns and are wearing the same kind of clothes they wore when they besieged Fort Loudon—although the clothes are a little dirtier and raggeder, because the so-called army is almost as short on uniforms as James Smith's army was. A man can't take time out, these days, to go shoot a deer and tan himself a shirt; and in a war that has begun to spread out over all creation, he's too far away from home for his wife to send him a new linsey smock. But they are veterans, these Pennsylvanians, and they don't need clothes: they did pretty well, half naked, fighting Indians in '63 and British regulars in '65.

James Smith, too, is a veteran, and he would rather be in New York than in Philadelphia. But the settlers out beyond the Alleghenies have decided that they stand a better chance of getting a square deal if he stays in Pennsylvania to keep an eye on this strange new arrangement called independency. They trust him. For three years he has been one

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of the commissioners of the westernmost of the frontier counties. He is so steady and unfrightened, in a tight place, that when the Indians threatened war again in 1774 Governor John Penn eagerly forgave him for being a rebel and offered him a captaincy in the Pennsylvania Line. When a spent horse and rider brought the news of Lexington and Concord across the mountains, Captain James Smith left his Youghiogheny clearing and rode up to Hannastown to help prepare the resolutions that pledged the border "to the utmost of [its] power, to resist and oppose" invasion by "a foreign enemy" or troops "sent from Great Britain." * The backwoodsmen immediately went the governor one better: they promoted him to be a major of the Pennsylvania Associators, their first attempt at setting up a military organization for a finish fight. But they needed him even more, they thought, in Philadelphia than in the army; when the convention of 1776 was over, they sent him back to the Assembly.

He was conscious of the honor, but it irked him. With guns going off and American regiments scampering for their lives ahead of the bayonets of the Black Watch at Long Island, Harlem Heights, and White Plains and surrendering in droves to kilted Highlanders at Fort Mifflin, a committee room was no place for the man who had led the first American attack on that same Black Watch. The long-winded speeches and the petty squabbles drove him to squirming in his chair; the puny inadequacy of a quill pen cramped his fingers and made them ache for the good, solid feel of a rifle stock; the sound of soldiers marching through the town set his feet to itching. He stood it as long as he could. But one day, on a Philadelphia street, he came face to face with a

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company of his "old boys," and the feeling that came over him was like homesickness. He asked a question:

"Where you going, boys?"

"We're sort of headin' for the Jerseys."

"You're going to join the army?"

"Well, not the army, exactly. From what we hear, the army's holed up for the winter. We aimed to go *ahead* of the army and see'f we couldn't get a crack at them there red-coats. You'd best come along, major. We'd surely like to have you. How about it, Jim? Come on along!"

He looked at the confident, weather-bitten faces and the swaggering long rifles, the thrummed shirts and the moccasins, the familiar knives and hatchets dangling in their belt loops, and he couldn't stand it any longer. He said:

"Wait a minute."

It took more than a minute, but not much more. In an hour or two the Pennsylvania Assembly had approved a petition giving Major James Smith leave of absence to lead a scouting party against the British, and the old captain of the Black Boys was swinging up the New York road with thirty-six rifles at his back. Thirty-six weren't many. But General Washington, holed up in the Morristown hills, didn't have many either. After making the British generals blink in the dazzle of its two brilliant flashes at Trenton and Princeton, the American army was flickering so feebly that the rebellion seemed likely to go out altogether; the ragged regiments were guttering away to a mere two thousand men, half frozen, half starved, and completely miserable. Over toward New York, the British outguards stamped their chillblained feet, wiped their snuffling noses on their sleeves, and were profanely envious of their luckier comrades back in town; through the

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bleak Jerseys, chapped and red-eared foraging parties blustered from farmhouse to farmhouse, raiding barns and corncribs and commandeering food and kisses.

Thirty-six backwoodsmen couldn't fight an army; they couldn't loosen its grip on the country; but they could pester it, give some of its junior officers bad headaches, and make some of its soldiers lose their appetites for facing rebel rifles. Prowling about near Rocky Hill like Indians on a scalping foray, with scouts miles ahead, they came across a British column trudging along unconcernedly on some minor outpost errand. They didn't know the first thing about drill or military tactics; they didn't know "right wheel" from "shift arms"; but they knew exactly what to do about two hundred infantrymen marching in close order on a country road. They simply legged it for the nearest patch of trees and hid there, two by two. It was their first fight in this new war, but it was all familiar; it was "The Pastures" and Fort Loudon over again, except that this time they had the British in the clear; there was no log cabin, no twelve-foot stockade.

When the column came poking into the woods like a long, red finger thrust carelessly into a pocket, the signal shot whipped out. Before British mouths could drop open in questioning surprise, half the rifles cut loose a volley. It was stuttering and uncertain: a drillmaster would have raged at such a disgraceful lack of discipline and order. But it was deadly accurate. The long, red finger recoiled as if it had been burned. Then it hardened itself into knuckles of platoons and struck back through a haze of its own musket smoke.

The other half of the ambushed rifles blazed out and seared it. It began to wobble; pieces of it peeled off and curled up like bits of reddened skin and dropped into the

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road. As quickly as they could, the frantic, cursing officers snatched it away from the hot coals they could not even see. With the hidden muzzles spitting sparks almost into their eyes and the gobble-gobble of the Shawnee scalp yell in their ears, the two hundred regulars broke and ran, and kept on running until they found an open field around them and could huddle up together in parade-ground comfort. The thirty-six backwoodsmen did not follow; they took a few more long-range shots for luck, and went back to count the bodies that lay sprawled and quiet on the frozen cart tracks. Then they set off on the prowl again.

The next British finger they found handy for their burning was a column of a different sort—Hessians escorting a baggage wagon and driving along with it a herd of human scarecrows. They had a ring-hunt this time. The Hessians, ambushed and surrounded, caught in a tightening circle of rifle fire, threw down their muskets and threw up their hands. When the brief fight was over, Major James Smith found that he had not only captured twenty-two prisoners and a load of officers' baggage, but had recaptured a detachment of Washington's starveling Continentals on their way to prison. "In a few days," he reported, "we killed and took more of the British, than was of our party."

But sitting in conventions and assemblies for the last two years had softened his hard body. Within a few days more he was deathly ill of "camp fever," and his men were lifting him into a stage wagon and packing him off to Burlington to save his life. While he lay there, weak and fuming, his second in command—Major M'Common—pounced happily upon more clumsy British columns, and presently sent back word that

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the thirty-six had doubled their bag of redcoats, dead or captured. The Black Boys were having a gorgeous time.

When Smith finally got out of bed he was more feverish than ever: he had an idea. Regular armies, drilled to fight in rigid ranks, were probably all right: they might be necessary to win wars. But in the last three or four weeks he had discovered that the British regulars had learned nothing from the costly lessons of war on the frontier: they still blundered into ambushes; they could not stand against cool, straight-shooting riflemen concealed in cover. If thirty-six backwoods hunters and farmers could kill and capture twice their number in a kind of holiday excursion, what could a battalion of such men do to harass a regular army, snap up its provision convoys and its outposts, and hamstring it on the march? He rushed back to Philadelphia and appealed to the Assembly: give me leave to raise a battalion on the frontier and bring it east. The Assembly was more than willing; troops were hard to find; bounties were unavailing; if any man could muster several hundred tough backwoodsmen, James Smith was the man. Unfortunately, it lacked the power to let him do what he wanted to do; the Continental Congress had given Washington supreme authority in the enlisting of recruits and the commissioning of officers. Go to His Excellency, the Assembly advised Major Smith. The Council of Safety wrote the general a letter:

Philadelphia, February 10th, 1777.

SIR:

Application has been made to us by James Smith, Esq., of Westmoreland, a gentleman well acquainted with the Indian customs, and their manner of carrying on war, for leave to raise a battalion of marksmen, expert in the use of rifles, and such as are acquainted with the Indian method of fighting,

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to be dressed entirely in their fashion, for the purpose of annoying and harassing the enemy in their marches and encampments. We think two or three hundred men in that way, might be very useful. Should your excellency be of the same opinion, and direct such a corps to be formed, we will take proper measures for raising the men on the frontiers of this state, and follow such other directions as your excellency shall give in this matter.

It was inconceivable that General Washington, with his army melting away, would reject such an offer; but Smith equipped himself with still another recommendation:

We, whose names are underwritten, do certify that James Smith, (now of the county of Westmoreland) was taken prisoner by the Indians, in an expedition before General Braddock's defeat, in the year 1755, and remained with them until the year 1760; and also that he served as ensign, in the year 1763, under the pay of the province of Pennsylvania, and as lieutenant, in the year 1764, and as captain, in the year 1774; and as a military officer, he had sustained a good character:—and we do recommend him as a person well acquainted with the Indian's method of fighting, and, in our humble opinion, exceedingly fit for the command of a ranging or scouting party, which we are also humbly of opinion, he could, (if legally authorized,) soon raise. Given under our hands at Philadelphia, this 13th day of March, 1777.

THOMAS PAXTON, CAPT.
WILLIAM DUFFIELD, ESQ.
DAVID ROBB, ESQ.
JOHN PIPER, COL.
WILLIAM M'COMB,
WILLIAM PEPPER, LT. COL.
JAMES M'LANE, ESQ.
JOHN PROCTOR, COL.

JONATHAN HODGE, ESQ.
WILLIAM PARKER, CAPT.
ROBERT ELLIOT,
JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, COL.
ROBERT PEEBLES, LT. COL.
SAMUEL PATTON, CAPT.
WILLIAM LYON, ESQ.

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Armed with these and other letters, Smith hurried off to Morristown, obtained an audience from General Washington, and with amazement heard his offer of a frontier battalion emphatically rejected!

He could not believe it. Here was a general who had seen the effect of Indian fighting tactics upon the close formations of British regulars: he had seen Braddock's fine regiments huddled like sheep and butchered like sheep, helpless and befuddled in the Monongahela forest: he had barely escaped with his life. Here was an officer whose only victory, until Trenton, had been won by Indian tactics when he ambushed and surprised the French detachment under Monsieur de Jumonville twenty-three years ago. Washington had been in Forbes's army when its advance guard under Major Grant was cut to pieces at the Forks of the Ohio and saved from utter massacre only by the Indian tactics of the Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia backwoodsmen who were with it; six months ago, on Long Island, that same Major Grant—a general now—had cut Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia troops to pieces when they fought in solid ranks.

But His Excellency was a gentleman. He did not like the idea of dressing white men like Indians and letting them fight like Indians. It was not war; it was bushwhacking. Conscious of his own inadequate training as a general, he was impressed by the automaton precision of British regulars; he was awed by the rules and regulations of European warfare; he had forgotten what happened to the automatic precision, the rules, and the regulations when lead from invisible rifles began ripping into close-packed ranks. He had not seen the Black Watch turn the Indians' own tactics upon them at Bushy Run; he had not seen the Minute Men crouching behind trees

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and fences and hiding in outhouses to knock man after man out of the retreating British column on the bloody road from Concord to Boston. Such conduct might have disgusted him; it might be highly effective, but it was contrary to the rules. Certainly he disapproved of it as commander in chief of the American army. The Black Watch, crack regiment of the British army, might be undergoing thorough training in the Indians' method of fighting, but he would have none of it.⁴ The first rebel of all—the man who had been leading an armed insurrection, fighting and capturing British troops and storming a British fort while Washington was farming, dancing, and fox-hunting in Virginia—stood in His Excellency's Morristown headquarters, rejected, his "old boys" unwanted.

It was a bitter moment. The bitterness was not diluted by a suggestion that a place might be found for him as major in a battalion already raised. He had learned his fighting tactics from the Indians; he remembered the talk around the fires at night, the warriors saying "that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy; to ambush and surprise them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprised themselves . . . and . . . at all times to endeavour to annoy their enemy, and save their own men, and . . . never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men; and if at any time they . . . are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat, and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy, without the danger of losing so many men."⁵ He had proved that those tactics were practical against British troops—proved it within the last month; he had offered to raise a battalion to which such tactics would

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be second nature and which would stand fully armed and uniformed on the day it was mustered, without cost to an impoverished government. And he had been turned down! Should he accept the offer of a commission in the Continentals? The Indians had taught him more than tactics: they had taught him their philosophy of war, and as he stood in Washington's headquarters, disappointed, he remembered something else that they had said: that "it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried." His thoughts went Indian: he "entertained no high opinion of the colonel" from whom he would have to take his orders.

"No, thank you," he told Washington politely.

Chapter XXVII

TOO OLD TO FIGHT

THE war was getting bigger. It was also getting nastier. His Excellency, General Washington, might do his utmost to run it according to rules and the high principles of gentlemen, but the king's ministers were absent-minded; they were continually losing the rule-book and mislaying their gentlemanly principles. His Excellency might have the gravest scruples about annoying and harassing the enemy by using white men dressed as Indians to fight British troops; but the king's ministers had no scruples whatsoever about using the Indians themselves to fight noncombatants, women, and infants in their cradles. They conceived the admirable notion of building a fire in Mr. Washington's rear to annoy and harass him and, if only it blazed high enough, to whisk the flimsy United States of America away in a puff of smoke. If a few hundred backwoods women were burned up in it after they had been raped, and a few hundred children were thrown into the flames after they had been scalped, it would be the fortune of war; it would be just too bad.

Or would it be too bad? Wouldn't it have a most salubrious effect, annoying and harassing the rebels into a frenzy of eagerness to be restored to the kindly bosom of their mother country? Well, then! They went in for "licensed murder" in a big way.

To make certain that the women and the children were

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not overlooked in the intended holocaust, they made it known that they would gladly pay one pound for every rebel scalp regardless of age, sex, or condition, excepting only that there must be enough of it to prove that two scalps had not been taken from one head: the king's ministers had their scruples about encouraging dishonesty among the Indians. To make the "fire in the rear" burn as fiercely as possible, they shipped cargoes of the very best kindling to America—muskets, gunpowder, hatchets, and scalping knives with handles which had been thoughtfully and suggestively painted red. In Detroit, a sad-faced British captain named Henry Hamilton began to pass out the kindling, free, to every prospective cabin burner and ravisher and baby killer.

The old French village regained its malodorous distinction as the business metropolis of the west; in the summer of 1777 its traffic in murder flourished as never before. But the valuable pelts no longer came in bales; they came in fluttering rows, on long poles, and the hunters who carried them howled and cavorted through the streets in the gyrations of the scalp dance. From the Great Lakes, down the Allegheny and the Ohio to Kentucky, the American frontier became a dark and bloody ground.

In the spring of 1778 two colonels came to the Forks of the Ohio, desperately seeking supplies and fighting men. One was George Rogers Clark, colonel of Virginia militia; he had a staggering scheme for hurling an army of backwoodsmen into the Illinois country, capturing the British forts and trading posts there, and then marching to wipe out Detroit. He loaded his meager stores and a few men into flatboats and went floating down the Ohio to rendezvous with his Kentuckians at the Falls and seize Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vin-

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cennes. The other was James Smith, colonel of Pennsylvania militia; he had the staggering task of defending the frontier; the man who had fought the British-licensed trade in murder so bitterly that he led a rebellion to destroy it had been assigned to fight it once more. As Colonel Clark departed on his brilliant adventure, Colonel Smith stuffed his meager supplies into the hunting shirts of the few men he could find and headed northward into the wilderness on the trail of Indian raiders. Pushing the pursuit at a man-killing pace, he overtook the war party on the second day, smelled out its camp, and crept upon it. Sure of their leader, his men struck it like Black Boys and went raging through it. When the burst of firing and the short, hand-to-hand fight with knife and tomahawk were over, four scalps hung dripping from the white men's belts; the Indians had been whipped so thoroughly that they fled in panic, abandoning their plunder and their stolen horses. It was not a big fight; it was not brilliant enough nor important enough to find a place in history. (Neither was the fight at the Widow Barr's or the siege of Fort Loudon or the storming of Fort Bedford.) But it raised the courage of the border settlers and made the Indians more cautious.

By November, Smith was in command of four hundred riflemen. Short of powder, short of food, short of everything except a dogged determination, he broke camp at Pittsburgh and marched north once more, to destroy the Indian town on French Creek. His tactics were still Indian tactics—the only ones he knew; his strategy was his old Black Boy strategy: shaking his little army out into open order, the men a rod apart and covered by a moving screen of flankers, he magnified his force. To the Indian scouts watching from the hills and hanging to his flanks and rear it seemed as though a

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thousand of the Ashalecoa—the Great Knives—were moving against them. They could find no chance for ambush on the march or for surprise at dawn: there was no chance to catch these men in close order and “shoot um down all one pigeon.” The man who led them was no soldier: he was much better than a soldier; he made war as if his thoughts were Indian thoughts. The warriors scuttled home, gathered up their women and children, and fled before him. He marched into the abandoned town, burned it, and plunged on in pursuit until his scanty supplies ran so low that another day meant starvation. He came back to Pittsburgh without glory, but with his army intact, his objective taken, and the border safer.

His fighting days were over. A regiment of Continentals had come across the mountains and was building forts in the Ohio wilderness—Fort McIntosh on Beaver Creek, Fort Laurens on the headwaters of the Muskingum. The new nation, far from going up in the smoke of that ruthless “fire in the rear,” was finding strength to take possession of the Indian country where he had been five years a captive. Colonel Clark had not taken Detroit, but he had taken Henry Hamilton and made peace with the tribes. It was high time for James Smith to be paying some attention to his clearing in the Youghiogheny valley, high time for him to be getting acquainted with the tribe of Smiths that called him, somewhat shyly and strangely, father. It was a big tribe to feed; in the cabin on Jacob’s Creek there were three daughters and four sons—Jane, Elizabeth, and Rebecca; Jonathan, James, William (for that stouthearted brother-in-law, the Hell’s Town justice of the Conococheague rebellion), and Robert, the baby. He had been married for fifteen years, but of the fifteen only four

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had been even reasonably peaceful; there had been only four years that were not disrupted by Indian war, insurrection, his arrest and trial for murder, his exploring trips, his duties as delegate and assemblyman, or his little private war in the Jerseys and his vain trip to Morristown. Anne, his wife, had borne him seven children, but he had had little home life with her; she had grown old and tired without his knowing it; and she was dying.

The war ended and the peaceful years came, but they came too late; James Smith was a widower. Heartsick, he dug Anne's grave in a clump of ancient oaks on a hill that overlooked the cabin; beside it, with the slow pains of a regret-stricken man, he built a miniature Indian lodge, and as if to make up to his lost wife the years they might have had together, he spent his spare hours lying on a couch there, reading or talking to his youngest son.

But the west still pulled him. He could not forget the terrible and lovely land where he had wandered nearly twenty years ago and where he had almost died. In the summer of 1785, he was off for Kentucky. It was a more important trip than he had expected it to be, and the trip home was more important still: it was a wedding journey. He had met and married Mrs. Margaret Irvin, a widow with five children. There was about her a hardy courage and an audacity that spoke familiarly to his own audacity and hardihood: her husband had died of smallpox while on the way to war with a Virginia company: in 1782, with a swarm of children on her hands, she had turned her back on the comparative safety and civilization of the Lunenburg settlements and struck out for Kentucky with some of her neighbors. Here was a woman, James Smith thought, whose spirit matched his.

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For the next three years the cabin on Jacob's Creek was full to bursting. Its fullness added a push to the persistent pulling of Kentucky. On a summer day in 1788, Margaret Smith took command of a caravan that included eight children, blankets, kettles, farm tools—all the paraphernalia of a frontier household on hegira. She was going down the Youghiogheny, the Monongahela, and the Ohio to a new home on Cane Ridge in Bourbon County, seven miles from the settlement of Paris, in Kentucky. James Smith was going, too, but before he went he had something to do that must be done alone—almost alone. With his youngest son's hand clinging to his calloused fingers, he walked up the hill to the oak grove for the last time and knelt beside Anne's grave. Then he and Robert followed Margaret. The Smith tribe was broken: Jonathan, Jane, and Elizabeth were left behind.

There was ample welcome for Colonel James Smith in Bourbon County. He was barely settled when his neighbors sent him to Danville to sit in the convention arguing about separation from Virginia; life in this new land was full of promise and activity; with the exception of two years when he "was left a few votes behind," the county sent him back term after term to the assembly, and the problems of the lusty young commonwealth were good to wrestle with. His marriage was a success: his stepchildren were fond of him; his wife was all a man could hope for in a woman.

But his assembly service ended in 1799. The next year Margaret died. His memoirs had been written. What was left? He turned more and more to books and religion, but there was no more peace for him in them than there had been, on an August night in Fort Duquesne, in reading Russell's *Seven Sermons* while the shrieks of Braddock's tortured soldiers

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keened into his brain. He was a fighting man, and he found himself once more in the midst of a heated quarrel. He left the Presbyterian Church to join the Stoneite movement, and then deserted back again with renewed fervor. At sixty-five, he found a way to finish his life as it should be finished: he would be a missionary to the Indians; he would relive the years he spent as Soouwa, the Caughnawaga. With his old energy he wound up his affairs. To his son James he transferred the rights to his memoirs and twenty acres of land, on James's promise "to decently support his father during his lifetime," and plunged eagerly into the Tennessee wilderness.

But trouble dogged him: they had a natural affinity for each other—he and trouble. Returning from a long journey to the Indian towns, he found that he had no home. James, too, had turned to religion—turned so violently that he had broken his promise to his father; fascinated by the Shakers, he had taken his whole family across the river into Ohio to settle in the sect's new town on Turtle Creek. Always curious and interested, the old colonel followed him, lived a little while among the Shakers, and came back disgusted; with him came his daughter-in-law, Polly, to visit her relatives, and his disgust turned speedily to bitterness and anger. His son declared that Polly had deserted her family, and when she went back to Turtle Creek he slammed the door in her face and refused to let her see her children. She returned in tears to the Kentucky side, and Colonel Smith rushed pell-mell into a war of words. He fired a volley of denunciation titled, on its pamphlet jacket, "Remarkable Occurrences Lately Discovered Among the People Called Shakers: of a Treasonable and barbarous nature; or, Shakerism Developed." The sect fired back at him, and the colonel settled down to fight in

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earnest; he cut loose with forty-four printed pages headed: "Shakerism Detected; their Erroneous and Treasonable Proceedings, and False Publications contained in Different Newspapers, *Exposed to public View* . . . accompanied with remarks." The remarks were choice.

But like his fight, long ago, against the Indian trade, this wordy fight failed. His son stayed among the Shakers, and James Smith, at seventy-three, went to live with his step-children. His own boy—the boy who bore his own name—did not want him.

Then the rumors came—the old, familiar rumors. The war drums were throbbing; in the Indian towns the painted posts had been set up; the young men were gashing them with hatchets. War was coming! The colonel's eyes kept turning to the long rifle on the wall pegs: there was one more fight left in him. But when he was caught lifting the rifle down and fondling it, he discovered that nobody wanted him. The neighbors smiled and cracked jokes behind his back; his step-children shushed him tolerantly. He was too old. Land o' Goshen, he was seventy-four. Well, maybe he was, but no one could deny that he knew more about Indians and Indian fighting than most white men, and that took in the whole United States army. With his stiff hand gripped in a stranglehold on a sputtering quill, he wrote down what he knew about Indian war. Perhaps some young squirt of an officer would take the time to read it; perhaps—but likely not—he'd have the sense to heed it.

And then came war. Not rumors this time, but real war—war with England. The old colonel would not be held back. While his son Robert raised volunteers and dyed their panta-

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loons in his own tanning vats to get them uniformed, James Smith set out to join the army at Detroit.¹

Somewhere along the road he heard the news: a poltroon of a general had raised the white flag and given up the fort, its magazines, its batteries and its whole garrison, without a shot. There was no army left to join. He turned back, suddenly tired, suddenly aware that he was old. His journey homeward was the last march of the journeyings that had begun one bright May morning in 1755, when he was violently in love with a girl in the valley of the Conococheague. *Co-no-co-cheague*. It had been "indeed a long way."

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Appendix

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GAGE TO LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR JOHN PENN, READ AT A SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF PENNSYLVANIA

New York, Decem^r 7th, 1764.

SIR:

It gives me great pleasure to be able to acquaint you that, by an Express arrived from the heads of Muskingham, I am informed that the Shawanese and Delawares, and other Tribes on the Ohio, have been reduced to the most humiliating Peace by his Majesty's Arms, under the Command of Colonel Bouquet, and that a general Peace is now made with all the Nations who had risen in Arms against us.

The perfidy of the Shawanese & Delawares, the Contempt they shewed us, and the breaking through all the ties and engagements which even Savage Nations hold sacred amongst each other, made it absolutely necessary to reduce them by Force, and to march into their Country. The Troops under Col^o Bouquet have penetrated into the heart of their Settlement, and obliged them to deliver up all their Prisoners, even their own Children born of White Women, and to send deputies to Sir William Johnson, to settle a peace upon such further terms as should be imposed upon them; for the performance of the last, and as a Security that no further Hostilities should be committed, a number of their principal Chiefs have been delivered up as Hostages; about Two hundred prisoners had been delivered into our hands, and more were expected from the Shawanese. Several of our parties had been sent into the Villages of that Nation, to assist them in collecting the Captives and bringing them to Fort Pitt.

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I take the first opportunity to congratulate you on the happy Conclusion of all Hostilities with the Indian Nations who had appeared in Arms against his Majesty, and to enable you to give such notice as you see convenient, to the Merchants, that the Trade may be again carried on with the several Nations.

In consequence of this Peace, I beg leave to observe to you that I am informed the Government of this Province intend publishing a Proclamation, not only to prohibit all Hostilities against the Indians, but likewise, to open a Trade with them, on condition that the Traders take Lycenses of the Governor, and give Bond and Security that they do not expose to Sale, or Sell to the Indians, but at the posts that are already, or shall be hereafter established; I should be glad to know whether you pursue the same method, or make any further regulations respecting the trade with the Indians, that I may have it in my power to give notice thereof to the Officers Commanding at the several Posts, to enable them to see that the Traders do strictly comply with the Terms of Trade prescribed to them by the Government to which they belong.

I am, with great regard, Sir,
Your most Obedient humble Servant,
THO. GAGE.

Hon. John Penn, Esqr.

THE ACTION OF THE COUNCIL

The Council (Provincial Council of Pennsylvania) having taken the said Letter into consideration, were of Opinion, that as the Governor had not been informed of the

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Success of those Deputies of the Western Indians who were sent by Col. Bouquet to Sir William Johnson to negotiate and ratify with him the Terms of Peace which had been proposed or stipulated in the late Expedition to the Westward, under the Command of the said Col. Bouquet, and, as it is yet uncertain what may be the Consequences of the Desertion and Escape of the Shawanese Hostages, the Governor should defer issuing a Proclamation to open a Trade with the Indians, according to his Majesty's Royal Proclamation of the 7th October, 1763, or taking any measures to enforce the same, 'til he has full information from Sir William Johnson that a General Peace is actually concluded with the said Western Indians.

The Governor, accordingly, wrote an answer to Genl Gage to that effect.

DEPOSITION OF LT. CHARLES GRANT, 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally appeared before me, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Said County, Lieut Charles Grant, Who, upon his Solemn Oath upon the holy Evangelist of Almighty God, Declares that on the 9th of March last, James Smith, late Lieut in the Pennsylvania Service, did in a Riotous manner, at the Head of a Body of Armed Men appear before this Fort; upon my Seeing Such a Multitude under Arms, I sent a man with a Message to their Commander to come & Speak with me. He, the said James Smith, came and acknowledged that he was the Man that Headed Said party. I asked him what he meant by appearing with

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Such a Mobb before the King's Fort? He said that he came to demand the prisoners which I had at that time in Custody, & that he Understood they were to be Committed to Carlisle Goal. I asked him what he wou'd do Suppose they were Sent to Carlisle & Escorted by the King's Troops? He made answer, that his party should first Fire over the Soldiers, & if they would not give up the prisoners upon that, they were Determined to fight the Troops, & die to a Man Sooner than let them prisoners go to Goal.

10th of May last a Body of 200 Men, as near as I could Guess, appeared before this Garrison, the above-mentioned James Smith being one of their Ring-leaders, as did likewise arrive at this Fort, the Justices Smith, Reynald & Allison; Justice Smith & Reynald desired that I wou'd let them inspect the Goods, & that wou'd Satisfy the Rioters. I told them that the Goods were, by the General's orders, under my Care, & that I had orders from the General at the same time to send for a Magistrate & take an Inventory of all the Goods, But cou'd not proceed upon any Such Business at a time when there was Such a Body of Armed Rioters about the Garrison, but wou'd be oblig'd to call upon Some of them next week for that purpose. To which Justice Smith made answer, that he was not Subject to the General's Orders, therefore if he did not get liberty to take an Inventory of them at that time, he would not Come again to do it.

I then Shewed the Justice the orders which I had from Brigadier General Bouquet for permitting Goods to pass, as likewise the permitt Joseph Spear had from the Commanding officer at Fort Pitt for the Carrying of Goods for the Support of the Troops on the Communication; to which James Smith answered, that the Commanding officer's pass

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was no pass, and that no Military Officer's pass would do without a Magistrate's pass. Justice Smith said likewise, that this was not a King's Fort, nor was this the King's Road, & said, that five Hundred men wou'd not Escort up these Goods without a Magistrate's pass.

28th May, I was Riding out, & about a mile from this post as I was Coming home in Company with two other Men, was Waylay'd by five Men Arm'd, Namely James Smith, Samuel Owens, John Piery, & two others, whose names I don't know, all under the Command of the aforesaid James Smith, Some called out to Catch me, others Shoot me; On which I Rush'd thr' them, & on passing one of them attempted to Catch my Horse by the Bridle, Notwithstandg I passed them all; and when they saw that I was out of their hands, one of them fired a Gun, whether at me or my Horse, I cannot say, at which my horse Started into the Thickett which occasioned my falling; the Rioters then came up to me, made me as they said the King's prisoner, upon which one of them said, "take the Durk of the Rascall." I asked them for what? They said they wou'd let me know that before I wou'd go home. I asked them where they were taking me to, They said they wou'd take me before Justice Reyonald. I ask'd if it would not do as well to go before Justice Smith, being the most Convenient? They Said that their orders was to Bring me before Justice Reyonald. They Brought me into the Woods that night Seven Miles from my post, & there Kept me all night without any Manner of Shelter; they told me that unless I would give up the Arms that I had in the Fort, that they wou'd Carry me away into the Mountains & keep me there, & that in the mean time the Country wou'd Rise & take the Fort, by force of Arms, & by that means they wou'd

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have all the goods in the Fort as well as their Own Arms. I told them that it was not in my power to give up their Arms without orders from my Commanding officer, & told them they would be dealt with as Rebels if they would do what they threatened. Their Commander, James Smith, said that they were as Ready for a Rebellion as we were to oppose it, & they acknowledge that their proceedings were Contrary to law; & after holding a Council Determined to go of to Carolina & take me along. They set out, & brought me about eight Miles farther. I having no Doubt but they wou'd bring me to Carolina, I ask'd them what they would have me do in the Matter, as I told them before how much it was out of my power to Deliver up their Arms? They ask'd me if I wou'd give Security to Deliver up their Arms or pay £40? To which I consented Rather than go to Carolina, on which they agreed to Bring me to an Inn at Justice Smith's, Where I gave a Bond for £40 if I did not deliver up their Arms in five Weeks.

As they were taking me away they Declared their Determination in firing upon the Troops in Case any of them Shou'd be sent in Quest of Mr —. The aforesaid James Smith was the Ringleader of the party that took Serjt MaGlasken, belonging to the Garrison under my Command, & used him very ill.

Some days after I was Releas'd from the Rioters, I was at the House of Justice Smith, Where I met the five Men that took me & Carried me away as above Mentioned, & I told Justice Smith that those were the Men that took me away, & in what Manner they used me, But he took no Notice of it.

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A LIST OF LOADING BELONGING TO MR. JOHN GIBSON, JUNE 1, 1765

Vizt:

3 Caggs of Wine	20 Loads of Dry Goods
1 Cagg of Sugar	1 Load of Trunks
34 Caggt of Rum and Spirrits	23 Weeding hoes

We, they Subscribers, being chosen by Jn^o Gibson, with the consent and Approbation of Will^m Smith, John Ranwells, and John Allison, Esquires, to Inspect a Quantity of Liquors, Dry Goods &c., Which Goods, &c., the said Gibson is about to carry to Fort Pitt, In pursuance whereof we have Examined all the Loads Included in the Above Invoice, and have found no Warlike Stores, or any Article that in our opinion can be any Disadvantage or Enable the Indians to point their Arms against the Frontier Inhabitants.

Given under our hands this first Day of June, 1765

(Signed,) ROBT. SMITH,

FRANCIS PATTERSON.

Cumberland County, ss

(L.S.) To all his Majesty's Leidge Subjects to whom these Presents shall come. With Concurance and Approbation of Jn^o Rannells & Jn^o Allison, Esq^{rs}, you are here by in his s^d Majesty's Name to permitt ye above Named Gibson, with Seven Drivers and forty-one Horses and Loading to Pass unmolested as far as Fort Bedford or to ye Allagenea Mountain,

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on his way to Fort Pitt, they behaving themselves Soberly and Inofencively as becoms Loyal Subjects.

Given under my hand & Seal, being one of His Majesty's Justices of ye Peace for sd County, this 1st June, 1765.

(Signed,) Wm. SMITH.

STATEMENT OF RALPH NAILER, 1765

When I Presented the Depositions of my Drivers that Had Been whip'd by the Black Boys the time my Horses was Killed, to Mr. Wm. Allen, he then told me to Wait on him at Five o'clock that Afternoon and he would Give me an Answer, [I went] and he told me he had look'd them Over, and Desired to Know what I wanted him to do in it. I told him as they had Acted Contrary, as I thought, to the Laws of our Government, and him the only Person to Apply to For Redress, Hop'd he would Issue out King's Writes and Have them Prosecuted According to Law; at which he told me, as there was no person Killed he had no Business with it, and Further Said, if that Officer, Sarjeant, or Soldiers had Killed any of that Party, he Would have sent for them & had them Tryed for their Lives, at which I told him I thought a party of men Assembld on the King's Road in Disguise as they were, and Robing People of their Private Propertys, I Imagined had the Soldiers Killed them, the English Laws would have Protected them, tho' the Black'd Men Gave the first fire; he then said, there was no such Law only in England, to put a Stop from Killing the King's Deer; he then said, we had no Business to Carry the Goods; at which I told him they Were Chiefly for the use of the Garrison, and he

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said five or six Loads was Quite Sufficient for that Garrison, and not forty or Fifty, tho' Great Part of them Loads was the Officers' Stores Belonging to Fort Pitt, and the Remainder was Intirely Rum, Spirrits & Wine, Except Seven Loads of Loaf Sugar, Shirts, Shoes, and other Dry Goods; he then Said we had Done Wrong in Carrying the Goods, and he had done Wrong in Shooting our horses & Whiping the Drivers, and that we were a Lawless People.

RALPH NAILER.

N.B.—I Delivered the Horse Drivers Depositions to Mr. Allen the Second Day of June, 1765.

DEPOSITION OF LEONARD MCGLASHAN, &C., 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally appeared before me, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County, the Following Persons, Vizt-

Leonard McGlashan, Serjeant, Duncan Cameron, Corp^l, John McGill, George Sutherland, John McDonald, Senior, John McDonald, younger, Angus McKay, Donald McKay, John Corbitt, John Dure, John Cruckshanks, and Lachlin McKinon, Soldiers of the 42^d Regt.,

Whome being all Sworn on the Holy Evangelisht of Almighty God, Disposeth, that on the 6th of March, 1765, that the above mention'd Serjt. McGlashan, with the afore-said party, was Ordered by Lieut. Charles Grant, Commanding Fort Loudoun, about 9 o'Clock that Night to proceed on to Sidling Hill, where the Goods were Destroy'd, to protect and Bring back to this Fort any part of said Goods that

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Could be found, and any party that I should meet that seemed Likely to have been at the Destroying of said Goods, I was to make prisoners of them, or as many of them as I Could, and bring them to this Fort.

I proceeded with my party, and at the Entrance of the Gap which leads over the Mountain to the Great Coave, about 12 o'Clock at Night I mett with a party of Men, to the Number of Seven, who Run off upon their Perceiving us; I Called to them severall times to Stop but to no purpose; Some of them had new Blanketts about them, it being moon-light we could Plainly Discern them, which Blanketts we Lookd upon to be part of the Goods that we were sent to protect; they Running away in the Confused Manner that they did, together with the Blanketts which they had about them, Gave me Great Reason to believe that these People had a hand in Destroying the Goods, Consequently I gave order to persue them, which was Done, and about half way up the Mountain made one prisoner which I myself took with two Rifles in his hand, & one other prisoner taken by some off the party.

These two prisoners I Committed to the Care of the Corporall and four Men in the Rear of my Party, while I Proceeded in the front, and at the Top of the Mountain, the Corporal in the Rear, perceiving some people Creeping thro the Woods Called to the front, upon which Turned Back and Gave Chace to them thro the Woods, upon which there were two Shots fired by some of the party Contrary to my Orders, I then proceeded to the Great Coave to the House of Will^m McConnel, it Being the place where the Rioters Rendesvouzed at the Day they Burnt the Goods, as we was Inform'd, I thought in all probability I might find some of

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them there, consequently on my arrival at the said House I made strict Enquiry, and Examined Every Body in the House, but finding no Reason to suspect any of them, it being a publick Inn. I Left the Corporal and four Men there to take Care of the prisoners, while I, with the Rest of my party Proceeded to the Ground where the Goods were destroy'd, at which place we arrived about Six o'Clock in the Morning of the seventh Instant, and found a few Horse Loads of Rum untouched, but the dry Goods in Ashes, the former I brought Back with me to the Coave, from whence I sett out with my party (and two prisoners made the Night before) to Fort Loudoun, when at or near the place that the prisoner, taken by Serjt- McGlashan, was found a Scalping Knife supposed to be part of the Goods, and on this side of the Mountain, much about the same place where I mett the people in Blanketts the Night before, I was met by four Country Men under Arms, one of whome asked me where I had been, I told them in the Coave; he asked me what Business brought me there, I answered, on the King's Service. Ask'd me if I did not make some prisoners, I told them I had made two; ask'd me what they were made prisoners for, I answered, for Destroying the King's Goods; asked me where I was Determined to bring them to, I answered to Fort Loudoun; he say'd they should not be Brought to Loudoun untill he would know for what, to which I made answerd, that as he seemed Determined to Rescue them I would make him prisoner as well as them, which I did accordingly, Corporal Cameron and two off the party being Left in the Rear had not opportunity of hearing the said Conversation (between the Serjeant and the Country People) and upon my making him a prisoner,

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there then appeared a party off about Fifty Men, (as Near as we could Gues) all Armed, with their thumbs upon the locks of their Guns and Presented at me and my party, one of which swore Blodily that he would Shoot me through the Heart, in Consequence of which I Cloas'd with him and Disarmed him, and made him fall in with the Rest of the Prisoners, and at the same time Gave Orders to the party under my Command, to Disarm and make prisoners of as many of them as they Could, which was Done, making four prisoners out of this party, that appeared to Rescue the two prisoners the Night before—they Rendesvoused again, and mett me on the Road as I march Towards the Fort; I asked them where they were going, they answerd that they were going a hunting; I told them that if they were hunting us that they should find us better Game, and Commanded them to Clear the Road for the Kings Troops which they would not do, untill I was Obliged to Order my party to fix their Bayonetts, the sight of which procured me & my party a Clear passage to Fort Loudoun.

Sworn & Subscribd, this 20th day
of August, 1765, Before me,
JNO. ALLISON.

LEONARD MCGLASHAN, SERJT.
DUN'N CAMERON, CORP^L.

his
JOHN X MCGILL,
mark

his
DONALD X MCCOY,
mark

his
GEORGE X SUTHERLAND,
mark

his
JOHN X CORBITT,
mark

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his JOHN X McDONALD, SEN ^R . mark	his JOHN X DURE, mark
his JOHN X McDONALD, YOU ^R . mark	his JOHN X CROOKSHANKS, mark
his ANGUS X MCCOY mark	his LAUGLAN X MCKENNON mark

DEPOSITION OF LEONARD MCGLASHAN, &C., 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally appeared before me, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County, the Following Persons, Vizt.

Leonard McGlashan, Serjeant, John McGill, George Sutherland, Daniel Steward, John Corbitt, Daniel McRay, John McDonald, jun^r., John McDonald, Senior, Angus McKay, John McDonald, younger, David McKenzie, Hugh Monro, and Arch^d McMillon, Soldiers in ye 42^d Regt., whome being all Sworn on the Holy Evangelisht of Almighty God, Disposeth, that Being Ordered by Lieut, Charles Grant, on the 6th of May last, with the above mention'd Number of Men to the House of Rouland Harris, to Relieve the Pack Horse Men that were taken by a party of Men Disguised, with their faces Blacken'd, but upon my arrival at s^d Harrises House this party of Rioters was gone, not knowing which way they went I Press'd the afore mentioned Harris to Pilot me the way; when upon our arrival at the Widow Barrs

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House they fired one Shot, supposed to be upon us; we not thinking that we were so Near them, and Looking from whence the Shott was fired we saw the party, I call'd out to Stop, but they not Stopping one Shott was fired upon them by some of my party, in Return of which severall Shotts were fired, supposed on us, on our Retreat to the Widow Barrs; I then gave Orders to fire, and my party being on Clear Ground, and they in the Woods, oblidged us to take possession of the Widow Barrs House, where we were fired upon Warmly for some time, the Black Boys being between Seventy and Eighty in Number, as Near as I can Gues, Before we went into the House; we made one Man Prisoner, he being under Arms, and appeared as if he had been Black'd in the face, but had attempted to Rub it off but did not do it Effectually, which Prisoner we kept about one hour, and then Released him, being perswaded by a Country Man that happened to Come there, (as he sayd by Chance) and told us that if I did not Release the afore mentioned prisoner, Neither me, nor any of my party would Ever Gitt back to the Fort, upon which I Released him, and Proceeded back to Fort Loudoun.

Sworn & Subscrib^d, this 20th day
of August, 1765, Before Me,
JNO. ALLISON.

LEONARD MCGLASHAN, SERJ^t.

his
JOHN X MCGILL,
mark

his
JOHN X McDONALD, SEN^r.
mark

his
GEORGE X SUTHERLAND,
mark

his
ANGUS X MCCOY
mark

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his
DANIEL X STEWART,
 mark

his
JOHN X CORBITT
 mark

his
DANIEL X MCCOY,
 mark

his
JOHN X McDONALD, JUN^r
 mark

his
JOHN X McDONALD, YOUNG^r
 mark

his
DAVID X MCKINZIE,
 mark

his
HUGH X MONROE
 mark

his
ARCHIBALD X McMULLON
 mark

DEPOSITION OF HENRY PRATHER, 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally Appear'd before me one of his Majisties Justices for said County, Henry Prather, who upon his Solemn Oath on the holy Evangelists of Almighty God, Deposeth that on or about the 18th of July last, there was a Number of Majestrates Conven'd at Fort Loudoun, Among which were Mess^{rs}. Campbell & Perry, Esquires, who were the Acting Majestrates, Examining into different Matters about Some Disturbances that had happen'd lately, likewise Concerning an Advertisement Propagated (as Justice Smith Imagin'd) By Thomas Romberg or Alexander Williamson, who were Both Sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, & Answer all Such Questions as Should be Ask'd Concerning Said Advertisement; and further this Deponent Sayeth there were Severall Other Depositions taken the

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Same day Respecting Justice Smith's Conduct, when they were only Sworn to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, without Mentioning the whole truth, and Answer to Such Questions as Should be Ask'd. Some time after, on the Same day, this Deponent being in Company with a Certain Samuel Finley, who lives with Justice Smith, ask'd Said Finley, upon his Conscience, if he had Declar'd the truth, the whole truth, & nothing but the truth, Concerning Justice Smith, Finley Answer'd it was hard touching his Conscience with it, for that he had Sworn nothing but the truth, and had Answer'd Such Questions as was Ask'd of him, likewise Added he would as Soon Swear for Justice Maxwell as for Justice Smith if he was Call'd upon; & this Deponent further Declares, that it was his opinion that Said Finley did look upon his Deposition Binding upon him to Declare the whole truth; and further Sayeth, there was a Deposition taken from one Price in favour of Justice Smith, which he this Deponent Objected Against for Several Reasons, Viz., for his appearing Att the Head of a Riotous party at Sundry times, & for Embazelling the goods of Joseph Spears, which was Carried from or near Fort Loudoun to Maryland, & left in his Care, likewise for Carrying off a Cagg of Rum Att the Same time, when a pretence of Burning Said goods of Mr. Spears was Committing, these Objections this Deponent laid in against Said Price Att the time when his Deposition was taking, & offer'd to prove the Same By Evidence; Notwithstanding this Deposition of Price's was transmitted to his Honour the Governour, as he this Deponent has been Inform'd; this Deponent further Adds, that being in Company with Justice Perry, and Discoursing About the Said price, Mr. Perry Said it was fitter

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Such a fellow Should be Committed than to have his Oath, & Added, he thought a Pitty it was not in his power to Secure all Such, &c And further this Deponent Sayeth, that the Majestrates had Agreed to Sit in the fort, & when they Appear'd Ready to Begin Business, they the Majestrates ask'd for Evidences which was Answer'd, the Commanding Officer would let none of those people into the Garrison, as they had appear'd Severall times Before the Garrison under Arms; upon which Justice Campbell Answer'd, let us go Some where Else, for the Commanding Officer was quite Right not to let any of these people In, or if he did it was more than he Could Answer for, and Might Perhaps Affect his Commission, & further this Deponent Sayeth not.

H'Y. PRATHER.

Sworn and Subscrib'd, this 12th September, 1765, Before me,
JNO. ALLISON.

N.B.—Justices Maxwell and Allison, if called upon, will confirm what is contain'd in the above Deposition.

DEPOSITION OF THOMAS ROMBERG, 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally Appear'd before me One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Said County, Thomas Romberg, Who, Upon his Solemn Oath on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, Deposeth, that On or About the 29th May Last, Next Day After Lieut. Charles Grant was taken Prisoner, I went the Same Road to Enquire what became of him, Going to Mr. Nath. McDowell, I found an Advertise-

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ment, and in Cumming home I let Mr. Grant know of it; he Ask'd me for a Copy, of which I Give him one, the Original was so much Blotted with the Durt, after I took a Copy off it, I did not take Much Notice of it, which is Destroy'd.

After Some time there was a Court of Inquiry held at this post by a number of Justices of the Peace, they Call'd for me & Justice Campbell & Piero; Ask'd me in what Manner I Came by that Advertisement, & if I Could Give my Oath how and in what manner I Came by it; I told them that I Could, Which was in the Manner following, of which I made Oath, Vizt.

That I found the said Advertisement upon the Publick Road Leading to Mr. Nath. McDowell's, that I was not the Author of the Same, nor I did not know who the Author was.

Some time after Justice Smith Came from Philadelphia, he was here & the Sheriff, the Sheriff Call'd me into Mr. Christy's house, & told me that he Wanted to Speak to me, Comming in he Shew'd me a Writ he had for me, when I saw it I went up to Justice Smith & told him that the Sheriff had a Writ for Me, that I would be glad if I Could Settle it here without taking me down to Jail to Carlisle, upon Which he Made Answer, that it Could be Settled if I would Give the Author off that Advertisement, Upon Which I made Answer that I did not know more About it than what I have Sworn to. Well then, says he, the Law will Condemn You that You are the Author of the Same. After some Conference he told me that he pity'd me, as I was Ignorant of the Law. Well, says I, all that they or You can do to me would be to hang me or Send me out the Country. No, Says he, but it will Cost You Some Money. At the Same time Mess^{rs}. Christy

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& McCormick had some talk together, on which Justice Smith Said, Gentlemen, None of your Whispering upon this Affair.

THOMS. ROMBERG.

Sworn & Subscribed, this 12th Day of Sept, 1765, at Fort Loudon, Before
JAS. MAXWELL.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL GAGE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN NORTH AMERICA

The Petition of Thomas Romberg, Most Humble Sheweth:

That your Excellency's Petitioner, the Day after Lieut. Grant was taken Prisoner, being anxious about his Fate, went Out into the Country to try if he Could gett any Intelligence of him, and on the High Road found an Advertisement as is mention'd in the Affidavit Anexed, and being Called upon Swore to all he knew of the Matter, but some time thereafter when he Least Expected it he was taken by a Warrant at the Instance of Justice Smith, who Seems Determin'd to persecute him and to fine him of a Sum of Money which he is Unable to Pay. As he has the Honour to Act as Commissary to the Troops at this post, and as he Can Expect no Justice before any Court of Law in this Country, but Rather Oppression, he therefore Humbly implores your Excellency's Protection against his unjust Persecutor.

And your Petitioner will Ever Pray, &c

THOS. ROMBERG.

Commissary at Fort Loudoun.

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DEPOSITION OF JOHN SMITH, 1765

Cumberland County ss:

Personally appeared me, One of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for said County, John Smith, Who, upon his solemn Oath, Declares and Saith, That some Time in May last, he, this Depon^t had Occasion to go to Justice Smith's, & at One Cunningham's Tavern, near said Smith's, he was in Company with about Thirty Men under Arms with an intent, as he apprehended, to stop goods from going Backward, after some Time Robert Allison was Coming past said Tavern with some Mares & Colts, which they thought to be Pack Horses, & said it would be well to shoot them; however, Thomas Orbison, William Duffield & Samuel Davis, & this Depon^t saith that those Men, the Tavern, said they would Whip the above Mentioned Allison before he left that place, unless he would give satisfaction to them for attempting to Carry out the Goods which were Destroyed near Sidelong Hill, & this Depon^t saith he saw the same People passing & Repassing between the said Tavern & Justice Smith's House.

Sworn 22d July, 1765, Before

JOHN ALLISON.

(A Copy)

DEPOSITION OF JOHN SHELBY, 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for said County, John Shelby, who, upon his Solemn Oath on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, Declares that some Time in the Beginning of May last, he

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went to a Tavern near Justice Smith's, where there were about Twenty Men under Arms then, But was Informed that a number had left the afs^d Tavern that Morning in Order to stop some pack Horses that were then above Fort Lowdon at pasture; That the Men mentioned to be at the Tavern & this Depon^t went to one Widow Barr's, where they met the party coming back, the most of whom were Blacked, & this Depon^t heard them say they had killed some Horses & Whiped the Drivers; soon after a party of Highlanders came up, upon which some firing ensued upon both sides, one of the Country people being Wounded through the Thigh, the Action being Ended, the Country People all returned to Cunningham's Tavern, & this Depon^t went to Fort Lowdon & on his Return Home saw the same party at said Tavern; That this Depon^t stopped at Justice Smith's, who went with him to the Tavern, & having some Conferance Together about These Disturbances, Mr. Smith said it was a pity some Man would not undertake to Settle those Highlanders for they would ruin the Country; upon which this Depon^t Answered, he thought there was anough had undertaken it already, that then this Depon^t leaving Justice Smith with those people at said Tavern; That some Time after this Depon^t had occasion to go to Justice Smith's House, & Calling at the afs^d Tavern, he saw a number of Men Collected under Arms & Justice Smith in Company, likewise Thomas Orbison & William Duffield, &c, & further saith not

Sworn & Subscribed Before

JAS. MAXWELL.

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DEPOSITION OF JAMES WILKINS, 1765

Cumberland County, ss

Personally appeared before me, one of his Mayesty's Justices for said County, personally appeared James Wilkins, who upon his Oath Saith, That on or about the Last Day of May last, he being at the House of Justice Smith, where he received some Horse Loads of Goods from John Gibson (to be carried to Fort Pitt), at which place he saw a number of armed Men, some of Whom Did Declare, that they were at the taking of Lieut Grant, Commanding Officer at Fort Lowdon; And this Deponant further Saith, that being that Evening at the House of James Cunningham, (an Inn Contiguous to Justice Smith's house, where Justice Smith & James Smith, who seemed to have headed the Above Mentioned Armed Party & others, were in Company by themselves, this Deponant did hear Justice Smith say, "that as John Gibson did Condescend to have his Goods Inspected by the Country People, if any of them should Destroy or Offer to Molest said Gibson's Goods, he would use his Endeavours to find Out & Prosecute the Transgressors in that Fact, & said that if he would take in hand to find them out, he would find them sooner than any Other Person who had hitherto undertaken to find Out the like, and further saith not.

(Signed), JAS. WILKINS.

Sworn and Subscribed Before

JAS. MAXWELL.

(A Coppy)

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A LETTER FROM HIS EXCELL'CY GENL. GAGE TO GOVERNOR PENN, READ AT A SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL

NEW YORK, June 2d, 1765.

SIR:

I have the pleasure to acquaint you that Sir William Johnson has finished his Congress with the Delawares, Senecas, &ca., in a very satisfactory manner, & he says beyond his Expectations. It is not necessary for me to relate to you what has passed with the Delawares and Shawanese at Fort pitt, as I am informed from thence that a Copy of the Conferences held there was transmitted to you. As the Shawanese have punctually complied with the Engagements made with Col. Bouquet, and as Sir William has settled affairs on the Mohawk River with the Tribes who met him there, to as much advantage as could be desired, I am only to make application to you that the Trade may be opened on the side of the Ohio as soon as possible. This seems the more necessary to be done immediately, as the Indians, desire it very strenuously as a proof of Sincerity on our part, having themselves complied with all the Conditions imposed upon them by us, And the Trade is already opened in every other part.

The Indians have appeared so well disposed that there is great reason to expect the Country will enjoy a Series of peace and Tranquility, unless interrupted by the Riotous and Lawless proceedings of the people upon the Frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland & Virginia. I have the honor to inclose you extracts of three Letters on the subject of the violences they have been guilty of, and unless some measures are taken to restrain their Licentiousness, to punish them for the

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murders they have committed, and keep them in subjection to the Laws, There is too much reason to apprehend our Affairs will soon be thrown into worse confusion than they have ever been in. I have the honor to be, with great regard, Sir,

Your most Obedient humble Servant,

THOS. GAGE.

Honble Lieut- GOVERNOR PENN.

THE ACTION OF THE COUNCIL

The Board having taken the said Letter and Journal into consideration, as well as the favourable State of Indian Affairs in general, were of Opinion that a free Intercourse and Trade ought to be immediately opened & established between his Majesty's Subjects of this Province and the several Nations and Tribes of Indians now in Amity with the Crown of Great Britain. A Draught of a Proclamation being accordingly prepared, was read & approved, & ordered to be published this week in the Pennsylvania Gazette & Journal. 200 Copies of the same were also directed to be printed in separate Sheets, & dispersed thro' the Province.

The Proclamation follows in these words, vizt-:

“By the Honourable JOHN PENN, Esquire, Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania, and Counties of Newcastle, Kent, & Sussex, on Delaware.

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“A PROCLAMATION:

“WHEREAS, His Majesty, by his Royal Proclamation, given at St- James’s the Seventh day of October, 1763, in the third Year of his reign, was graciously pleased to declare and enjoin, that the Trade with the several Nations or Tribes of Indians with whom he is connected, & who live under his protection, should be free and open to all his Majesty’s Subjects whatever: provided that every person who might incline to trade with the said Indians, should take out a License for carrying on such Trade, from the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of any of his Colonies, respectively, where such person should reside, and also give Security to observe such regulations his Majesty should at any time think fit, by himself or by his Commissaries, to be appointed for that purpose, to order and direct, for the benefit of the said Trade; And his Majesty did thereby authorize, enjoin, and require the Governors & Commanders-in-Chief of all his Colonies, respectively, as well as those under his immediate Government as those under the Government and direction of Proprietaries, to grant such Licenses without Fee or reward, taking especial care to insert therein a condition that such Licence should be void and the Security forfeited, in case the person to whom the same is granted should refuse or neglect to observe such regulations as his Majesty should think proper to prescribe as aforesaid.

“*And Whereas*, by my proclamation, dated the 5th Day of December last, a Cessation of all Hostilities between his Majesty’s Subjects in this Province, and the several Tribes of Northern and Western Indians, was strictly enjoined and required; since which great numbers of the said Indians have

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lately assembled at Fort Pitt, & there renewed and confirmed with George Groghan, Esq^r. Deputy Agent for Indian Affairs, their engagements, formerly made with Brigadier General Bouquet, to cultivate the strictest harmony & friendship with all his Majesty's Subjects, and have given sufficient Hostages as a security for the faithful performance thereof, and desired that they might again enjoy the Benefit of a trade with the Inhabitants of this Province: I have, therefore, thought fit, by and with the advice of the Council, to issue this proclamation, hereby publishing & declaring to all his Majesty's Subjects within my Government, that from and after the 20th day of June instant, all intercourse and trade with the several Nations and Tribes of Indians in amity with the Crown of Great Britain, and living under his Majesty's protection, shall be free and open to all persons residing in this Province, who shall apply for and obtaining my Licence to carry on such trade, under the provisions and restrictions mentioned in the said Royal Proclamation. *And Whereas*, I have received information that sundry persons have, at several times lately, assembled themselves in armed Bodies on the Western Frontiers of this Province, and have, in a most riotous and illegal manner, presumed to interrupt the passage of all kinds of Goods to Fort Pitt, by which the Garrison there hath been greatly distressed; and that small parties are now encamped and lying in wait for the same purpose, on the road of Communication to that post; I do hereby strictly charge and command all persons whatsoever, so assembled, forthwith to disperse themselves, and desist from all such illegal proceedings and practices, as they will answer the Contrary at their peril; *And I do* further enjoin & require all his Majesty's Subjects within this Government, to suffer every person hereafter

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travelling towards Fort Pitt with Goods, wares, or Merchandize, and having my Licence to trade with the Indians; as also, all persons transporting Goods and military Stores for the use of any of his Majesty's Garrisons, & having a passport for the same, from the Commanding Officer of one or more of the posts, to proceed and pass with the said Goods, Wares, merchandizes, & military Stores, freely and safely, without offering Violence or injury to their persons, or any Goods under their Charge, or giving them the least Molestation whatsoever, as they will answer the contrary at their peril; *And I do* further enjoin & require all Magistrates, Sheriffs, and other Officers, to use their utmost Endeavors at all times to quell and suppress all riots, tumults, and disorderly proceedings, tending to disturb the peace & quiet of his Majesty's Subjects, and also to be aiding & assisting in discovering & apprehending all persons that may be in any manner concerned therein, that the Offenders may be prosecuted according to due Course of Law.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the said Province, At Philadelphia, the fourth day of June, in the fifth Year of His Majesty's Reign, & in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Sixty-five.

“JOHN PENN.

“By His Honour's Command.

“JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Jun^r. Secretary.

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

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SIR WM. JOHNSON TO GOV. PENN, 1765

Johnson Hall, June 7th, 1765.

SIR:

I am just favoured with your Letter of the 23^d ulto., with the enclosures, and I am much obliged to you for the particulars you communicated on the late affair at Sideling Hill, &c. Mr. Croghan has cleared up the affair to the General, and has wrote me a Letter of the 12th ulto., wherein he informs me that he had settled all matters with the Inds, & was to proceed for the Illinois in a Day or two, accompanied by the Chiefs of several Nations. He appears verry much concerned at the charges insinuated against him, which he removes, confessing he encouraged the Traders to be in readiness at Fort Pitt, in case he got possession, & this was done he says by the approbation of Col. Bouquet:

“When I came to Philadelphia Mess^{rs} Baynton & Whar-
ton told me that they had a quantity of goods, which they had prepared to take to the Illinois in Sixty-three, when Col. Bouquet was to go to take possession of that Country, & told me he had promised them at that time the exclusive liberty of going with him, which I know he had done, and that those goods lay still on their hands, and desired me to give them my opinion whether I thought a Trade would be admitted there, or whether they could take them to Fort Pitt, & there lodge them in the King’s Store till the Trade would be opened with authority. I answered them that undoubtedly when we had possession in the Illinois a Trade would be allowed, & that with respect to sending y^e goods to Fort Pitt, they ought to apply to Col. Bouquet for his liberty, and I certainly encouraged them in this, as I knew there was but

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little goods here to supply the Indians when things might be settled with them & the Trade opened, which I thought then, and do now, would be for the good of the Service, and I never understood that those goods was intended to be sold to Indians till the Trade was opened by authority. They desired me to mention their design to Col. Bouquet, which I did, and y^e necessity which I thought there would be of goods here when the Trade should be opened, and he told me as I had a Pass to take up the Presents, if I thought it necessary, I might pass those goods under it, in consequence of which, as I had left part of the Presents in the care of Capt. Calender, I gave a pass to bring out part of theirs, in which step I find I have been wrong." Concluding with a Desire to throw up his Employment immediately after executing the Service on which he has been sent.

I was of opinion it would be no easy task to bring the persons concerned in the late riotous act to Justice, as I believe there are too many of the back Inhabitants of ye same way of thinking with them, & who judged them doing a meritorious act.

I am very sensible of the consequences which may attend the Indians settling at or about y^e Big Island, & in that neighbourhood, and I shall do all in my power to prevent it, altho' I know they are all very fond of that Country, & must quit it with y^e greatest reluctance, but I shall lay before them & the Six Nations the necessity there is for their being at a greater distance, as well on their own acct^s as ours, and I hope the Boundary I have lately proposed agreeable to the Lords of Trades' Plan will be found very advantageous to the Province of Pensilvania, if approved at Home, & that I am impowered (as I expect) to settle that affair. I have lately

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had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Penn on that and other Subjects.

The Inhabitants whose Relations have been murdered or plundered have doubtless great reason to dislike the Enemy Indians, their Hatred was notwithstanding alike agst all Indians who came in their way, a manifest proof of their Ignorance, but those who were our Enemies, being now admitted into a Peace by the Government, they ought to reflect on the dangerous consequences attending an ill timed resentment which would prove of no advantage to themselves & might be of bad consequences to their Country. From all their late conduct, & from Capt Graydon's letter, there is but too much reason to apprehend they will not be at quiet 'til some act is committed that may have very bad effects, they may possibly obstruct the Trade, unless it is guarded by Escorts. Their design to settle up the Susquahana & at ye Great Isleand, is a manifest proof that they are either ignorant of what their conduct may produce, or very indifferent about it, because all the Confederacy of Indians must take the alarm at such a Settlement, & consider our desire to prevent them from re-establishing themselves there, as solely calculated to introduce our People into that Country, a Circumstance which must greatly add to their discontent, & raise their jealousy to a verry high Pitch, but I hope you will be able to prevent these imprudent People from putting their design into execution, as there is more than sufficient of Vacant Land for them 'till affairs are on a better footing. I enclose you a Copy of my late Treaty with the Delawares, by which you will perceive that I have taken upon me to promise them a Trade during their good behaviour, & this was an article they earnestly desired. Some of the Western Nations (the Chippawaes) are

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now with me, and have renewed their Engagements, and I have received advice that the Shawanese have at length delivered up y^e Prisoners & sent off Deputys to treat about Peace, & that I may daily expect them. The Plan for Indian Affairs not being yet settled prevents me from taking many steps in my Department, which, when I am impowered to do, will, I hope, be of great Service to the Frontiers, as I shall then be enabled to pursue one uniform system with a variety of Persons in the different Quarters for the preventing Disputes & Differences and transacting all affairs with the Indians.

I shall let you know as soon as I can what success I may have in dissuading the Indians from resettling the Great Island, &c., and

I am,

with great Esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient

& most humble Servant,

WM. JOHNSON.

Directed

The Hon'ble Lieut Gov^r Penn.

AT A COUNCIL HELD AT PHILADA^A THE 26TH JUNE, 1765

PRESENT:

The Honourable JOHN PENN, Esquire, Lieutent^r Governor, &ca.

Benjamin Chew,

Lynford Lardner, } Esqrs.

Richard Penn,

The Governor laid before the Board a Letter he received from his Excellency Major General Gage, dated the 16 June,

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1765, inclosing extracts of 2 Letters, and a Copy of an Advertisement he had received from Lieutenant Colonel Reid, complaining of the riotous Conduct of the Inhabitants of Cumberland, their Insults & Abuses to his Majesty's Troops, &ca., which were severally read & are as follows, vizt:

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GAGE TO THE GOVERNOR

NEW YORK, June 16, 1765.

SIR:

I have the honor to transmit to you some Extracts of Letters which I have received concerning the Proceedings of the Inhabitants of Cumberland County, who appear daily in Arms, and seem to be in an actual State of Rebellion. It appears, likewise, that the Rebels are supported by some of the Magistrates, particularly one Smith, a Justice of the Peace, and headed by his Son. Unless these Insurrections are immediately quelled, and the Authors and Abettors of them brought to punishment, it is impossible to say where they will end. If the King's Troops are fired upon, and his Forts threatened with Assaults by Men in Arms, headed by Magistrates, who refuse the ordinary Course of justice demanded of them by the Officers, I can't pretend to answer for the Consequences. It belongs to you to point out the Measures proper to be taken in such Circumstances, but it is my duty to represent these matters to you, and to offer you every assistance in my power for the support of Government, and to enforce an Obedience to the Laws, both which seem in danger of entire Subversion.

It is proper to acquaint you that a very large Convoy of Goods went from New Orleans for the Illinois last February,

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& that it is probable they are by this time arrived there. This makes it necessary for us to open the Trade at Fort Pitt as soon as it is possible, & that the Officers commanding there should be made acquainted when the Traders may be expected, that he may give notice of it to the Indians of Ohio, and prevent their going to the Illinois for their necessaries. If the Trade is postponed at Fort pitt, the Indians will soon discover where supplys are to be had, & we shall drive them again into the Arms of the French.

I am, with great regard, Sir,

Your most Obedt. humble Servt.,

THOS. GAGE.

HONBLE. GOVR. PENN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL REID TO GENERAL GAGE

CARLISLE, 1st June, 1765.

I received Letters from Lieutenant Grant, Commanding at Fort Loudon, complaining much of some late Insults received from the Rioters near that post. He says on the 28 Ultimo he was taking the air on Horseback, and about half a mile from his post was surrounded by Five of the Rioters, who presented their pieces at him; the person who commanded them to shoot the Bougar, that one of them fired at him, which frightened his horse, who run into the Bushes, & occasioned his being thrown upon the Ground. They then disarmed him, carried him fifteen Miles into the Woods, and threatned to tye him to a Tree and leave him to perish, if he would not give them up some Arms, which, by his Orders, were taken from the first party of Rioters that appeared at

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his post. When he saw they were determined to put their threats into Execution, he thought it was best to promise them their Arms, and was made to give Security to deliver them up in five Weeks, under a penalty of Forty Pounds, which being obtained in that manner, certainly cannot be binding. Mr. Grant has also sent me a Copy of a very singular Advertisement, which was found pasted up by the rioters at some distance from his post, which I have taken the liberty to inclose. The Express who brought the dispatches from Loudon tells me he was stopt by some of the Fellows on the road, who would have taken his Letters from him, but being Armed with a Broad Sword, & his Companion having a Pistol, they stood on their defence & wou'd not Submit.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT COLONEL REID, COMMANDING HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN THE DISTRICT OF FORT PITT, TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEN'L. GAGE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, &CA., &CA., &CA., DATED FORT LOUDON, 4TH JUNE, 1765

The first rendezvous of the Rioters was at Justice Smith's, about 5 Miles from Fort Loudon, the 6 day of March last; From thence they followed the first Convoy of Goods, consisting of eighty-one horse loads, twelve miles further, and burnt and pillaged Sixty-three loads. Captⁿ. Callender applied to Lieut. Grant for a Sergeant and 12 Men, which he agreed to, who saved the remaining loads, chiefly consisting of Liquor, and made some of the rioters prisoners, who were afterwards released upon Bail, and took eight rifles, in all which Lieut. Grant is justified by Brig^r. Bouquet, in his Letter of the 14th of March, who desires him to keep the rifles in his

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possession till the Owners' names shall be found out, which he has accordingly done. Lieut. Grant, in his Letter to Brigadier Bouquet, of the 9th of March, informs him that he was threaten'd, if he did not deliver up his prisoners, that 200 Men in Arms would come and burn the Fort and rescue them by Force, which obliged Lieut. Grant to keep his Garrison under Arms a whole night, being in expectation of an Assault; and upon their being admitted to Bail, Smith, the ringleader of the Rioters, had the Assurance to come into the Fort and told Lieutenant Grant that they were determined to fire upon the Troops, in case they attempted to carry these Men Prisoners to Carlisle.

Several Horses loaded with Liquors and Necessaries for the Troops, on the Communication belonging to Joseph Spears, arrived at Fort Loudon, where the Goods were deposited, and the Drivers carried their Horses as usual into the Woods to Feed, where they were attacked by about thirty of the Rioters in disguise, with their faces blacked, who tied them up and flogged them severely, Killed five of their horses, wounded two more, and burnt all their Saddles. One of the drivers who made his Escape, returned to the Fort and implored the Protection and assistance of the Commanding Officer, in rescuing his Companions and preventing the Horses from being killed. Lieut. Grant thought it his duty to send a Sergeant & 12 men for that purpose; the Rioters finding themselves pursued, fired upon the Party, who returned the Fire, & Slightly wounded one of them in the Thigh.

10th of May. About 150 of the Rioters in Arms, Comanded as I am informed, by James Smith, and attended by three Justices of the Peace, appeared before the Fort, & de-

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manded to Search the Goods, with an intention, it is believed, to plunder and destroy them, as they had done before. Lieutenant Grant suspecting their design, told the Justices that the Goods were under his protection by order of the Commander-in-Chief, who had been pleas'd to send him Instructions to have an Inventory of the Goods taken by a Justice of the Peace, and that he intended to apply to one of their number to have it done, but did not think it safe at that time, in presence of such a *Mob*, whom he had reason to suspect; to which the Justices made answer that they wou'd not come again, and impertinently said, they were not under the General's Orders, but that it is their Governor's Orders they are to obey. The Justices further told Lieutenant Grant that they would pay no regard to any Military Officers pass of whatever rank he might be, and that no Goods whatever could be safe in going along the Communication, without a pass from a Justice of the Peace. After this declaration, it cannot be doubted that some of these Justices have encouraged the rioters & even protect them in their lawless measures; none of the Justices have taken any notice of the outrage & violence committed on Lieut. Grant and the two Sergeants I made mention of in my last; on the contrary Smith, who heads these villians, together with the rest of the party who committed these Violences, have appeared ever since openly at Justice Smith's house, and were seen there by Lieut. Grant himself, who complained of them to the said Justices but could obtain no redress. Mr. Maxwell, a Justice of the Peace, who has always disapproved of the measures of the rioters, has had his life threatened by them. . . . He tells me that one of the Rioters had the assurance to confess to him the day before they appeared in arms before the Fort, that they

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were determined by Force to sieze upon the Goods and plunder them, which he says the Rioters made no secret of. Mr. Maxwell also says that the common place of Rendezvous for them is at Justice Smith's, who he believes encourages them. I have seen some passes signed by Justice Smith and his Brother-in-law, not only for traders but even for Soldiers of the Garrison, who are not safe to go any where about their lawful affairs by a pass from their own Officers. . . . They use the Troops upon every occasion with such indignity & abuse that Flesh and Blood cannot bear it. . . . A party of them had the Impudence again to intercept the Express I mentioned in my last, in his return from Carlisle to this place, used him cruelly, and detained him all day yesterday; one Wilson, who seemed to headed the party, told the Express that they were determined to stop the Cloathing of the Regiment in its way from Carlisle.

ADVERTISEMENT:

These are to give notice to all our Loyal Voluntiers, to those that has not yet enlisted, you are to come to our Town and come to our Tavern and fill your Belly's with Liquor and your Mouth with swearing, and you will have your pass, but if not, your Back must whipt & your mouth be gagged; You need not be discouraged at our last disappointment, for our Justice did not get the Goods in their hands as they expected, or we should all have a large Bounty. But our Justice has wrote to the Governor, and every thing clear on our side, and we will have Grant, the Officer of Loudon, Whip'd or Hang'd, and then we will have Orders for the Goods, so we need not stop; what we have or mind and will do for the

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Governor will pardon our Crimes, and the Clergy will give us absolution, and the Country will stand by us; so we may do what we please, for we have Law and Government in our hands & we have a large sum of money raised for our Support, but we must take care that it will be spent in our Town, for our Justice gives us, and that have a mind to join us, free toleration for drinking, swearing, sabbath breaking, and any outrage what we have a mind to do, to let those Strangers know their place. It was first Possess, (Black's Town,) and we move it to Squire Smith's Town, and now I think I have a right to call it, and will still remain till our pleasure, and we call it Hell's town, in Cumberland County, the 25th May, 1765.

Peeters Township.

Your Scripture says "that the Devil is the Father of Lies," but I assure you this is the plain truth what I say.

God Bless our brave loyal Volunteers, and success to our Hellstown.

THE ACTION OF THE COUNCIL

The said Letters, &ca., being duly considered, the Council advised the Gov^t. to write to the Justices of Cumberland, fully acquainting them with the Complaints made by Col. Reid against the people in that County, and requiring them to obtain a full account of their Behaviour, the names of the persons concerned in any riots, supported by affidavits, and particularly as to the making Lieut. Grant a prisoner, and to transmit the same to the Governor, and also commanding them to use their utmost Endeavours to suppress all riots, to preserve the publick Peace, and bring the

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Offenders to Justice. The Board were likewise of Opinion that a Letter should be wrote to Justice Smith, requiring him to come to Philadelphia to answer the new charges against him. Another to Justice Maxwell, requiring him to appear at the same time, with witnesses to support them; Another to Lieut. Grant, desiring him to send depositions relating to his being made a prisoner, & the abuses and insults he had received, &ca.; And lastly, that the Governor would answer Genl. Gage's Letter, giving him a detail of his own Conduct on receiving intelligence of the destruction of the Goods at Sideling Hill, his Journey to Carlisle, the indefatigable pains & legal steps he had taken there to discover the Offenders & bring them to Justice; And further informing him of the measures he is now taking in consequence of the General's Letter, &ca.

The Governor ordered a special Commission to be issued, appointing Mr. William Conwell a Justice of the peace and of the County Court of Common Pleas for Sussex County, in the room of John Clowes, Esqr., who was appointed one of the Justices of the Supream Court, &ca.

28TH JUNE, 1765

MEMORANDUM.

The several Letters which the Governor wrote to the Justices of the County of Cumberland, Mr. Smith, Mr. Maxwell, Lieutent. Grant, & to his Excellency Major General Gage, pursuant to the advice of the Council on the 25th Instant, are respectively as follow, vizt.:

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A LETTER FROM THE GOV'R TO JUSTICE MAXWELL, AT CONEGOCHEAGUE

PHILAD^a. 27th June, 1765.

SIR:

I find by Letters which Gen. Gage has lately received from Lieut. Colonel Reid, that among other matters relating to the riotous proceedings of the Inhabitants of Cumberland, Justice Smith is charged with having countenanced and protected those people in their illegal practices, & particularly that you have informed the Col. that the common place of their Rendezvous is at Justice Smith's, and that you believe he encourages them. These fresh heavy Charges against Mr. Smith render it necessary for me to make a strict enquiry into his Conduct, for which purpose I have required him to be at Philadelphia, to answer them before me, on Tuesday the 30 July next, at which time I desire you will also attend here, with any Witnesses or Proofs you may have relating to Mr. Smith's behaviour, to make good your suspicions.

I am, Sir, Your most Obedt^e h'ble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

JAMES MAXWELL, Esq^t.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO JUSTICE SMITH, AT CONEGOCHEAGUE

PHILAD^a. 27th June, 1765.

SIR:

I am to inform you that you have been lately charged with having encouraged and protected the rioters in Cumberland County, in their illegal and disorderly proceedings, and that you have suffered your House to be made their place of

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Rendezvous; This was complained of by Lieutenant Grant & Justice Maxwell to Lieutenant Col^d. Reid, who communicated the same to General Gage; and his Excellency has represented the matter to me, & sent me extracts of the Colonel's Letters, Copies of which I have sent inclosed in a Letter this day wrote to the Magistrates of Cumberland upon the Subject, and I desire to refer you more particularly to them for the Complaint made of your Conduct. As it is necessary for your own honour and my satisfaction, that you should clear up the matter if it can be done, I do require you to appear before me at Philadelphia, on Tuesday the 30 day of July next, to answer these new Charges; on which Occasion I have, also, required Justice Maxwell to be here.

I am, Sir,

Your most Obed^t. humble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

WILLIAM SMITH, Esq^r.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO THE JUSTICES OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY

PHILADELPHIA, 27th June, 1765.

GENTLEMEN:

I have lately received a Letter from his Excellency Gen^l. Gage, complaining much of the riotous conduct of the Inhabitants of Cumberland; that they daily appear in Arms, and seem to be in a State of Rebellion; that they are supported in their proceedings by some of the Magistrates, & particularly by Justice Smith; that the King's troops are fired upon, and his Forts threatned with assaults by Men in Arms, headed by Magistrates, who refuse the ordinary Course of Justice demanded of them by the Officers; And that unless these Insur-

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rections are immediately quell'd, and the Authors and Abettors of them brought to punishment, it is impossible to say where they will end, or what may be the consequences. As a foundation for these charges, the General has transmitted to me Extracts of two Letters from Lieut. Col. Reid, with a Copy of an Advertisement which was found fixed up near Fort Loudon. I herewith send you Copies of those Extracts, as far as relate to the Rioters, since my Journey to Carlisle, and I do require you forthwith to obtain a full and true state of those several matters, & to procure the names of the persons concerned therein, supported by Affidavits, more particularly as to the affair of making Lieut. Grant a Prisoner, and transmit the same to me. I hope my late Proclamation will have a good Effect in causing these Violences and Outrages to subside, yet I think it necessary at this time to acquaint you in a more particular manner that it is my express Commands to each & all of you, that you be constantly diligent & active in exerting all your power, influence, & endeavours, to quell and suppress the first appearances of any riots & disorders in the County, to preserve the publick peace, & to bring the Offenders to Justice.

If I find the same turbulent & unruly Spirit still continues which has actuated the people of your County for several Months past, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of applying, in the last resort, to the General for the assistance of his Majesty's Troops, which he is ready to furnish me with to enforce my Orders, & a due Obedience to the Laws.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most Obedt. h'ble Servt.,

JOHN PENN.

To JOHN ARMSTRONG, Esqr., & his Associates, Justices of the Peace for the County of Cumberland.

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A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO LIEUTENANT GRANT

PHILADELPHIA, 27th June, 1765.

SIR:

I am informed by Gen^l. Gage that he has received Letters from Lieut^t. Col. Reid, informing him of your having received many insults from a set of riotous People near your Post, & particularly that on the 28 of last Month, as you was taking the air on Horseback, you was surrounded by five of the Rioters, fired at, taken Prisoner, & carried into the Woods, & there obliged by their threats to give a Bond of £40 to deliver them up their Arms you had in possession. As it is necessary for me to be fully and particularly acquainted with these Facts, to enable me to take the proper steps to bring the Offenders to Justice, I desire you will furnish me with a true and exact State of this affair, and the names of the persons who have been guilty of those Outrages; but this must be done upon Oath, before some Justice of the Peace, who is to transmit the Deposition to me.

If, at the same time, it is in your Power to prove any Charges you have made against Justice Smith, or any of the other Justices, with having encouraged the rioters, or Countenanced them in their lawless proceedings, they should be made to appear also, upon Oath.

I am, Sir,

Your Most Obed^t. humble Serv^t.

JOHN PENN.

To Lieut. GRANT, Commandg. at Fort Loudon.

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A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO GENERAL GAGE

PHILADELPHIA, 28th June, 1765.

SIR:

Last Week I was honoured with your Excellency's Letter of the 16 Inst^o, inclosing extracts of two Letters from Lieut^o Col. Reid, concerning the Rioters Conduct of some of the Inhabitants of Cumberland County. In the detail the Col. has given you, he begins the affair of the Destruction of the Goods at Sideling Hill, in March last, about which I wrote you at the time, and mentioned my intention of going to Carlisle, in order to get more certain Intelligence about that matter, & to take the proper Steps to bring the Offenders to Justice. This affair was an object of much concern to me, and I was extremely anxious to make a discovery of the Offenders, that an effectual stop might be put to any practices of the like sort for the future. I accordingly made a Journey to Carlisle, & took with me the Attorney General and two other Members of Council. On my Arrival there I immediately sent for Captⁿ. Callender, one of the Owners of the Goods that were destroyed, to give me all the Information he could of the persons he suspected were principally concerned in the outrage, and to furnish me with all the names of y^e Witnesses who could be supposed to know anything of the matter; altho' I could not gain certain proofs of the persons who committed the Fact, I caused Warrants to be instantly issued for such as were suspected, and the Sheriff was dispatched to execute them, being authorized to collect the power of the County to his aid, and instructed to desire the assistance of the King's troops at Fort Loudon, if he should find it necessary. This Step, however, proved ineffectual; the suspected persons

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had all absconded before he arrived in the part of the County where they lived, so that not one was apprehended. In the mean time the Witnesses were sent for & examined on Oath, and I herewith send you Copies of several of the Depositions, by which you will perceive what part Justice Smith, who is charged to have encouraged the Rioters, appear to have acted upon that occasion. All the Witnesses who were examined, as well as a number of others who were then absent, were, by my orders, bound over to give Evidence at the next Court, and Bills of Indictment were accordingly presented to the Grand Jury, but tho' all the Witnesses appeared and were examined by the Jury, it seems they were of Opinion that there was not sufficient Testimony to convict a single Person charged, and the Bills were returned ignoramus.

Thus I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that in a regular Course of Justice, I have done everything on this occasion that could be done consistent with Law. Indeed, if the Assembly had paid any regard to my recommendation some time ago, and framed a proper Militia Law, all the late Mischief and disturbance might have been prevented, such a Law being absolutely necessary to aid the civil powers, and indeed the only natural defence and Support of Government.

With regard to the late disturbances mentioned by Col. Reid, and which you have recommended to my Notice, I shall take all possible means to come at the truth of them in a legal and regular way, most of them having been communicated to me as bare reports. I did, however, in consequence thereof, in my late Proclamation, repeat my injunctions and strict Commands to the Magistrates, Sheriffs, and other Officers, to use their utmost endeavours to suppress all Riots and disorderly proceedings among the people, and I am in hopes,

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now, that the Indian Trade is everywhere opened, and all persons in this Province who carry up Goods for that purpose, will have Licences from me, & all these disturbances will be at an end.

I have this day wrote in a more particular manner to the Magistrates of Cumberland, charging them with my express commands that they be constantly active and diligent in exerting their power and influence to quell all appearances of Insurrections and disorders in that County; and that they do forthwith obtain a full and true State of the late Outrages, more particularly as to the insult on the King's Forts, and making Lieutenant Grant a prisoner, and to procure the names of the persons concerned therein, supported by affidavits & to transmit the same to me. I have also wrote to Justice Smith, informing him of the new Charges against him, and required him to appear before me at Philadelphia to answer them. Justice Maxwell is ordered down as a Witness to support them. I have likewise dispatched a Letter to Lieut Grant, desiring him to furnish me with Depositions relating to the affair of the ill usage he received, his being made a prisoner, and the names of the Offenders, if any of them are known to him, and also to send me any Affidavits that can be obtained in proof of the Charges against Justice Smith or any of the other Magistrates, & you may be assured that every thing shall be done on the occasion that the Law will justify or the honour and dignity of the Government demand.

The Advertisement you did me the honour to inclose me is a very extraordinary one. The insinuations in it, that the Conduct of those lawless people is countenanced & abetted by me, are Villanously false & scandalous, and most injurious to my Reputation. I shall spare no pains in detecting

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the Authors of it, but I cannot help suspecting that it takes its rise from a party in this province, who have been indefatigable in their endeavours to malign and traduce me on all occasions.

I am much obliged to you for your offers of assistance to me in the support of Government & to enforce an obedience to the Laws. You may be well assured that if I gain information & proof of the persons who have been concerned in these Outrages, particularly the insults offered to the King's Forts & the abuse of the Officers & Soldiers, I shall immediately order them to be apprehended & made Examples of, & if in the Execution of this Business, the assistance of the regular Troops shall be found necessary, I shall take the liberty of applying to you to furnish me with a Detachment on the occasion.

I am with great regard

Sir, your most Obedt. h'ble servant,

JOHN PENN.

To his Excellency
The Honble THOMAS GAGE. }

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GAGE TO THE GOVERNOR

NEW YORK, July 5th, 1765.

SIR:

I have been honoured with your Letter of the 28th Ult^o. together with the several Depositions concerning the destruction of the Goods on Sidling Hill in March last. The difficulty you lay under to bring the persons concerned in the attack upon the Convoy to punishment are very obvious,

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for its probable that many of the Jury who tried the people who were prosecuted for the Riot, were themselves concerned in it, and the acquital of those people, no doubt, rendered them more bold & audacious afterwards. They have acted ever since without any reserve, and with as much Confidence as if their actions had been legal and warrantable, keeping regular Scouts & Guards upon the Roads. I herewith transmit you Copy's of passes given by Justice Smith & Lieut. Smith.

With respect to the advertisement which you resent with so much Justice, it appears to have been the contrivance of some Leader of the Rioters in order to encourage them, and to endeavour to sanctify their proceedings by every means however false audacious: and I most sincerely wish you may be able to discover the author of so daring an Insult. I have the honour to be, with great regard,

Sir, Your most Obedient hble. Servant,

THOS GAGE.

HONBLE GOV^r PENN.

JAMES SMITH TO LT. GRANT, 1765

Coneygochug, June 17th, 1765.

HONOURED SIR:

I was occasionally at Loudon a few days ago, & had the opportunity of Speaking with Mr. Grant, who told me all the Satisfaction Colonel Reid desired for taking him prisoner, was that I should acknowledge my fault to Mr. Grant, Which I refused to do, Except Mr Grant would also Confess he had used the Country ill. This he Refused to do, & said he had

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done nothin but his Duty. If Colonel Reid will only say it is the Duty of an Officer at Fort Loudon, Repeatedly to send out Mr. Grant & a party to Red private Quarrels in the Country, I will Confess my fault to the above mentioned Gentⁿ. I acknowledge my fault to Col. Reid, Beging pardon for the same. I don't accuse Mr. Grant with all the Hostilitys Committed by McGlasher, for I have reason to Believe McGlasher acted Contrary to his orders, & concealed many of the actions from his Commanding officer.

I am,

Honoured Sir,

Your obedient

Humble Servant,

JAS. SMITH.

Directed

To Lieut. Charles Grant, Commander at Loudon.

LT. CHARLES GRANT TO GEN. GAGE, 1765

Fort Loudoun, August 24th, 1765.

SIR:

I thought it my Duty to Send your Excellency a Ccopy of the Depositions of Serjeant McGlashin, and severals of the Men who were with him opposing the Outrages Committed by the Country people, near Fort Loudon; & also the Depositions of Several other people of Credit, Concerning the Assembling of the Rioters at different times at Justice Smiths, and his behaviour on those Occasions. This I thought the more Necessary, as your Excellency may perhaps think proper to send Coppys of them to Governor Penn. As I have

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great Reason to think attempts have been, & will be made, to impose upon him by false Representations, from a Sett of Men who have acted against all Laws, Except those of their own making & have Combined against the King's Troops, & I fear the Governor may be too apt to listen to their false Assertions, as a Number of the Magistrates of the County have lately drawn up a Remonstrance or Something of that Kind to the Governor, in a private manner, in which I have great Reason to believe they have endeavour'd to thro the Blame off themselves and their people, & fix it Upon me & the Garrison I Command. This appears to be the Case, as Justice Smith, who was Sent for by the Governor, on Receipt of a Cobby of Col. Reid's letter from your Excellency has Returned, & in Consequence of the above Remonstrance, I'm informed, Stands in a fair light with the Governor—Tho' I Humbly presume there is the Strongest presumption of Justice Smiths Countenancing and assisting the Rioters. I have sent your Excellency a Cobby of one of Justice Smiths passes, together with the Certificate of James Smith, his Brotherin-law, an Insolent Troublesome fellow, who has constantly appeared at the Head of those Rioters. I Rec^d a letter some time ago from the Governor, desiring me to send him my Deposition, in order that he might the Better be enabled to bring the offenders to punishment, I accordingly sent it to him, but as I have Reason to Apprehend that a great part of the Remonstrance of the Magistrates was in opposition to my Deposition, & Set forth that the Reasons of the Differences between the Soldiers & the Country people, was the high Bribes given by the Owners of the Goods to the Soldiers, to assist them in their undertaking. I should be glad if your Excellency would order me a Cobby of said Remonstrance.

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When at the Request of Captain Callendar, I ordered the Serjeant and party first out to assist in Recovering such of the Goods as were not Burn'd; Mr. Callender told the Serjeant he would give them something for their Trouble, & for every person he Could take who could be proved to be Concern'd at Burning the Goods, he woud give a Reward of £ 10, But I told him that was unnecessary, as the Serjt must obey the Orders I had given him. I have also sent your Excellency a Copy of Justice Smith Warrant for Apprehending Serjt McGlashon for Wounding one Brown, a Rioter, who was perfectly Recovered some time before he Issued the Warrant. I shoud be glad to be informd by your Excellency whether I have acted Right or not, in not Delivering him up to the Constable on the Warrant from Smith, who, in my opinion, has forfeited every Right to act as a Majistrate, & who woud have got the poor Serjt Try'd by a Jury of his own adherents, with Mr. Armstrong, of Carlisle, at their head, who favours the Rioters, & woud have had no Mercy on him. I shoud also be glad of your Excellency's Orders with Regard to the Arms taken from the Rioters & now in the Garrison; Some of those fellows had the Insolence to Send me Word by the Constable that Colonel Reid, at the head of his Regimt Shoud not take them from F. Loudoun.

The above Mentiond Brown, who was wounded, was seen a Day or two before Blackd at the head of a party who Search'd some Waggons, & the Morning before he was wounded he fired of his Gun as a Signal to the party to attack the pack Horses & Drivers, tho he is Represented as an Innocent Country Man about his Lawful Business. I am informd by good authority, that Mr. Allen, Chief Justice of this Province, has said, that if I shoud come to Philad^a he shoud be

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obligd to arrest me by a provential Warrant, on account of my proceedings at this Post. As I have inclosed Your Excellency a particular accot of my Transactions Since the Commencement of these Disturbances, I submit to you whether I have acted Right or Wrong.

I am, Sir, with due Respect,
Your Excellencys most obedient
& very H'ble Servant,

CHARLES GRANT

Lieut 42 Regt. Commanding at Fort Loudoun.

Directed

On his Majesties Service—To His Excellency The Honble General Gage, Commander in Chief of his Majestys Forces in N. America, New York.

EXTRACT LETTER FROM LIEUT. GRANT TO HON. THOMAS GAGE, 1765

Extract of a Letter from Lieut. Grant, Commanding at Fort Loudoun, to His Excellency Major General, Honble Thomas Gage, Commander in Chief, &ca., &ca., &ca.

Fort Loudoun, 16th Sept^r. 1765.

It gives me the greatest Concern to find that Complaints should have been made against me to your Excellency by Governor Penn; I must therefore Suppose that the Authors of these Complaints are too deeply Concerned in the late Riots Committed near this Post, to give You a fair and Candid Representation of my Conduct; But as I am Conscious to myself of having Acted according to the best of my Capacity, and

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without any other motive than to give Assistance to the Distressed, I will therefore Enumerate every Action that I think my Enemies (who are numerous) can take hold of, and Humbly Submit them to Your Excellency as the properest Judge. I thought it an Indispensable duty in Me, as part of the Convoy of Goods which were Destroyed were Represented to be the property of the Crown, to give all the Assistance in my Power for their Protection, and to Assist every Subject also in the Defence of his property, seeing the whole Country Almost in Arms, and Certain Magistrates whose Duty it was to Quell such lawless proceedings, Appearing openly with an Armed Banditti, whom they seemed to Countenance in their lawless Measures. My enemies, I am told, have Accused me of receiving high Bribes for saving these Goods, which I afterwards protected, in Consequence of Your Excellency's Order, but I Assure Your Excellency that I never did, and none but mean Spirited Wretches, Void of Honor or Honesty themselves, would have dared to Accuse any Officer holding His Majesty's Commission of so mean an Action. I Confess that Mr. Callender did, contrary to my Inclination, give some money openly to the Soldiers, as they had risked their Lives, and on different Occasions Suffered a good deal of Fatigue, having also Carried the whole Goods belonging to that Company into the Fort on their Backs to prevent their being Pillaged. Another Objection made against me, as I am told, and the most Weighty, is that I got from a Constable Possession of a Warrant Issued by Justice Smith, for apprehending a Serjeant under my Command, on a Supposition that he had Wounded one of the Rioters, who it can be proved was very Active in that Affair, and who was long recovered of his Wound before the said Warrant was

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Issued; And it was a Considerable time thereafter that (the Constable happening to come to the Fort) I thought of Asking him for the Warrant, which he gave me, And I Confess I have kept it with a design to make Use of it against Justice Smith, and thereby to prove that tho' he would give me no Redress for the gross Insult offered to me by those lawless Fellows who Carried me from my Post Prisoner into the Wood, and whom I met at his own House, and Complained of to him, without Redress; Yet he had the Assurance afterwards to Issue Said Warrant with a Malicious design, as I had reason to believe, to persecute the poor Sergeant who had received hard usage for doing his Duty, And who I thought it Incumbent on me to Protect from the merciless Rioters who must have been his Judges, I Confess also that as Justice Smith had Appeared to me to trample upon the Laws, by being so deeply Concerned with those Robbers, (which I have Still reason to think will be proved) I therefore did not Consider him any longer as a Magistrate, and used the freedom to keep the Warrant which he was Extremely desirous of recovering from me, Suspecting the use I intended to make of it. Another Complaint made against me is, that when the Magistrates Assembled at Loudoun, by Order of Governor Penn, to Enquire into the Conduct of some of their Brethren, they came into the Fort and Intended there to proceed to Business, But as I Observed that Several of the Rioters were present who had at different times Openly Appeared before the Fort in Arms, and who were Called there to appear as Evidences for Justice Smith; I thought it my Duty to Object to their coming in, which gave great Umbrage to Justice Smith, who has always behaved with great Insolence to me, but was Approved of by Justice Camp-

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bell of Shippensburg, who thought I Acted with prudence, and Advised the other Justices to go to a house on the Outside of the Fort and carry on their Examination, which they did Accordingly. Perhaps, also, I have been blamed for detaining Some Arms which were taken from the Robbers in the very Act, Notwithstanding that the Grand Jury of that County (who were Composed of People of the Same Stamp) had found them Innocent; But Surely I cannot be blamed for detaining the Arms of two of the Fellows who took me Prisoner, and who compelled Me to give them Security for £40 for the Delivery of their Arms, which are yet in my Possession, and which I will keep Notwithstanding of the threatning Messages Still Sent Me, till I have your Excellency's Orders for delivering them up, or the Governor's Receipt for them.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUT. CHARLES GRANT TO COLONEL JOHN REID, 1765

Commanding His Majesty's Forces in the District of Fort
Pitt.

Fort Bedford, Novem'r 22d, 1765.

On the 16th Instant, a man came in from the Country, and told me, that there was Three Different Party's waiting about the Fort, to take Me and Mr. Glashan Prisoners, as they heard we were to March soon; at 7 o'clock at Night, the Fort was Surrounded by a number of the Rioters, who kept firing and hooting the whole night; next day they got more men and encamp't round the Fort, so that nobody could

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come in or go out of the Fort; they began next night and kept firing till Day light, when they sent me word that they wanted their Arms to be delivered to the Magistrates. I told them that I did apply to the Justices, but that they refused to take the Arms; at 10 o'clock they appeared to the number of about 100, and fir'd upon all Corners of the Fort; so that the Centry's could not stand upright upon the Bastions; they kept firing at the Fort to one o'clock, when Mr. M'Dowell came in, and said, if I would let them have the Arms, that he would give me a Receipt, and that those Arms would remain in his House till such time as the Governor would give Orders about them, and that the owners would be satisfied whatever the Governor thought proper to do with them.

As the General wrote to me to give up the Arms when the Governor would desire it, I condescended so much as to take Mr. McDowell's Receipt, that the Arms would not be delivered up to the Owners, till the Governor would desire it, as the Garrison was much fatigued for want of Sleep for two nights and two days before, owing to the Rioters firing on the Fort. I thought it best to give the Arms to Mr. M'Dowell, as I had no particular orders for carrying them with me. I was not sure when I would have a Reinforcement, but two hours after I settled with Mr. M'Dowell, Mr. Herring come with 30 men, but I thought it would not be worth the while to take the Arms again, as they were as safe with Mr. M'Dowell, as if I had taken them to Fort Pitt. I inclosed to you a copy of an Obligation Mr. M'Dowell has from some of their Head men, shews that they have Authority to sett those men to do any thing. James Smith headed those Rioters that fired at the Fort, and headed the three Party's

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that were waiting to take me, and to take Mr. Glashan Prisoner.

WM. SMITH TO ———, 1765

Fort Smith, 14th November, 1765.

SIR,

Yours of Yesterday is now before me, as to my attendance I would cheerfully give it, were it necessary, but there has been such Invidious Representations given of my conduct, when I did attend at Loudoun, that common prudence forbids my attendance; if any of the Province Stores be committed to my care I will give my Receipt, and keep them safe until called for, as to the Country Peoples arms, as I had no hand in either illegally taking, or detaining of them, I will keep myself clear.

Sir, I wish you a clearer understanding, a tenderer conscience, Repentance for Perjury and happiness in time and through eternity.

I am Sir,

Your abused humble servant,

(Signed) WM. SMITH.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CAPT. WILLIAM GRANT TO
COLONEL JOHN REID, 1765

Commanding His Majesty's Forces in the District of Fort
Pitt.

Fort Bedford, 25th Novr, 1765.

Lieut. Grant, with his Garrison, is at last gone to Fort
Pitt; I sent Ensign Herring with thirty men to take him off

APPENDIX

from Loudoun, and I find it was very necessary. He was Be-sieged for two Nights and two Days; the Rioters fired some hundreds of Shot at the Stockades, and in return, one of his Sentries fired only one Single Shot, this Sentry was personally fired at three different times, which at last provoked him to fire a shot; many Balls went through Patton's House, and many Lodged in the Stockades of the Fort. Lieut. Grant had but little Ammunition, which made him Cautious to fire till the Lawless Scoundrels would come close to the Fort, the Villians Encamped at Night round the Fort, lighted Fires; Mr. Grant counted Twenty, and he believes the number of the rioters might Exceed Two Hundred. In this affair, Justice Smith proves himself to be a most Atrocious Scoundrel, which you will see in a Letter from him to Mr. Grant, which Mr. Grant has inclosed to you, with a Circumstantial Account from Mr. Grant, of every thing that happened since the rioters last broke out, to which I refer you.

A LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR FROM GENERAL GAGE READ AT A SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL

NEW YORK, 13th Decem^r. 1765.

SIR:

Some papers, relative to the former riots committed on the Frontiers of Pennsylvania, were put into my hands some-time ago, tho' the little prospect there appear'd to be of bringing the Offenders to Justice, made me not trouble you with them at that time; But the extraordinary Outrages and lawless proceedings committed again lately by the people near Fort Loudon, obliges me not only to trouble you with

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the above papers, to set the former affair in its true Light, but also to transmit you the accounts which I have receiv'd of the late infamous transactions of one of the same Soundrels, called Smith, and his rebel Clan, who was before complained of. If any shadow of Law or Justice remains in Pennsylvania, I am confident that you will leave no method untried to bring these lawless Villains to condign punishment. I have not heard that any man has been killed, & it may, therefore, be better that the Officer prevented his men from Firing, but if he had returned the Fire of those Ruffians and killed as many as he was able, I conceive he would have acted consistent with the laws of his own & of every other civilized Country.

I have the honour to be, with great Regard, Sir,
Your most Obed't. h'ble Servant,

THOS. GAGE.

Hon'ble Lieut. GOV. PENN.

THE ACTION OF THE COUNCIL

The sundry Letters and Papers having been taken into due Consideration, the Board were of opinion that William Smith, Esqr., one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Cumberland, has, in the course of the Transactions of the Rioters there, been very negligent in his duty in not using his best endeavours to put a stop to their illegal Proceedings; but on the contrary, in favouring and countenancing them in a manner tending to reflect great dishonour on the Government. The Council, therefore, advised the Governor to issue a Supersedeas to remove the said William Smith from the Magistracy, and also, to desire the Chief Justice to send a

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Writ, directed to the Sheriff of Cumberland, for apprehending James Smith, one of the Principals & Ringleaders of the Rioters in the said County.

JAN^y. 15TH

MEMORANDUM.

The Governor, agreeable to the advice of the Council on the 10th Inst^t, issued a Supersideas for William Smith, Esqr.

10TH FEBRUARY, 1766

MEMORANDUM.

This day the Governor wrote the following Letter to Major General Gage in answer to that from his Excellency, dated the 13 December last.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO MAJOR GENERAL GAGE

PHILADELPHIA, February 10, 1766.

SIR:

Sometime ago I was honour'd with your Letter of the 13th Decem^r, inclosing Copies of sundry Letters and other papers relative to the Conduct of the Rioters in Cumberland County. I was much surprized to hear of any new Disturbances between his Majesty's Troops and those lawless ungovernable people, and cannot but feel the greatest concern to find, by the accounts you have given me, that they have again presumed to commit further outrages, and insult the King's Garrison. Whatever is in my power to be done on

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this occasion, in a due Course of Law, to bring the offenders to Justice, you may be assured shall not be neglected; and I am in great hopes my endeavours herein will be attended with better success than in the former Case. I sometime since issued a Supersedeas for William Smith, the Justice who has been suspected, and appears now to have countenanced the designs and proceedings of the Rioters. The Chief Justice has also issued a Writ for apprehending James Smith, their head & Ringleader, which has been transmitted to the Sheriff of Cumberland, to be duly executed. I have not yet heard of his success, but would fain hope that Villain may be taken, and we shall be able, by his means, to discover and take some of the other principals.

I have the Honour to be, with great regard, Sir,
Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

To his Excellency Major Gen^l. GAGE.

—

AT A COUNCIL HELD AT PHILADELPHIA, THE 6TH DAY OF
MARCH, 1766

PRESENT:

The Honourable JOHN PENN, Esquire, Lieut^{nt}. Govern^{or}, &c^a.

Richard Peters,

Richard Penn, } Esq^{rs}.

Benjamin Chew,

Mr. Samuel Wharton waited on the Governor, in Council, and delivered him an Extract of a Letter from Robert Callender to Mess^{rs}. Baynton, Wharton, and Morgan, which was read, & follows in these words, viz^t:

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PENNSBOROUGH, March 2d, 1766.

GENTLEMEN:

Since my return home, I have been informed by sundry persons, that the rascally part of the Inhabitants of Conegocheage are determined, and now laying a plan, to do you some piece of injury, by either stopping or destroying some part of your last Cargo that yet remains with the Carriers in that Neighborhood, on account of Justice Smith's discharge from the Magistracy, for which they entirely blame your House, thinking that it is you alone have excited the Governor to do it. As you have already experienced so much of their Villainy, they are not to be trusted farther than seen, and therefore I have advised Irwin to go immediately up to that Neighborhood, and stop the proceedings of the Carriers till there is some methods fixed upon for safe Conveyance of these Goods, now in their Charge, lest the Devil should tempt them to commit some Outrage of that kind, which I have great reason to believe they will.

Signed ROBERT CALLENDER.

To Messrs. Baynton, Wharton, & Morgan.

Mr. Wharton, at the same time, requested the Governor would be pleased to take such measures as he should judge best for Preventing the intended injury to their Goods, as mentioned in that Extract, and observing that they were to be sent to the Illinois Country, to supply the Indians there, agreeable to the promises lately made them by Mr. Croghan, the Deputy Agent for Indian Affairs, that a Trade should be soon opened with them; and that unless some precautions were taken by the Government for the Protection of those Goods, he was very apprehensive they would be destroyed.

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The Council taking this matter into Consideration, advised the Governor to write a Letter to the Magistrates of Cumberland County, giving them the strictest Injunctions to use their utmost Endeavours to Suppress any disturbances or disorders that may happen, and to call upon the Sheriffs and Power of the County, to oppose the designs of any People who should attempt to stop or destroy the Goods above mentioned, and also, to write to Major General Gage, requesting his instructions to the King's Troops in this Province to aid and support the civil power whenever the Governor should think it necessary to call on them for that purpose. The following Letters were accordingly drawn up at the Table, and sent to Mr. Wharton, to be forwarded by Expresses:

A LETTER TO GEN'L GAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR

PHILADELPHIA, March 6th, 1766.

Sr.:

Mr. Wharton has just furnished me with an Extract of a Letter he received last Night from Robert Callender, informing him that he suspects some of the Frontier Inhabitants are again engaging in a scheme to intercept and destroy a Quantity of Goods which Mr. Wharton & his House are sending up to Fort Pitt, under the protection of my Licence, in their way to the Illinois Country, to trade with the Indians. I hope these suspicions have no real foundation, but must Confess that the former Conduct of those abandoned people, who seem void of all Sense of duty or Submission to Law or Government, has been such as to give room to believe them capable of any Villainy. I shall, therefore, dispatch an Express

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to the justices of Cumberland County, with the most Positive Injunctions to exert the Civil Power in the Suppression of any Riots, or attempts of the People to injure or destroy the above Goods. But lest the force of the civil Government should not be sufficient to answer the purpose, I must beg the favour of your Aid, and that you will be pleased to furnish me as soon as Possible, with your Instructions to the Commanding Officers of the King's Troops at Lancaster, & the different Posts on the Communication to Fort Pitt, to obey such orders as I may, from time to time, be under the necessity of giving them for preserving the Public peace, and supporting the Laws, as well as the Dignity of his Majesty's Government, committed to my Care.

I have the honor to be, with great Regard, Sir,
Your most Obedient humble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

To His Excellency Gen^l. GAGE.

A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR TO THE JUSTICES OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY

PHILADELPHIA, 6th March, 1766.

GENTLEMEN:

I have received Information that a number of the Inhabitants of Conococheague are suspected to have formed a scheme to intercept and destroy a Quantity of Goods which Mess^{rs}. Bayton, Wharton, & Co. are now sending up to Fort Pitt, in their way to the Illinois Country. The former Conduct of many lawless and unruly People on the Frontiers, in committing several outrages of the like kind, gives me too much reason to fear that the suspicions on the present occa-

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sion are well founded. I shall be very much surprized if any of the People should presume to counteract my authority so far as to attempt to stop the progress of any Goods that are carrying into the Indian Country with my full and express Licence. But lest any thing of this sort should be undertaken, I hereby judge it proper to give you my most positive Commands to exert the utmost Diligence and Activity in suppressing any Riots or attempts of the people to injure or destroy any of the above mentioned Goods, (or committing any other Outrages), and if you shall hear that any of the people are assembling for such unlawful purposes, you are immediately to call to your Assistance the Sheriff and power of the County to prevent the Execution of their designs; but in case the fullest Exertion of your Authority and Influence should not be sufficient, I require you forthwith to give me information thereof, that I may Order some of the King's Troops to the Aid of the Civil power, in compelling the people to submit to the Legal Authority of the Government, & pay due Obedience to the Laws. I should be very sorry to be reduced to the necessity of such expedients if it could be avoided. But the duty of my Station will oblige me to make use of all the means in my power in bringing to reason & Justice all such obstinate offenders who wickedly & wantonly oppose the Government, & trample on its Laws.

I am, with great regard, Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient humble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

To John Armstrong, Esqr., and others, his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the County of Cumberland.

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MARCH 13TH, 1766

MEMORANDUM.

This Morning the Governor received a Letter from his Excellency Major General Gage, dated the 10th Instant, inclosing his Orders to the Military Officers within this Government, to give assistance to the civil power, both which were ordered to be entered on the Council Books, & are as follow, vizt:

A LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR FROM HIS EXCELLENCY MAJOR GENERAL GAGE

NEW YORK, March 10th, 1766.

SIR:

I have been favor'd with yours of the 6th Instant, and am sorry to find that the lawless Banditti on your Frontiers continue giving you fresh troubles. The Robberies and disturbance they have been guilty of with Impunity, emboldens them to every Act of Violence, whilst they flatter themselves that they are secure from Punishment. I enclose you an Order to all the Forces in your Government to give Assistance to the Civil power, which you will make use of, as the Circumstances of affairs may require. The Officer commanding at Lancaster has already received the Order, so that a Letter from you to him will be sufficient.

I am, with great Regard, Sir,

Your most Obedient humble Servant,

THOS. GAGE.

Honble. Lieut. Govr. PENN.

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HEAD QUARTERS, NEW YORK, 15TH JANUARY, 1766 ORDERS.

His Majesty's Pleasure having been signified to the Commander-in-Chief, that in Case by the Exigency of affairs in any of the Provinces in America, it should be necessary to procure the aid of Military in support of the Civil Power, and that for that purpose the Governor of the Province where that may happen should apply to the Commanders of his Majesty's Land Forces in America, The said Commanding Officers should, upon such requisition made by the Governor of the Province to them, give the said Governor their Concurrence and Assistance for the purpose above mentioned, The Commander-in-Chief Orders the several Officers Commanding the Regiments, Posts and Detachments, under his Command, to pay a punctual Obedience thereto.

RICHARD MAITLAND.

Depy Adj^t- Genl.

To the Officers Commanding the several posts & Detachments
on the Communication from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt.

AFFIDAVIT CONCERNING FORT BEDFORD

Cumberland County Ss.

James Doltin of Bedford Personally appeared before us two of his Majesty's Justices for said County and being duly Sworn on his Oath deposeth and Sayth That as he the sd James Doltin was yesterday near Bedford Bridge where the Black Boys halted after Rescuing the Prisoners at Bedford he then and there Saw James Smith, Thomas Paxton, and one

APPENDIX

Jameson who Used to distill whiskey at William in Connell's [McConnell's] in the Cove, and a Certain William Thompson all Blacken'd on their Faces (Except Thompson) in the Same Manner as the Rest of the Black Boys Sworn to & Subscribed before us

at Bedford September 13th 1769

BARNARD DOUGHERTY

**his
James o Doltin
mark**

NOTES

Notes

CHAPTER I

1. This translation of Conococheague is taken from *Indian Place Names*, by Stephen G. Boyd, published at York, Pennsylvania, in 1885.

2. In Pennsylvania and Maryland, an insignificant stream is more likely to be known as a "run" than as a creek.

3. A certified copy of Sergeant McGlashan's sworn report on the fight at the Barr house is printed in the appendix. He says that the first shot was fired by the Americans, the second "by some of my party," in return for which "severall Shotts were fired, supposed on us, on our Retreat to the Widow Barrs; I then gave Orders to fire." It is not improbable that the American shot which precipitated the fight was fired as a signal only; the night before, the order for the attack on Nailor's horse-camp had been given by a rifle shot, fired by the same James Brown who fell wounded under the Highlanders' fusillade. But as later chapters will make clear, the Black Watch had ample reason to expect trouble, and to interpret a shot as the beginning of an attack upon it.

CHAPTER II

1. James Smith not only grew up with the Pennsylvania frontier, but also with the weapon which made possible its stubborn defense against savage enemies and its persistent westward advance—the long rifle. The American rifle was first produced in Pennsylvania, in the Lancaster region, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century; during Smith's boyhood, it was being developed and improved and was rapidly replacing the smooth-bore musket as the weapon of the frontiersmen. Pennsylvania, from its frontier settlements, furnished more men than any other state for Daniel Morgan's famous "Partisan Corps" of riflemen in the Revolution.

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2. Not all the frontier inhabitants so regarded it; to many of them, Braddock's army was a nuisance, because it annoyed them with demands, mostly vain, for teams, wagons, and food; to others, it was a customer to be bilked by foisting upon it their worn-out and useless livestock.

3. In 1747 and 1748, the province of Pennsylvania sent to the Indians, as gifts, 20 barrels of gunpowder, 2,400 pounds of lead in bars for molding into bullets, 1,000 musket flints, and 44 guns.

4. This statement is not made as a reflection on Croghan; his trading operations and ambitions conformed to government policy; from his viewpoint and the government's, the Indian trade was desirable and necessary. The frontier settlers simply came to have a very different viewpoint.

5. Ray's Town became Fort Bedford and is now simply Bedford.

6. His name was Vigoras.

CHAPTER IV

1. Tullihass stood on the west branch of the Muskingum River, some twenty miles above the forks. Smith, in his memoirs, says that it was occupied not only by Caughnawagas, but also by Delawares and Mohicans.

CHAPTER X

1. William M. Darlington, in his footnotes to the 1870 reprint of Smith's memoirs, identifies the Ollentangy as Big Darby Creek.

CHAPTER XII

1. Royals—soldiers of the Royal American Regiment, the Sixtieth Foot.

2. Harris' Ferry—Harrisburg.

3. The Indians burned only part of Pitt's Town; the garrison burned what was left of it to keep the Indian snipers from taking shelter behind its cabin walls.

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4. J. Thomas Scharf, *History of Maryland*.
5. Archer Hulbert, *The Old Glade Road*.
6. Letter of Colonel John Armstrong, Carlisle, Nov. 2, 1755.
7. Letter of James Burd, the commissioner who reported James Smith's capture, Shippensburg, November, 1755.
8. Letter of Colonel George Washington.
9. From Peter Williamson's account of his captivity.
10. I. Daniel Rupp, *History of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania*.
11. Letter of Colonel George Washington.

CHAPTER XIII

1. That is to say, none came into the Conococheague. Letters and reports from the Pennsylvania frontier in the summer of 1763 are filled with accounts of Indian attacks in the vicinity of Reading, Bethlehem, and Allentown, but I have found no record of a successful foray into the Conococheague valley during the months in which James Smith and his Black Boys were on patrol.

2. In their victory over the French and Indians on the Loyal Hanna in 1758, the British troops defended a fortified camp and were supported by artillery.

CHAPTER XIV

1. The lieutenant is unnamed in Smith's memoirs; but it is a reasonably safe guess that he was one of those valley men who were closest to James Smith in the uprising of 1765—Samuel Owens, John Piery, or James Brown.

CHAPTER XV

1. The red-brick blockhouse, the only part of Fort Pitt still in existence, was built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764, after the relief of the besieged garrison.

2. From the *Historical Account of General Bouquet's Ex-*

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pedition Against the Ohio Indians, published in Philadelphia, 1765.

3. In the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania there is a document in which the name of James Smith appears among those of several Indians appointed to represent the various tribes in the negotiations on the Muskingum. It may have been Lieutenant James Smith; but he says nothing of it in his memoirs, and the adoption of white names was not uncommon among the Indians in the Ohio country.

CHAPTER XVI

1. Croghan's own statement of his part in permitting shipment of trade goods to the Indian country will be found, quoted in Sir William Johnson's letter of June 7, 1765, in the appendix.

2. Robert Callendar was a veteran Indian trader; for several years before the French drove the English traders out of the Ohio country, he had been associated with Croghan's enterprises. He had served as a lieutenant of Pennsylvania Provincials in the French and Indian War; but in 1764 he appeared as a "victualer" to part of the Pennsylvania regiment—a contractor supplying food.

3. More than thirty years afterward, James Smith still could not think of this incident without indignation. "Shortly after this [the Bouquet campaign into the Ohio country and the subsequent escape of the Indian hostages] the Indians stole horses, and killed some people on the frontiers," he wrote. "The king's proclamation was then circulating and set up in various public places, prohibiting any person from trading with the Indians until further orders.

"Notwithstanding all this, about the 1st of March, 1765, a number of wagons loaded with Indian goods, and warlike stores, were sent from Philadelphia to Henry Pollens, Conococheague, and from thence seventy pack-horses [he had forgotten the actual number, eighty-three] were loaded with these goods, in order

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to carry them to Fort Pitt. This alarmed the country, and Mr. William Duffield raised about fifty armed men, and met the pack-horses at the place where Mercersburg now stands. Mr. Duffield desired the employers to store up their goods, and not proceed until further orders. They made light of this, and went over the North Mountain, where they lodged in a small valley called the Great Cove. Mr. Duffield and his party followed after, and came to their lodging, and again urged them to store up their goods:—he reasoned with them on the impropriety of their proceedings, and the great danger the frontier inhabitants would be exposed to, if the Indians should now get a supply: he said . . . to supply them now would be a kind of murder, and would be illegally trading at the expense of the blood and treasure of the frontiers. Notwithstanding his powerful reasoning, these traders made game of what he said, and would only answer him by ludicrous burlesque.”

4. Now—and sometimes in colonial days—called Sideling Hill. Both the Lincoln Highway and the National Pike cross it.

CHAPTER XVII

1. See Sir William Johnson's letter of April 12, 1765, to Governor Penn, and Croghan's own letter as quoted in Sir William's communication of June 7th, both in the appendix.

2. Sergeant McGlashan's sworn account of this expedition also will be found in the appendix.

3. Sergeant McGlashan swore later, in a deposition, that his men fired "Contrary to my Orders."

4. James Smith referred to the prisoners as "creditable persons" who were "chiefly not any way concerned in this action"—the attack on the pack train.

5. This rumor was without foundation, but it gained wide credence. Its sole germ was a small amount of money given by the traders to the men of McGlashan's platoon who salvaged and brought back to Fort Loudon the few casks of liquor not destroyed in the attack.

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6. While I cannot point to one item of positive proof that Maryland men participated in the Conococheague rebellion, it is highly improbable that all of them sat passively on their own side of the boundary while their neighbors on the other side were hazing the Indian traders, kidnapping British soldiers and shooting splinters off the palisades of Fort Loudon. They were not passive men. The Conococheague valley was a geographical unit and, at least so far as Indians were concerned, the interests and fears of its settlers were identical, whether they were Pennsylvanians or Marylanders. The *Annapolis Gazette's* letter dated from "Frederick Town," July 19, 1763, and quoted in Chapter XII, makes it plain that the resentment against the traders was not confined to the Pennsylvania end of the valley. "Forty-three brave woodsmen, besides officers, all of them well equipped with good rifles, and most of them born and bred on the frontiers of Frederick county," marched from Frederick in October, 1764, to serve without pay in Bouquet's campaign against the Ohio tribes. And in April, 1756, seven years before James Smith dressed and painted his Black Boys to resemble Indians, two sons of Colonel Thomas Cresap raised a company of sixty Maryland riflemen "dressed and painted like Indians" and wearing "red caps," to defend the lower Conococheague frontier after Braddock's disaster; young Tom Cresap, Jr., was killed in a fight near Little Meadows. The red caps undoubtedly were red handkerchiefs such as Smith's rangers used to make their skulls look plucked and painted. It would have been nothing short of astounding if the Maryland Red Caps stayed at home in 1765 while their fellow campaigners, the Black Boys, were furnishing so much excitement a few miles up the creek.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. The phrase is taken from Grant's deposition: "He made answer that . . . they were Determined to fight the Troops, & die to a Man Sooner than let them prisoners go to Goal."

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CHAPTER XIX

1. The trick which failed to work with General Gage and Sir William Johnson had been played more successfully on Lieutenant Grant. His report to Gage contains this statement: "Part of the Convoy of Goods which were Destroyed were Represented to be the property of the Crown." Gage's and Johnson's letters make it appear that the "crown property" was a very small part of the 83 loads.

2. Custaloga, chief of the Wolf tribe of the Delaware nation, was one of the spokesmen at the capitulation of the Indians at the Forks of the Muskingum in the fall of 1764—the "peace without victory" witnessed by James Smith as a lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Provincial Regiment.

3. Giashutha, chief of the Senecas, was another of the Indian orators at Bouquet's peace council on the Muskingum.

4. Another entry in George Croghan's journal makes it clear that the Shawnees did not fulfill the peace terms until *two months* after the Pennsylvania frontiersmen destroyed the convoy at Sidelong Hill in an effort to keep "warlike stores" from getting into the hands of the Indians. On May 7, 1765, Croghan wrote that "the Shawanese arrived with the last of the White prisoners." It was *the day after* the Black Boys fought the Black Watch at the Barr house—the fight described in the opening chapter of this book.

5. The Delawares had been the principal perpetrators of the raids and massacres in the Conococheague valley in the summer of 1764.

CHAPTER XX

1. From the deposition of Thomas Romberg, made at Fort Loudon, Sept. 12, 1765, before James Maxwell, justice of the peace.

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CHAPTER XXI

1. Most of these depositions are included in the appendix.
2. Apparently charges were being made on the frontier that Croghan himself had had a financial interest in the goods in Captain Callendar's pack train, or at least in seeing that Callendar and Baynton and Wharton were put into a position to skim the cream off the Indian trade as soon as it was reopened. He had previously been associated with Callendar in the trade; and in 1765 he was still associated with Callendar, Wharton and several other traders in an effort to obtain restitution from the British government for merchandise destroyed or seized by the French and their Indian allies shortly before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War.

Albert T. Volwiler's *George Croghan and the Westward Movement* gives an excellent, detailed account of his activities and of his losses at the hands of the French. Volwiler, however, refers to the Baynton-Wharton shipment of private trade goods "along with the king's presents" as "rumors," although Gage's, Johnson's and Croghan's own letters make the situation clear. He also confuses James Smith with his brother-in-law, Will, as a magistrate.

3. At this point in James Smith's memoirs there is a curious discrepancy. He wrote that as Lieutenant Grant "was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gunpowder that the traders had stored up, lest it might be conveyed privately to the Indians." Then he added: "After this, we kept up a guard of men on the frontiers, for several months, to prevent supplies being sent to the Indians, until it was proclaimed that Sir William Johnson had made peace with them, and then we let the traders pass unmolested." As a matter of fact, Grant did not give up the captured guns until November 18th, after the fort had been under continuous fire for two nights. The official proclamation of peace with the Indians was issued on June 4th. The most reasonable explanation of Smith's state-

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ment is that by 1799, when he wrote his memoirs, the sequence of events had become confused in his mind. Grant says he led the final attack on Fort Loudon, and Smith's own signed agreement ending the siege confirms him.

CHAPTER XXII

1. From the deposition of John Shelby, attested by Justice Maxwell.

2. The report was only partially true: the column marching from Fort Bedford was too small to accomplish a great deal, and its only orders were to get Lieutenant Grant and his garrison safely out of Loudon.

3. In his report to Colonel Reid, Captain William Grant, who commanded the relieving column from Fort Bedford, said that this was the only shot fired by the garrison. Although he was not there, he may have been right; but in the same report he added that "many Balls went through Patton's House." It seems a little strange that the backwoods riflemen should shoot up the house.

4. From a report of Lieutenant Colonel John Reid to General Gage, detailing the military arrests which followed the attack on the Baynton and Wharton pack train and saying: "in all of which Lieut. Grant is justified by Brig^r. Bouquet . . . who desires him to keep the rifles in his possession till the Owners' names shall be found out."

5. The date was a mistake; it was Nov. 18th.

6. From a letter written by James Smith to Lieutenant Grant.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. Ramsey's *Annals of Tennessee*.

2. On December 13, 1765, General Gage wrote to Lieutenant Governor Penn that "the extraordinary Outrages and lawless proceedings committed again lately by the people near Fort Loudon, obliges me . . . to transmit you the accounts which I have receiv'd of the late infamous transactions of the same

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Soundrels, called Smith, and his rebel Clan, who was before complained of. If any shadow of Law or Justice remains in Pennsylvania, I am confident that you will leave no method untried to bring these lawless Villains to condign punishment." The provincial council advised Penn to remove Will Smith from the magistracy and to call on the chief justice for a writ for James Smith's arrest. The governor, on January 15, 1766, removed Will Smith by a "supersideas," and on February 10 wrote to Gage that the writ for James Smith's arrest had been sent to the sheriff of Cumberland. "I have not yet heard of his success," Penn added, "but would fain hope that Villain may be taken. . . ."

3. Namurs—a nickname of the Royal Irish.

4. Again, Captain Callendar suffered most heavily in the destruction of goods at the Crossings of the Juniata. He claimed that his loss amounted to almost £600.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. The song of the Black Boys was written by George Campbell after the uprising of 1765.

CHAPTER XXV

1. Deposition of James Doltin, Sept. 13, 1769.

2. In a letter published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* on Nov. 2nd, Will Smith indignantly denied that James had avoided going into Bedford, and implied that there was no reason why he should not have gone there if he had wanted to. Will, it must be suspected, was not entirely frank.

3. That is, it had hung fire or, as Smith put it, "made a slow fire."

CHAPTER XXVI

1. This phrase is from John Hyde Preston's description of the Boston Tea Party in his splendid *Revolution*, 1776.

2. On Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1774, an angry assembly of Maryland delegates at Annapolis forced Anthony Stewart to

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burn his brig, the *Peggy Stewart*, along with 2,320 pounds of tea which he had imported for Williams & Co., Annapolis merchants, and on which he had paid the detested British duties.

3. Arthur St. Clair, fated to be best known as the blundering American general whose army was cut to pieces by Indians in 1791, also had a hand in drafting the Hannastown Resolutions and has been erroneously credited with being the sole author. The fifth article contains a phrase suggestive of James Smith: "No licensed murder." It may refer to the Boston "massacre" or to the bloodshed at Lexington, but it is strongly reminiscent of the old frontier struggle against the Indian trade and of the Conococheague rebellion.

4. *The Black Watch*, a history of the Royal Highland Regiment, by Archibald Forbes.

5. From James Smith's treatise on Indians, "their discipline and method of war."

CHAPTER XXVII

1. A footnote to the preface of the 1870 reprint of Smith's memoirs quotes *Niles' Register* for September 26, 1812, as saying that Smith was reported to have "gone to join the army, when he heard of the surrender of Hull." It adds that Smith's son Robert, a tanner, raised a company of volunteers in Washington County, Kentucky, and that in order to uniform his men he "tanned all their pantaloons in his vats."

THE END

